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Burma Calling . . . . . *Anonymous*
Radio Drama of London Dream

Sc[illegible] *Frazier Venne, Evelyn Gill Klahr, and Rose Wilder Lane*

De[illegible] EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR—THE LADY'S MOVIE—PERSONAL AND [illegible]—AROUND THE NEW BOOKS—IN THE FINANCIAL WORLD—[illegible] AND INDUSTRIAL—WHERE TO BUY

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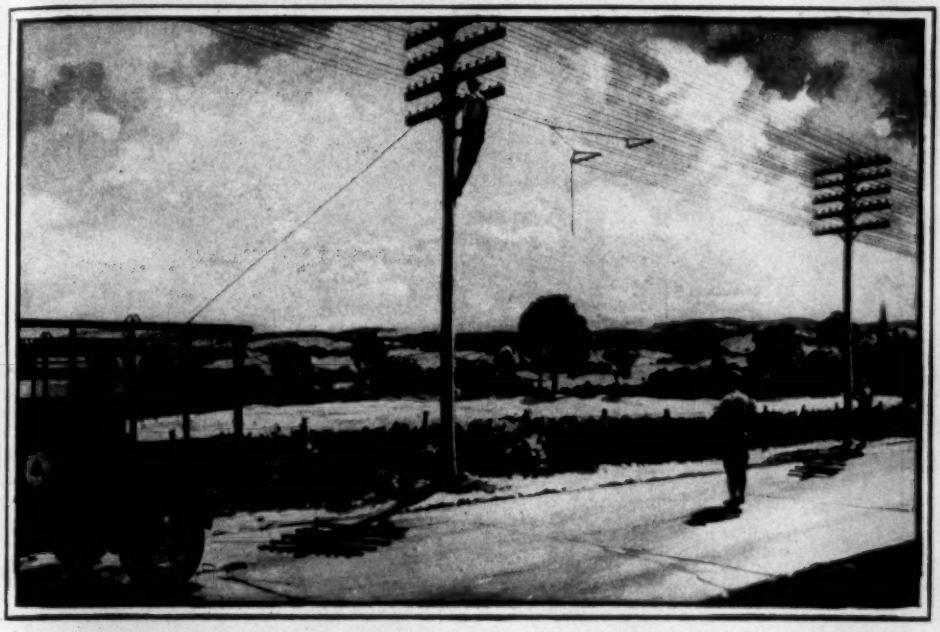

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IS AMERICA A CHRISTIAN COUNTRY? Charles Fiske

No, answers The Episcopal Bishop of Central New York. Nominally it is Christian; actually its dominant beliefs run counter to those of true Christianity. With the fearlessness for which he is distinguished, Bishop Fiske discusses the problem for churchmen which his unequivocal answer implies.

LADIES AND LAWLESSNESS Duncan Aikman

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WHY HOLD BACK THE CHILDREN? I. A. R. Wylie

Miss Wylie was given most of the opportunities and responsibilities of an adult before she reached her teens. She tells the story of her own adolescent experience and shows why she believes most children of our time are cheated of life too long.

WHERE YELLOW RULES WHITE Olive Gilbreath

A vivid picture of the one city in the world (how many readers can give its name?) where the white man is subservient to those of another race.

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by CHARLES A. BEARD

THE MOTHER OF A CHAMPION
by JOHN R. TUNIS

STORIES: by VINCENT SHEEAN, JOHN FRAZIER VANCE and KONRAD BERCOVICI

in Russia, whose reports in the New York *Times* read not infrequently like mad romance, is author of the romantic melodrama, 'The Parrot.' If, as he convinces through his realistic detail, his characters and action are factual, he succeeds remarkably well in adhering to the aims and technique of fiction. . . . If wholly fictive, 'The Parrot' is straight testimony to the worth of journalistic training as preparation for the fictionist." Another member of the committee regards it as "a story of the actual Russia, neither guessed at nor fake." Without being able to comment on the stories independently, I can merely point out that those selected by the committee for reprinting in this volume include "Home Is the Sailor" by Bill Adams; "The Man who Caught the Weather" by Bess Streeter Aldrich; "Hot Copy" by M. C. Blackman, a satirical consideration of newspaper routine; "River Witch" by Roark Bradford; "The Law Beaters" by Richard Connell; "Mr. Smith" by Lee Foster Hartman; "The Actor" by Nunnally Johnson; "Lightning" by Wilbur Daniel Steele; "Prohibition" by Glenway Wescott, and "Episode in a Machine Age" by Cambray Brown. It is perhaps not out of place to point out that three of the stories chosen by the committee first appeared in HARPER'S MAGAZINE: "Hot Copy," "Prohibition," and "Episode in a Machine Age"; and that another story, "Mr. Smith," was written by the associate editor of this Magazine.

SISLEY HUDDLESTON
Author of "Paris Salons"

THE PLAY OF "PETER PAN"

After many years Sir James M. Barrie has permitted the publication of the play of "Peter Pan" in book form. The story is of course well known, but the manner in which Sir James developed it for the stage, and the interesting stage directions, are here revealed. Besides, he has written an introduction, in which he is his old whimsical self, for he begins by confessing that he has no recollection of having written it. But in addressing the five brothers who shared his boyhood adventures, he tells them something about its beginnings. "During the rehearsals of 'Peter' a depressed man in overalls, carrying a mug of tea or a paint-pot, used often to appear by my side in the shadowy stalls and say to me, 'The gallery boys won't stand it.' He then mysteriously faded away as if he were the theater ghost." He speaks of the great dog that watched him write—the dog he called Nana when he changed his sex for the story. And then he reminisces about days when they performed "The Boy Castaways." Many readers will enjoy this book of the play. For many this is the way they were introduced to Wendy and Tinker Bell and Peter and the fairies. Sir James may still say, as Hook does: "Split my infinitives, but 'tis my hour of triumph!" (Scribner.)

THE LITERARY LIFE OF PARIS

Americans have many books about Montmartre and Montparnasse, but entirely too few about that intellectual Paris which speeds up writing and thinking. Paris has always been the oasis of foreign writers; to-day the American colony is very large. Sisley Huddleston, an English journalist who is very much alive to the events of his day, has prepared a full and detailed account of the literary and artistic figures of modern Paris in *Paris Salons, Cafés, Studios*. (J. B. Lippincott Co.) Having known many of them personally, and observed others in their favorite haunts, Mr. Huddleston is able to paint their appearance and report their words; and he does so with the journalist's keen understanding of what readers would like to know. Who, for instance, is Sylvia Beach? Who published the works of James Joyce under the name of Shakespear & Co.? What place has André Gide in the life of Paris? Mr. Huddleston knows not only Ernest Hemingway but the characters of Hemingway's book, *The Sun*

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on a man who was not fitted for it. The book is not authoritative or final as a study of Grant, but it is well worth reading.

A CAPITAL MYSTERY TALE

So many detective and mystery stories have been arriving lately that there are going to be thrills enough to go round, as well as up and down the spine. I am not a confirmed reader of mystery tales—too many heavy tomes, such as *The History of British Civilization* keep me in a state of unrest—but I am told by experts that *How the Old Woman Got Home* by M. P. Shiel is one of the best of recent mystery stories. It is published by Macy-Masius. It deals with the adventures of Caxton Hazlitt, a London electrical mechanic, who is hunting a job. Upon reaching a West End mansion he suddenly finds himself greeted as "Sir Henry" and welcomed as the man in control of an enormous fortune. While still trying to unravel this strange circumstance, he learns that his mother, "The Old Woman," has been abducted from their lodgings in the slums. He starts out to search for her and finds himself also the victim of abduction. With these circumstances to begin with, Mr. Shiel evolves a rattling good story. Another new mystery tale that is highly recommended is *The Cobra Candlestick*, by Elsa Barker, which involves a murder, the fatal blow having been given with a candlestick in the shape of a cobra. (J. H. Sears & Co.) We also have with us *The Double*, by Edgar Wallace, being the selection of the Crime Club for Christmas (Doubleday, Doran). Thirty-eight other thrillers by Mr. Wallace are listed in the book. *The Devil's Cocktail* by Alexander Wilson deals with secret-service work in India. (Longmans, Green.) Another man found dead in an abandoned motor car starts the mystery of *Double Shuffle* by Donald Bayne Hobart. (E. J. Clode.) Then there are *The Female of the Species* by H. C. McNeile (Doubleday) and *The Red Kite Clue* by Owen Fox Jerome (Clode).

The statue of "Peter Pan" in Kensington Gardens, London. The play, "Peter Pan," has just been published

BOOKS OF SHORT STORIES

The short-story annuals are trooping in. We have *The Best Short Stories of 1928*, edited by Edward J. O'Brien, taking its place beside the twelve earlier annuals; also his *The Best British Short Stories of 1928*, both published by Dodd, Mead & Co.; then the *O. Henry Memorial Award Prize Stories of 1928*, with an introduction by Blanche Colton Williams, arrives from Doubleday, Doran & Co. Mr. O'Brien goes courageously forward, selecting stories after an enormous amount of reading in the current magazines, and apparently neglecting neither the popular nor the obscure publications. He has picked Katherine Brush's admirable tale, "Seven Blocks Apart," which appeared in *Cosmopolitan*, as well as Morley Callaghan's little episode, "A Country Passion," which saw the light in *Transition* of Paris. Dorothy Canfield's story, "At the Sign of the Three Daughters," is here; Fannie Hurst is represented with "Give This Little Girl a Hand," and Irvin S. Cobb with "No Dam' Yankee." Among the newer writers we have Louis Bromfield's "The Cat That Lived at the Ritz," "On the Mountain-Side" by Elizabeth Madox Roberts, "The Jew" by Edwin Seaver, "Midwestern Primitive" by Ruth Suckow—which appeared in HARPER'S MAGAZINE—and "A Telephone Call" by Dorothy Parker. Twenty stories in all are included in this book. The O. Henry volume seems to contain a greater variety of material. It is of importance to observe that Mr. Cobb has stories in both books, and that his "An Episode at Pintail Lake," reprinted in the O. Henry book, gains high praise. The chairman of the selecting committee, Miss Blanche Colton Williams, remarks: "The committee believe it stands foremost in the impressive list of Mr. Cobb's recent fiction, and congratulate him on a tale of crime second only to "The Belled Buzzard" and "Snake Doctor." The custom of awarding prizes after a study of the merits of various short stories is continued, and first prize goes to Walter Duranty for "The Parrot," second prize to Margery Stoneman Douglas for "The Peculiar Treasure of Kings," and third prize to Zona Gale for "Bridal Pond." The chairman writes about the first prize winner: "A correspondent

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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

By HARRY HANSEN

Literary Editor of the New York World

FOR six years the public has been awaiting another volume by Lytton Strachey which should be comparable with his *Queen Victoria* and his *Eminent Victorians*. It appears now in *Elizabeth and Essex*, with the subtitle, "A Tragic History." And the magic of Lytton Strachey, who wrote in *Queen Victoria* one of the most adroit and remarkable biographies of our generation, is revealed again in his consideration of another queen, whose character differed in every way from that of the woman who became Empress of India. The book is essentially the revelation of an Elizabeth scarcely known to us. This remarkable woman, who has been the subject of innumerable conjectures, who gave her name to the greatest age of English literature, as well as to a period in which the national character had an extraordinary expansion, and who has even had her physical ailments analyzed by a learned physician in a large volume, is now revealed as a strange, contradictory person, a thrifty character, with a "passion of postponement," a woman who hated making decisions, yet recognized her need of remaining the dominating factor in the government, a master of dissimulation, but "tremendously alive." And behind this queenly front was a woman whose emotional character was warped in childhood and young womanhood; who had passed through events that seared her inner self; and who, in addition, suffered from what writers called, only a few years ago, a complex induced by sexual repression. That Elizabeth was cold to marriage but open to dalliance with young lovers is the sad tragedy revealed by the historian who writes after long consideration of all the known evidence.

The relations between Essex and Elizabeth reveal the tyranny of a royal mistress who could be relenting and vindictive by turn. Essex was only a lad in his twenties; the Queen was over twice his age. But she wooed him, and he returned her fervor by protestations of the most sincere devotion. His letters burn with his "elegant" and "impassioned" expressions of love for the Queen. Yet at twenty-three he married, and Elizabeth stormed, "then remembered that the relations between herself and her servant were unique and had nothing to do with a futile domesticity. The fascinating bridegroom pursued and cajoled her with ardors as romantic as ever, and she felt that a queen could ignore a wife."

For about ten years this relationship existed. Elizabeth recognized the claims of her favorite by showering bounties upon him; at the same time he rose high in station and served her in arduous duties. Gradually Mr. Lytton Strachey reveals to us the growing claim of Essex on the Queen, resulting in liberties in the interpretation of her commands which her nature could not brook. The strange love affair runs to its tragic end when Elizabeth, to punish the man who has dared disobey her as Queen, because he presumed too greatly on her love for him as a woman, has him imprisoned, tried, and finally executed. It was not an easy way out; there were hesitations, sleepless nights, long letters of supplication by Essex, and days of mental torment by the Queen. When word came to her that Essex had referred to her "crooked carcase" the vanity

of the woman triumphed over her hesitation as queen. She was sixty-seven—and she recognized the truth at last. "Her tremendous vanity—the citadel of her repressed romanticism—was shattered, and rage and hatred planted their flag upon its ruins. He had betrayed her in every possible way—mentally, emotionally, materially—as a queen and as a woman—before the world and in the sweetest privacies of the heart."

Woven into the story are portraits of Sir Francis Bacon, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Edward Coke, and all the great Elizabethans who touched the career of Essex. But if the reader looks for that subtle ironic touch which made Lytton Strachey's book on Queen Victoria memorable he will not find it. He will discover that this author has related his method to his material, and has found Elizabeth and Essex subjects for a deep, sustained, tragic note in biography. His versatility is all the more proved; his gift as a biographer is that, despite his knowledge of the events of a period, he does not swamp his characters with their deeds but brings forth a portrait clearly limned, standing free against a storm-tossed background. (Harcourt, Brace & Co.)

ST. JOHN ERVINE
Author of "How to Write a Play" and other books

THE DILEMMA OF GENERAL GRANT

W. E. Woodward, who wrote *George Washington, the Image and the Man* and thereby started all sorts of controversy over the character of the father of his country, has just published *Meet General Grant.* (Horace Liveright, publisher.) It reveals the strange character of a man who was by nature unfitted for the heavy tasks of leadership, and who, in his successes, was to some extent the favored child of fortune. The material which Mr. Woodward heaps up in this book is not new to the extent that it will create another sensation, but it is highly revealing of the character of General Grant. He was diffident and retiring in his early years, and must have found courtship a hard bridge to cross. His military knowledge was not of the best. In his strategy he disregarded the rules of warfare, and some of his achievements were due to that. Vicksburg was, in the eyes of Mr. Woodward, a fine stroke; Shiloh was a blunder; in the Wilderness he fought things out with a dogged persistence which caused him to be called "the butcher" by his men. At the end of the struggle he was magnanimous to the enemy, and the record has it that he was always true to his friends; in fact, that he suffered shipwreck because he could think no ill of his associates. Mr. Woodward is inclined to excuse Grant for the tremendous financial scandals of his administration on the grounds of ignorance, although he records that Grant knew Fisk and Gould and was often in touch with them. He absolves him of any complicity in the Gould attempt to corner gold, which led to Black Friday; he pictures Grant as the member of a Wall Street firm dealing socially with investors who were fleeced by his partner. When Grant thought he was worth several million dollars he was really without funds, his partner advancing living expenses only. That a president of the United States should have been taken in to this extent seems inexplicable, and argues against the participation in financial matters of any man once elected to that high office; the suggestion that President Coolidge had been offered a post in Wall Street, made only a few weeks ago, indicates that even to-day the president's name is regarded there as a welcome asset to a business house. Many episodes in Mr. Woodward's book are highly entertaining, and all contribute to the strange phenomenon in American politics of leadership being forced

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"THE WANDERER"

An exquisitely beautiful novel is *The Wanderer*, by Alain Fournier, the haunting story of a lad with the lonely, questing soul of a poet, who never wholly found himself in his earthly surroundings. Havelock Ellis has written a biographical introduction to the book in which he says: "In every poet—in the heart of everyone who shares in the poet's spirit—there is a certain restless homesickness of the soul for which each seeks to find his own expression: Poe, for instance, in 'To Helen,' Shelley over and over again, and once at least in the record of a personal experience, 'Epipsychidion.' Alain Fournier was similarly inspired by his own life, and if we seek in prose an expression of this nostalgia of the soul we can perhaps nowhere find it so well expressed as in a book which may now be counted among the permanent human possessions, *Le Grand Meaulnes* (*The Wanderer*)." The strange fact about it is that it now comes to America in translation after having delighted French readers for fifteen years. The author, whose sensitive and melancholy spirit suggests that *The Wanderer* is chiefly autobiography, died on the battlefield for France. (Houghton, Mifflin Co.)

A STORY OF THE DAYS OF LINCOLN

The Father is a well-written story of the days of Abraham Lincoln in the Illinois country before the war. Katherine Holland Brown, who has been writing successfully for the magazines for a number of years, prepared the book from reminiscences of Lincoln and the Abolitionist days told by her father, and from consulting diaries and papers kept in her family. Her story is said to be built on the adventures of an uncle, who was a strong Abolitionist. The action revolves around

John Stephen Stafford, a Black Republican, and his daughter, Mercy. Stafford is too radical for the little town of Green River, Mass., where he conducts a paper, and after a short period of fighting he pulls up stakes for the open West. The progression from a New England community to a prairie town in Illinois is sketched in detail. In the East the Staffords knew Emerson, Hawthorne, Alcott, and the various personages of the Concord literary world, and some homely anecdotes about them embellish the pages of the novel. In the West Stafford meets Lincoln, who becomes a friend of the family, and Mercy works out a love affair of her own with a handsome man who is helping in the fight. The treatment of the novel is not modern, but the story is dignified and rich in characterizations after the manner of thirty or more years ago. It was the prize winner in a contest instituted by the John Day Company and the *Woman's Home Companion*.

NEW NOVELS

Hermann Sudermann's last novel, *The Mad Professor*, has just been issued in two volumes by Horace Liveright. It portrays the career of an assistant professor at the University of Koenigsberg, who comes by appointment from Berlin against the wishes of the faculty. He has an independent outlook and is a brilliant thinker. Sudermann seems to have had the plot in mind for many years. . . . *Swann's Way* by Marcel Proust, has just been added to the Modern Library. . . . No doubt there is a great deal of curiosity concerning the clever themes of John Erskine, who has just published his fourth ironic interpretation of the classics. *Penelope's Man; the Homing Instinct* will remind the reader forcibly of the first success in this style, *The Private Life of Helen of Troy*, which seems to have gone round the world. Professor Erskine takes up the travels of Odysseus, who took an extraordinarily long time to get home because he went out of his way to look up all the attractive women. Proud of himself, he was too sensitive to fight their disapproval, and invariably was sent off by each woman he met, until he returned to Ithaca. (Bobbs-Merrill.) . . . The revolt of woman is again the subject of a novel, this time by a Dutch author, Jo Van Ammers-Kuller, who has told the story of emancipation in Holland in *The Rebel Generation*. Although the setting is Dutch, this does not in the least detract from an American's comprehension of the factors involved, because to

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some extent our development was parallel. (E. P. Dutton & Co.) . . . *The Case of Sergeant Grischa* by Arnold Zweig has had a tremendous following on the Continent; it has now been translated for American readers and is published this month by the Viking Press.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES

Most of our letters this time deal with lists of books on various subjects or by favorite authors. We rather suspect that as Christmas draws near our correspondents have ulterior motives in writing to us. One sends quite innocently for a list of books about pirates suitable for a boy. Our surmise is that there is some lad who is going to be remembered on Christmas morning with a book or two on his favorite heroes. Mrs. Robert F. Winton, Davenport, Iowa, is the victim of our suspicions. We suggest that she will find any of the following a delight to the boy: *The Book of Pirates* by Henry Gilbert, $2.75, Thomas Y. Crowell Co., 303 Fourth Ave., New York City; *Pirates Old and New* by Joseph Gollomb, $2.50, The Macaulay Co., 115 East 23d St., New York City; *Wonder Tales of Pirate Isles* by Frances Jenkins Olcott, $2.00, Longmans, Green & Co., 55 Fifth Ave., New York City; *Great Pirate Stories*, First and Second Series, by Joseph Lewis French, $2.00 each, Brentano's, 1 West 47th St., New York City; and *Howard Pyle's Book of Pirates*, which comes in two editions, both beautifully illustrated, for $2.50 and $7.50, a Harper publication. . . . Another list of books is for Charles P. Arnot, Topeka, Kans. This writer wants some of the late Western novels. There are for his perusal: *Mystery Range* by Charles Alden Seltzer, $2.00, Doubleday, Doran, Garden City, New York; *Hay-Wire* by B. M. Bower, $2.00, Little, Brown Co., Boston, Mass., *Redwood and Gold* by Jackson Gregory, $2.00, Dodd, Mead Co., 449 Fourth Ave., New York City; *Sheep Limit* by George W. Ogden, $2.00, also Dodd, Mead; *Trigger Justice* by Clem Yore, $2.00, The Macaulay Co., New York City; *Wild Horse Mesa* by Zane Grey, $2.00, a Harper publication; and Owen Wister's new book of Western stories, *When West Was West*, $2.00, The Macmillan Co., 60 Fifth Ave., New York City. . . . Stories of adventures in the Foreign Legion were requested by Rupert Bengal, Erie, Pa. There are the books by Percival Christopher Wren, some of the titles of which we have already given in this column. If Mr. Bengal wishes

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further information on them we suggest that he write to Wren's publishers, Frederick Stokes Co., 443 Fourth Ave., New York City, and Grosset & Dunlap, 1140 Broadway, New York City. Other books with much of their action centering around this band of men are: *Garde a Vous* (*On Guard*) by J. D. Newson, $2.00, Doubleday, Doran, Garden City, New York; *The Horns of Ramadan* by Arthur Train, $2.00, Charles Scribner's Sons, Fifth Ave., New York City; *Surrender* by J. C. Snaith, $2.00, D. Appleton & Co., 35 West 32d St., New York City; and *The Foreign Legion* by I. A. R. Wylie, 75 cents, Grosset & Dunlap, 1140 Broadway, New York City. . . . John Erskine's new book is now to be found in all book stores. The title is *Penelope's Man*. His other books of this type are: *The Private Life of Helen of Troy, Galahad,* and *Adam and Eve*. This is in the order of their appearance, as requested by Josephine Cline, Crestwood, N. J. They can all be purchased in the edition published at $2.50 per volume by the Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind., and *Galahad* and *The Private Life of Helen of Troy* come in the Grosset & Dunlap Dollar Fiction. . . . Mr. Taylor Justice, Newark, N. J., asks for the name of the author of *The Log of a Cowboy*. This book is by Andy Adams and is published in the Riverside Bookshelf, $2.00, by Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston, Mass. . . . From San Francisco, Cal., came a request for the publisher of *The Contest for California in 1861: How Col. E. D. Baker Saved the Pacific States for the Union*, by Elijah R. Kennedy. This book is still in print and Mr. A. C. Hart can purchase a copy from the Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston, Mass. The price is $3.00. . . . The three brothers of the Gibbs family find an admirer in Miss Flora Greenwald, Oak Park, Ill. They are all her favorites, none being superior to the other in her estimation. She asks for their latest books. Both A. Hamilton Gibbs and Cosmo Hamilton have recent publications. *Harness*, $2.50, Little, Brown Co., Boston, Mass., is by the former, and *Three Passions*, $2.00, George Putnam's Sons, 2 West 45th St., New York City, is by the latter. *The Age of Reason*, $2.00, Doubleday, Doran, Garden City, N. Y., some months older than the two mentioned above, is the last by Philip Gibbs.

Among the New Books

. . . The name of the publisher and the price of *Canary Birds: Complete Guide for Their Breeding, Rearing and Treatment in Health and Disease* by Dorothy Louise Burkett is requested by Miss Hazel Loughlin, Huntsville, Ala. Orange Judd Co., New York City, publishes this little volume and the price is 60 cents. . . . The play edition of *Peter Pan*, which Mr. William Lyon Phelps talked on several weeks ago, is available to the public. Charles Scribner's Sons is the publisher of this, as of all Sir James M. Barrie's works. It is to be had in uniform binding with his other plays, the cloth edition for $1.25 and the leather $2.00. This is in answer to a writer from Brooklyn, N. Y., whose name is withheld by request. I am sure that she will find no further difficulty in purchasing a copy from her local dealer.

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MALLARDS AT EVENING

By Frank W. Benson

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UNIV OF MICH.

VOLUME 158 JANUARY 1929

Harpers Magazine

BIGGER AND BETTER ARMAMENTS

BY CHARLES A. BEARD

"A SOLEMN hush fell over the assembly as the spokesmen of powerful nations affixed their signatures to the historic document renouncing war." In correct reportorial language, at space rates, American journalism spreads on wood pulp the news that another peace treaty is signed in Paris, August 27, 1928, by the representatives of nine governments, besides the autonomous members of the British Empire. "The hush" is always "solemn" and the document is always "historic."

Those whose trade it is to study, compile, arrange, and market words can repeat in their sleep the adjectives, adverbs, nouns, prepositions, and verbs appropriate to such a political ceremonial. Twenty minutes spent with newspaper accounts of the transaction in Paris last summer produces the following modest list of the "yes" and "but" symbols actually employed in respect of that imposing international party:

Great pleasure and satisfaction
Noble conception
Great forward step
Historic occasion
Milestone in the history of civilization [Coolidge]
Testimony to the ties of brotherhood
Deepest aspiration of the human conscience —peace
New spirit
Dawn of the new day
Tranquillity of all mankind
Swords and plowshares
Dream of the ages
Parliament of man [refurbished]
Pledge of friendship
Overture
Precursor
Prelude
Concord of mankind

After the affirmative words comes the "stop loss" verbiage, designed to cover possible retreat and avoid the charge of "foolish optimism":

Reservations demanded by national interest and honor
Right of national defense not infringed
Our army and navy only for defense
Need of preparedness unchanged
Preparedness still the best guarantee of peace
Honor remains above arbitration
Our pacific intentions
Righteous wars fought by this nation

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Human nature still the same
Hence continued necessity for standard army and navy appropriations
Pledge only forbids wars of aggression
Our wars always defensive

While the newspapers were reporting the locutions of circumspection, President Coolidge, with his usual terseness, said all that was necessary in this line. According to a statement issued on August 10, 1928, through the official spokesman (who though dead yet liveth), "President Coolidge does not anticipate any reduction in the army and navy by reason of the Kellogg multilateral treaty to outlaw war. He views the army and the navy as purely defensive weapons, moderate in size, never maintained for aggression and, therefore, cannot see why a treaty whose primary purpose is to prevent attack can be concerned with the matter of national defense."

Indeed, to make sure of the bridges in the rear, the parties to the Paris renunciation and reconciliation, by interpretative notes, have covered all the troublesome issues. Under the terms of the new peace preservation pact nothing "restrains or compromises in any manner whatsoever the right of self-defense." The resort to war by one party "would automatically release the other parties from their obligation to the treaty-breaking state." All agreements to resort to arms under the Covenant of the League of Nations and the Locarno treaties stand unimpaired. The belligerent implications of the "neutrality" contracts made by France with Poland, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, and Jugoslavia are "compatible" with the new convention. Supplementing the French reservations are the declarations of the British authorities. For the government in London, the renunciation of war is good, except in "certain regions of the world which constitute a special interest for our peace and safety. . . . Interference with those regions cannot be suffered." Thus Great Britain may still employ war in areas which hold a special interest for her; has she ever waged war anywhere else? And the Monroe Doctrine stands intact, unimpaired; the government of the United States may carry on public and private wars in Latin America. What about the suppression of uprisings among peoples that would like to remove the burden from the White Man's shoulders? Apparently those are not wars. Mr. Coolidge might well exclaim, in the language employed by the late Mr. Harding with reference to the Washington Conference: "Nothing in any of these treaties commits the United States or any other power to any kind of alliance, entanglement or envolvement." Speaking legally, we are as we were. Exactly. All of us.

Then what was the purpose of the grand renunciation? A hundred years from now, when the archives may be open, our great-grandchildren may know. According to outward signs, France tried to get the United States into a contract that would leave her free to work her will on the Continent, assured of American neutrality at all costs. In their enthusiasm for peace, many American citizens were prepared to have their government take this false and fatal step, thus making a renunciation that would have crippled us and emancipated France for war. But fortunately the State Department was too far-sighted to commit any such folly. It simply outwitted the suave M. Briand. If peace is a good thing for France and America, then let us make it general—with reservations. And it was made. Pacific statesmen were delighted, overjoyed, and nobody was committed to any "entanglements or envolvements."

A few months before the "solemn hush" fell over the assembled statesmen in Paris in August, 1928, the League of Nations published a thick volume of more than a thousand pages, bearing the title *Armaments Year-Book: General and Statistical Information.* In this encyclopædia of Mars may be discovered the military and naval strength of the powers that have just renounced war and

their current outlays for the defensive rights which remain unimpaired. By comparing the figures thus presented with those available on the eve of the World War, the progress of peace may be statistically gauged. Of course exactness is difficult, perhaps impossible, owing to the price changes, currency inflations, and the shadowy character of indirect military expenditures, that is, those which may serve military purposes, when, as, and if.

But one generalization seems safe: if we exclude Germany and the other countries forcibly disarmed, the world is spending more money for preparedness in 1928 than in 1912; more men are under arms; military equipment is more extensive; war vessels, if lower in tonnage, are made more terrible by an enormous increase in submarines; novel deadly devices are added to those already known in 1912; more chafing officers await their "Day." In other words, to put it shortly, at the very moment when war as an instrument of national policy (with reservations) is solemnly renounced, the civilized world, comparatively speaking, has ready for death and destruction bigger and better armaments than ever in its history. Cynics will grin, of course, but those who love peace as a source of the good life or fear war as a menace to such civilization as we now endure will prefer to hold their breath and look around at the headlands and lights by which we must steer our way.

II

Now one of the headlands almost disappearing over the horizon is the Hague Conference of 1899, then so enthusiastically greeted as "the dawn of a new day." The graybeards will recall the occasion. Suddenly out of a clear sky the Tzar of Russia issued a call to the powers of the world to take part in a convention held in the interest of peace. It cited "the longings for general pacification . . . especially pronounced in the consciences of civilized nations," and called attention to the fact that "the preservation of peace has been put forward as the object of international policy." It then referred to the staggering burdens of armaments and the economic crises induced by such wasteful expenditures. Hence the necessity and desirability of a conference—which "would be, by the help of God, a happy presage of the century which is about to open."

The convention assembled. Hopeful editors, either because they liked it or thought their readers enjoyed it, poured out reams of words on the dawn, the prelude, the dream, and the parliament of man. Officially the governments involved encouraged the optimists, especially in France, England, and the United States. German editors were less cheerful; many laughed, some called it all sheer hypocrisy. The conference went on; it ground out documents; relying on their navies, England and the United States favored the reduction of land armies; relying on her armies, Germany refused to consider "weakening that branch of national defense." Still there was promise in this dawn—a promise shattered by the disaster of 1914.

About the peace conference of 1899 we know more than we did in our youth. The revolutions in Russia and Germany, which tore open the secret archives, and the memoirs of participants have lifted the curtain. The proposal for the conference originated in the Russian war department, apparently with General Kuropatkin, after a survey of the beautiful new artillery equipment which Germany had completed with a view to overcoming by weight of metal the superiority of Russia and France in man power. Staggered by Germany's achievement and aware that Austria-Hungary would soon follow the example, the Russian General faced a dilemma: a common reduction in armaments or an enormous expenditure to bring his country up to the new level of machine efficiency. With the peasants already bowed to earth under oppressive taxation which took away almost half their income, the

additional drain on the treasury might make trouble — even though France would help with generous loans. In such circumstances, a reduction of armaments seemed the correct hope, especially because Russia could still count on outnumbering Germany and with every reduction in artillery and machine equipment could feel all the more secure for eventualities.

Let us go behind the scenes with the aid of the secret archives. The Tzar's call was officially issued. The German ambassador in Russia sent a copy home with a mantle note. The Kaiser fairly exploded. He wrote on the margins of the papers dealing with the project that the idea of reducing armament expenditures was "utopian," that the Tzar had put weapons of agitation into the hands of German Democrats and Socialists, that the English ministers would have "a colossal laugh" over it, that the idea was simply naïve, that the English, having no army, would be glad to see reductions in that sphere, and that, generally speaking, the whole business was sheer nonsense. When His Majesty read in one of the documents that Germany ought to be careful not to strain relations with the United States by warlike talk and that the American people were praying every Sunday in their churches for a successful outcome of the Peace Conference, he exclaimed, "May Heaven forgive these hypocritical Pharisees," remembering, perhaps, the cheers of the same people over the Spanish American War and the war for civilization then being waged in the Philippines.

While the Kaiser was pouring his scorn on the American and English "hypocrites" he fixed up a fine bit of hypocrisy on his own account. Although he saw in the Tzar's proposal, besides dangerous nonsense, a sneaking plan for weakening Germany, William wrote sweetly to "dear Nicky." He told the Tzar that the peace suggestion "once more places in a vivid light the pure and lofty motives by which your counsels are ruled." There will be difficulties in the way of accomplishment, but "the main point is the love of mankind which fills your warm heart. . . . Honor will henceforth be lavished upon you by the whole world. My government shall give the matter its most serious attention." After writing this letter the Kaiser threw his whole weight against the accomplishment of anything important at the Conference, even mild arbitration projects saving national honor.

From the German and other documents, we know that English statesmen, for private purposes, ridiculed the "frivolity," "nonsense," and "deceit" shown by the Russians. Delcassé, the clever French diplomat, then engaged in forwarding the maneuvers which were to make the World War inevitable, quietly told the German Ambassador that France and Germany had the same interest in balking the Peace Conference, that neither of them had any intention of weakening her armed forces or discussing any such proposition, that they could not approve any limitations on the complete independence of nations, and that they might possibly make some little concessions respecting arbitration, just to save "Nicky's" face. Then the cynical French diplomat added, "Besides the Tzar, we must be careful about public opinion in Europe, for it has been stirred up by this thoughtless step of the Russians."

Did the governments which participated in the first Hague Conference really believe that anything significant was being done for the "cause" or the "dawn"? If we take private, as distinguished from public papers, we find it difficult to discover any traces of an affirmative conviction on this score. Disarmament was deliberately blocked, the Germans, owing to their bluntness, receiving most of the popular blame for the misadventure; poison gas was saved for civilization by the timely intervention of the American naval expert, Mahan, whose work for peace was celebrated at home. But bells were rung, prayers of thanksgiving went up to Heaven, the

prelude was greeted with rejoicing, and orators declaimed to admiring throngs. The only pacific result was that dangerous outcome feared by Delcassé, the agitation of public opinion.

III

Did anyone present or absent smile when the "solemn hush" fell over the assembled statesmen in Paris, in August, 1928? What did Herr Stresemann, former annexionist, nationalist, and monarchist, really think as he steamed away for Berlin? What did M. Poincaré imagine as he recalled the ingenious operations in which he, too, had helped to make inevitable the World War that sent more than ten million boys to their graves? And M. Briand, adept in carrying capitalism on one shoulder and socialism on the other? And Mr. Chamberlain, so cautious with his reservations? And Mr. Kellogg, who was careful, in his silence, to pour no mush over the parchment? And Signor Mussolini, who awaits Italy's Day with confidence and the prospect, on his own reckoning, of five million soldiers? What did they suppose they were doing when they gave their official support to the adventure? Did they know what they were doing? Is there anything in the present state of Europe that makes the intellectual climate of 1928 any different from that of 1899? Let us see.

If we look closely into the causes of the World War listed in the books of the historians, we find high on the calendar of responsibility the commercial and imperial rivalry of the great powers, especially England, Germany, and France, for world markets in which to sell their manufactures. The observations of the historians are confirmed by the diplomatic revelations of recent years. Underneath all the questions of prestige and national honor lurks the merciless pressure of expanding capitalism for commodity outlets and for new sources of raw materials. It makes no difference whether it is the Morocco affair, the Straits affair, or the *revanche* business, markets and raw materials enter into all calculations. To secure these industrial necessities, treaties and understandings are made, conversations are held, battleships are built, armies are equipped, and endless espionage carried on around the world, spreading distrust and hatred, with the "benefits of civilization."

Among the chief complaints made against Germany before 1914 was the contention that her government aided in the formation of trading corporations, maintained an army of commercial agents scattered all over the earth, and backed them up by diplomacy and force whenever there was a chance to sell a yard of cotton or a pound of steel. This practice, it was said, with some untruth, in the propaganda sheets, was contrary to the free, fair, and individualistic methods of the Anglo Saxon; it put the challenge of the German state behind every sales-agent and increased the intensity of the German menace. In fact, attacks upon the former business methods of Germany fill a ten-foot shelf of French and English books. For example, there are *L'Impérialisme économique allemand* by Lichtenberger and Petit and *La Bataille Économique de Demain* by Victor Boret. *Made in Germany* is still a specter in England.

Shocked, they alleged, by German economic practices, the English and the French, later aided by the Americans, struck fiercely at the "unholy alliance between business and government" in Berlin. Under the Carthaginian peace manufactured at Paris nothing was left undone in the effort to sink Germany's economic machine into the bottomless pit. Colonies were wrested from her (though in sacred trust for mankind), rich mineral lands were torn away, ships seized, banks and other property sequestered, patents confiscated, and strategic trading centers smashed. Now, it was thought—or said—the ghost is laid.

Ten years after this drastic spoliation what do the ledgers and registers say? In spite of all handicaps, Germany has

almost recovered the overseas trading and shipping power which caused an English writer in the *Saturday Review* to exclaim in 1898: "*Germaniam esse delendam!*" Her dye, textile, and electrical industries rise in productivity; in 1927 her export trade, measured in gold marks, was three-fourths that of 1913. New ships from Hamburg and Bremen cover the seven seas; notwithstanding the seizures and the constructions for reparations accounts, her registered tonnage is now above three-fifths the figure of 1914. Even reparations collected in kind do damage to French and British manufacturers; for example, in Japan, German dyes handed over in liquidation of the War for Democracy spread consternation among competitors. Except during the occupation of the Ruhr, unemployment has been less in Germany than in England, and production on a scale relatively higher than that in France. Aided by foreign capital, especially American resources, Germany rises like an economic giant ready for the race.

And the old alliance between government and industry is not broken. Far from it. The decimation of the landed aristocracy during the War has increased the power of the industrialists and socialists—two ostensible foes that can cooperate in uniting the state with business. In fact, Dr. Schmalenbach, the distinguished economic expert, declared last summer that German industry is now in rapid transition to a system of huge monopolistic corporations under strict state supervision and direction, equipped to handle their foreign and domestic business on an efficiency basis. Discussions of the colonial question have revived; although public opinion is sharply divided, colonial societies continue their work and one school of economists insists on "the necessity for territorial expansion." "*En Allemagne,*" grumbles René Lote, "*plus les noms changent, et plus c'est la même chose.*"

Indeed, after surveying Germany since the War, this perturbed writer finds the economic enemy unbeaten—alas, for Paris! German propaganda against competitors is renewed—is strengthened now by historical films, "with their silent eloquence and false air of scientific objectivity." German trade journals spread Germanism around the world: *Latein-Amerika*, in four editions and four languages; *Import und Export* in five languages, the *Heraldo de Hamburgo*, in Spanish, edited by the hidalgos of that city; the *Gaceta de Munich* to unite the land of Carmencita with that of beer; and then *The American Daily*.

"All propaganda," the Frenchman thinks, and says.

German trade rises at Antwerp and in Holland; a great number of German professors, mathematicians, doctors, and philosophers attend conferences in Spain on invitations from universities and private societies. More propaganda, groans Lote. Barcelona, in spite of its sympathy for France, is a center of German science. "*Dans cette vaste propagande, la musique allemande faisait aussi sa partie.*" Still worse, Germanism in America recovers its aplomb; a campaign of "propaganda" has reestablished the teaching of German in the public schools. From Mexico to Patagonia, there is hardly a country that does not have its German colonies and societies, schools, institutes, hospitals, and journals. If we may take the French story at face value, the German economic menace is worse than in 1914, because it is instructed by experience, sharpened into diabolical cleverness.

In the meantime what about the other great industrial powers? Have they withdrawn government support from capitalism and imperialism? The question is answered in the asking. The very French books which condemn the methods of the Germans call upon the French government to outmaneuver them. French tariff policies run against free trade in the direction of a closed colonial system. French diplomatic backing for business enterprise is not less stiff than that of Germany or the United States. French

bankers and industrialists receive constant support in their quest for markets —indeed even when they unite with German industrialists to fix prices and apportion business; for example, potash coming to the United States. England has gone back to a program of preferential tariffs and has created new agencies of government to advance British commercial interests in foreign and colonial markets. The political despotism of Italy is a huge military corporation for the promotion of Italian business enterprise, especially in the Mediterranean; consider the operations of Italian finance in Albania.

Never before in its history has the government of the United States devoted so much money and energy to the fostering of foreign business. Special laws favor the creation of foreign-trade corporations; tax concessions lend encouragement. New agencies and an army of commercial drummers, commanded by the Department of Commerce, with microscopes in hand, study, search, and pry into every nook and cranny of the globe, hunting for opportunities to sell goods. In 1928 Congress passes a law taxing the country to maintain a merchant marine. The State Department is always alert, no matter whether the issue is peace or a Liberian loan in the interest of American rubber. Among the most common and most telling pleas made in favor of Mr. Hoover's election to the presidency was the account of his skill in using the machinery of government to increase the sale of American goods abroad. His challenge to the British government over rubber, appealing to the passions of the millions using automobiles in the United States, rang out like a call to war and served notice that the people of this country were not to be squeezed by foreign monopolies. Under the normalcy of Harding and Coolidge, all our advantages in the Caribbean, the Philippines, and the Far East are to be retained and exploited.

And there is Russia. "The fundamental principle of the monopoly of foreign trade," for political and economic purposes, was a vital part of Lenin's system; almost in his dying breath he warned his followers to cling to the doctrine. If modifications have been made in the rule to meet specific conditions, the creed stands unimpaired in the Bolshevik prayer book: the state must control and promote foreign commerce.

Where on the face of the earth are trade and government divorced? Is such a separation possible, if desirable? To the thesis here presented, the second question is not germane, but the negative answer given to the first by political history since the World War has a deep significance for the interpretation of the document signed by the assembled statesmen in Paris last August, when "the solemn hush" fell over them. Can any state back up, with all its engines of power, capitalistic competition and trade rivalry in every part of the world—and at the same time renounce war? The haruspex makes no satisfactory answer. If state support for commerce was a powerful cause of the World War, then according to all signs, we are headed for a bigger and better conflict, in spite of ourselves, perhaps against our hearts' desire. If Mr. Ludwell Denny's prognosis is correct—and his powerful book *We Fight for Oil* is an arresting presentation —then John Bull and Uncle Sam, so recently locked in loving embrace to make the world safe for democracy, are in a fair way to have a war of their own over something more tangible. "It is even probable," says Mr. Coolidge, "that the supremacy of nations may be determined by the possession of the available petroleum and its products." Government for oil, by and of oil!

IV

Without attempting to assign to it any precise weight, we may place next among the causes of the World War the discontent of minorities—nationalities subjected to and ruled by alien governments.

According to the estimates of Mr. Raymond Leslie Buell, there were all told about fifty-four million people living under foreign yokes in 1914. Pictures of the Poles, Finns, Czechs, Serbs, Croats, Lorrainers, Alsatians, Italians, and other unredeemed races leap into the mind at the thought of those distant days. Their agitations filled the earth with lamentation. No one can read the diplomatic documents now open to all eyes without coming to the conclusion that the determination of France to recover Alsace and Lorraine, to avenge the annexation made in 1871, to secure the coal and iron of the lost provinces was one of the volcanic forces that helped to set the world on fire in 1914. M. Poincaré, who must bear a responsibility for this cataclysm at least equal to that of any other man, had long avowed that life was not worth living if there was to be no revenge. The endless disturbances among the nationalities held together by the Hapsburgs drove that monarchy to ruin in a headlong effort to attain an equilibrium. It was a shot fired by a Serb in the annexed province of Bosnia which set the avalanche in motion. Nationalism everywhere was an electric current of high voltage which, though it could be diverted to many purposes by propaganda, often slipped out of control and smashed the designs of those who manipulated it.

Taking note of this dangerous force, President Wilson announced the doctrine of self-determination, the right of each nation to shape its own destiny, as a principle of permanent pacification. To some extent, it was applied at the Paris settlement; Doctor Buell has estimated that the carving of new boundaries reduced the number of people under alien yokes from about fifty-four million to less than seventeen million. Among the new minorities now living under foreign dominion are 7,594,000 Germans, 2,803,000 Magyars, and 1,339,000 Bulgars, besides Jugoslavs, Ruthenes, Italians, and Poles distributed here and there in fragments. And this reckoning leaves out of account the arbitrary ruling which prevents the union of Germany and Austria.

In other words, German nationality is broken, torn, and scattered, and suffers daily wounds all around the fringes of the new Reich and, far on the way to Constantinople, in the distant Banat. If it was virtuous for the Lorrainers to protest against Prussianism, for the Italians to marshal under the banner of irredentism against Austria, for the South Slavs to keep the Balkans in turmoil in the interest of national unity, what shall be said of the Germans and Magyars forcibly subjected to alien authority? Is it to be expected that they will acquiesce in policies and practices which others once fought with agitation and assassination? Is it any surprise to find in Germany organizations and agencies founded to cooperate with Germans under other flags? If France never could bring herself to accept the treaty of 1871, which took away French citizens, is it likely that Germany will accept wholeheartedly the treaty of 1919, which tore away a far larger number of Germans? If France could not prevent the union of the South German states with the Confederation in 1871, can she block the union of Germany and Austria in the twentieth century?

But it may be said that the rights of minorities are guaranteed by various treaties and agreements connected with the new distribution of discontent. For example, "Poland undertakes to assure full and complete protection of life and liberty to all inhabitants of Poland without distinction of birth, nationality, language, race, or religion." Similar conditions were imposed on Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia, and other minor powers, in spite of protests from domestic patriots; although no such limitations were forced upon France and Italy. Germans in Alsace and in the Tyrol are protected by no stipulations under the supervision of the League of Nations.

Instead of Frenchmen and Italians complaining against an alien autocracy, we now have Germans complaining for similar reasons and on grounds just as

valid. Arrests and trials, imprisonment and banishment seem to be as common in Alsace-Lorraine as they were when the Kaiser ruled there; except for the reversal of the tables, nothing has happened. If reports from the Tyrol are true, then Italianization in that province is as thorough and as merciless as Russification in Poland. When Germans rise on the floor of the Parliament in Belgrade to claim rights under the treaty of 1919, Jugoslav patriots tell them that "everyone who lives in this state must bear the stamp of our nationality" and that they will get the kind of rights which Jugoslavs enjoy in Austria and Italy. When the leading German spokesman, Doctor Krafft, insists that his people should not be oppressed in Jugoslavia because Jugoslavs are oppressed elsewhere, he is told, "Say that in Berlin." And he will say it in Berlin. The telegraph wires have already carried it there. To suppose anything else is to suppose that Germans are not like other people. Sixty million Germans united in the Reich will not be indifferent to the fate of the 7,600,000 Germans scattered around under other flags.

To make matters under this head more complicated, there is a profound difference of opinion as to the nature of the rights accorded to minorities by the treaties. One school of statesmen argues that the authors of the pledges did not intend to create, in each state affected, permanent alien masses preserving their own language, schools, and culture, but merely agreed to guarantee civil equality and "to prepare little by little the conditions necessary to the establishment of complete unity." This view is supported by leading French commentators —with ease, now that France has gathered under her flag practically all her nationals in Europe and many other people besides. But the Germans and the Magyars accept no such judgment. With legal correctness, they point out that the language of the treaties is positive, that it does not insure the rights of minorities as mere "temporary privileges" to be sheared down little by little to final extinction.

If the Russians, unhampered by treaties and equipped with all the engines of police, could not extinguish Polish nationalism, if Germany could not silence protests in Lorraine, if Austria could not put out the smoldering fires on the banks of the Danube and the Drava, are we to imagine that measures of suppression and verbal declarations will transform Germans into Frenchmen, Italians, and Serbs? Poetic justice may require the oppressed of to-day to drink deep of the medicine they dished out so lavishly yesterday, but the enduring peace of Europe must rest on other principles.

V

Bigger and better armaments, sharper commercial rivalries, and continued agitations of minorities—these are the old disturbing factors and they remain. To them has been added another: the clause of the Versailles treaty which places the sole responsibility for the World War on the Central Powers. This judgment was based on a report of a special committee of the Allied Governments "on Responsibility of the Authors of the War and on Sanctions." The report declares: "The war was deliberately planned by the Central Powers and by their allies, Turkey and Bulgaria, and is the result of actions which were committed with premeditation and intentionally, in order to make it inevitable." No statement could be more sweeping or conclusive. The Central Powers and their allies are black; the Entente Allies and their Associates are white. Hence, to believe the very pure in heart, the Germans are moral outlaws who sprang the horrible war on innocent, peace-loving nations. For that wickedness, Germany is to be squeezed "until you can hear the pips squeak," to employ the graceful language of Sir Eric Geddes.

Since that categorical verdict was rendered many things have happened. As everyone knows, revolution has

broken the seal on the archives of Russia, Germany, and Austria; England has published judiciously selected papers; participants in the great affair have printed letters and memoirs; confessions have poured from the press; trials have unearthed evidence; and professorial dust-sifters have searched nooks and crannies. With what results? Not a single outstanding scholar among the Allied and Associated Powers—Renouvin, Fabre-Luce, Gooch, and Fay, for example—who has examined the evidence in the case believes in the Paris doctrine that the Central Powers and their Allies must bear the sole responsibility for plunging Europe into hell.

Moreover, actors in the drama, such as Grey, Lloyd George, and Poincaré, now openly say that the War had its roots in ancient rivalries in which all the belligerents participated. Poincaré himself confessed in 1925: "I do not claim that Austria or Germany, in this first phase, had a conscious thought-out intention of provoking a general war. No existing document gives us the right to suppose that, at that time, they had planned anything so systematic." In the same year, Sir Edward Grey, speaking of the real origins of the War, said: "The enormous growth of armaments in Europe, the sense of insecurity and fear caused by them—it was these that made the war inevitable."

Naturally the Germans make the most of these revelations. Some of them accept the theory of "divided responsibility," while others go so far as to picture their country in shining innocence ravaged by wicked buccaneers. Though divided as to the exact degree of guilt to be assigned to the Central Powers, they all unite in protesting against the Versailles verdict. It is false, they contend, and the enlightened opinion of mankind supports them in that conclusion. If Germany must bear ninety per cent of the burden, still it is false.

Day by day, the flood of German literature on the war-guilt question rises; a monthly magazine, *Die Kriegsschuldfrage*, devoted to the subject, supplies highly combustible fuel for those who demand a revision of the judgment rendered in 1919. Many who support this demand have in mind discrediting the whole Versailles settlement; others wish to whitewash the Kaiser and prepare for a restoration; others, it may be assumed, are as much interested in the truth as professors in England or France, or, possibly, the United States; all, feeling the injustice of the decision, seek to remove from their country the moral obliquity associated with "sole responsibility." While the judgment stands unchanged in the book of doom, the resentment will increase, making sincere European cooperation all the more difficult.

Of the huge bill for damages imposed on the Central Powers and their allies and in process of collection under the Dawes and other plans, it is scarcely necessary to speak, in considering the prospects of peace; oceans of ink have been spilt on this subject. As long as Germany can borrow from the United States enough to offset her annual installments, all may go well—until Germany must pay back what she has borrowed. Perhaps then a beneficent Providence will intervene. But one thing is certain, if France is to stand astride the Rhine for thirty or fifty years "to collect the last sou" under the Versailles verdict, cheerful reconciliation is not to be expected in Europe, no matter how many "solemn hushes" fall upon peace conferences. Only a definite settlement on a more equitable basis can remove this source of irritation. Perhaps such a reconsideration is impossible; if so then peace is impossible, whatever the pledges in ink and sealing wax.

VI

Finally, there are the Balkans. Fuel for an outbreak is already piled high in that troublesome region and wisps of smoke swirl now east, now west, now north, now south. It was in Bosnia that one of the powder trains was fired by the Serb assassin in 1914. For centuries

the Balkans have kept Europe in turmoil, or if you like, the great powers have kept the Balkans in turmoil. In any case, nothing is settled there as a result of the great settlement.

For every ill cured another has been created. Where Croats and Rumanians once groaned under Hungarian authority Magyars now groan under Rumanian and Jugoslav dominion. Fires still burn in Macedonia—in spite of all the Jugoslavs have done to maintain order, introduce civilization, and solve the land question. Bulgaria, stripped of winnings by Serbia and Greece in 1912 and deprived of rich lands at the Paris adjudication, beats plowshares into swords and looks abroad for allies. With the consent of the powers, Italy has taken possession of Albania, through economic and military measures; and Roman imperialists continue, as in 1915, to regard the Dalmatian coast as their rightful heritage, even though it is inhabited mainly by South Slavs.

In this seething cauldron, England, France, and Italy stir continuously, ever mindful of "national interest" as they watch it bubble and boil. One day, Italy announces a marching army of five million men; the next day American bankers furnish Rome with cash for experimentation; a little later, a responsible English statesman gives personal encouragement to Mussolini; then the morning paper announces an alliance between France and the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes—a defensive alliance, it is true and of course, but an alliance prepared for eventualities. French airmen fly (commercial) airplanes in Jugoslavia and the military men hold "conversations." Arms on their way from Italy to Hungary are unearthed. A murder in Macedonia, it is alleged, is financed on the banks of the Tiber. The Serbs come to terms with the Italian government; the Croats threaten secession. Greece staggers through one dictatorship after another back to Venizelos, waiting on eventualities also.

Only two familiar faces are absent or at least dimly seen: Russia and Austria; but Russia pauses and Austria hopes—trusting perhaps to a union with Germany. If Trotsky is exiled for urging Russia to arm for the approaching crisis (among other things), Moscow has not turned pacifist. Austria, cherishing her old belief that she will be present at the end of the world, continues to use the great war office built in Von Tirpitz style.

Then is there nothing new under the sun? Verily, a few novel twists in the web of fate. They will be considered in the next article of this series.

BUSINESS TRIP

A STORY

BY JOHN FRAZIER VANCE

"WHAT had we better do with the bird, Nora?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. Lou wouldn't ever take care of it. Not now."

"No, not now."

"But I wouldn't want it. I don't like the things. I don't know about you, Grace, but I can't stand havin' them around."

"Well, I'm the same way. They make such a mess."

The fat woman called Grace brushed a strand of graying hair out of her eyes and drew the back of her hand across her perspiring brow. Little beads of moisture glistened upon her lips.

"My, it's warm!" she said.

Nora made no reply but stood gazing out of the window, her hands resting on her broad hips.

"Shall we go down, now?" Grace asked a little later.

"No, we'd better stay here, I guess. They wouldn't want us around downstairs."

"No, I guess they wouldn't. We'd only be in the way."

"When he goes away then we'll go down."

"Will they take her down to his place?"

"I expect so. They mostly do now. Undertakers don't like to work out any more."

"Doesn't seem right, some ways. It always used to be different. They used to come to the house and bring their things."

"But then, again," said Nora, "they can do it better at their own place. Like a hospital, they got everything there."

Grace rocked as she sat waiting for Nora to tell her of the departure of the party downstairs. Her legs were short, and her feet left the floor each time she rocked. Her toes pointed outward and upward, clumsily, below the hem of her modestly short skirt.

"They certainly had a nice home, Nora."

"Well, they had everything they needed to live comfortable. Lou bought her everything she wanted."

"He certainly did. Many's the time he'd come down from Chicago on Charley's train. Charley'd come home and say, 'Lou Nesbit rode down with me to-day,' and the next day Effie'd walk out with a new dress on, or new shoes, or something."

"Just like him. He sure done everything for that girl. Plenty girls you and I know around here would've been glad of the chance."

Grace's eyes twinkled, and she raised a fat hand to hide a grin.

"We both ought to know, oughtn't we, Nora?"

Nora made no reply but continued in silence to examine the blue celluloid toilet set ranged on the dresser top. She picked up the hand mirror and considered her own reflection. Lou would be lonesome now. Poor Lou.

The sound of footsteps came up to them from downstairs. Voices, too.

"Look out, Joe. Don't scratch the door."

Grace got up and joined Nora at the window. The porch roof hid the men until they were on the walk, moving with short quick steps, walking on their heels with their toes curled up as men do who carry a heavy burden between them. Two men carried a stretcher. On it was a form that was wholly covered with white muslin—a large sheet with the undertaker's initials cross-stitched in red at the corner. The two men who carried the stretcher were hatless. One of them was coatless and had his sleeves rolled up. A third man passed them as they crossed the lawn, and opened the double door in the rear end of the hearse. He wore a black suit and gloves.

The coatless man deposited his end of the stretcher inside the doors of the hearse. While the other man pushed the stretcher in he returned to the house and got his coat and the hats they had both left behind.

The three men then climbed up on to the chauffeur's seat, and the hearse bumped away down the rough street.

"Well," said Nora, "we might as well go down now."

She led the way, and Grace followed closely behind her, gripping the banister tightly as she descended the stairs.

"I have to be so careful coming down stairs," she said when they had reached the floor below. "My ankles are so small I'm not very steady."

"She was a good housekeeper," said Nora, rubbing her index finger along the beading of the newel post.

"Off and on," said Grace. "She had streaks. One day she'd be good; another day her sink would be piled full of dishes, and dust everywhere. I never saw such a woman."

Nora cast a disapproving glance at Grace. She picked up a small satchel.

"I'll just slip into a house dress," she said. "I didn't want to wear it on the car."

"I'll go out to the kitchen and start."

"Make sure it's aired out good before you go in."

Grace opened the kitchen door cautiously.

"They opened all the windows," she called back over her shoulder. "But it's still pretty strong."

She closed the door again and came back to the front of the house.

"Guess we'd better wait a little, Nora. Funny, it don't smell much out here."

"She stuffed all the cracks around the door before she turned it on, they said."

"I know. But even so."

Nora was ready.

The two women looked about them.

"Seems to be pretty tidy. I don't see a thing to do."

They went from room to room. Everything was in order. No dust stood upon any of the furniture; the china was neatly arranged behind the glass doors of its closet; upon a doily in the center of the dining table stood a vase of roses, slightly wilted.

"She was a great one for having flowers around," said Nora. "Never raised any, but she was always buying 'em."

"These are kind of wilted. The gas done it, I suppose."

"They're hardly wilted enough to throw out though, do you think?"

"I wouldn't throw them out if they was mine."

"What'll Lou think when he gets home?"

"Oh, I'd leave 'em. She always had some around."

"Well, there's only the kitchen then. We'd better go out there, I guess, and redd up. I guess it's safe."

Together they went out into the kitchen.

"Nothing to do here, only clean up after those men."

Grace picked up a cigarette butt from the floor where it had been ground out under a heel. Nora washed some ashes out of the sink.

"Where was she, do you know, Grace?"

"Why, just here, I guess. Laid her head on the oven door on these pillows. First she turned on all the burners, full tilt. They was all goin' when they found her."

"Tch-tch. Just to think! After all he done for her," said Nora.

"She was a queer one. Never went about much with folks around here."

"Why do you suppose—?"

"Lord only knows. I can't see how a body could."

They sought more work to do but could find none.

"Funniest thing is the way she cleaned the whole house up first," said Nora.

"Probably knew folks would be coming in."

"There doesn't seem to be a thing to do."

"Somebody ought to be here when he comes in."

"When's he coming? Did anybody say?"

"I don't know. They wired him first thing this morning. He can't get here till the 2:10. That's your brother Charley's train, isn't it?"

"Yes. We ought to wait, I suppose. We can pick up a lunch."

From the well-stocked larder they selected a meal and laid it on the kitchen table.

"Where'd she come from, Nora? Did you ever hear?"

"Out East some place. Pittsburgh, Philadelphia . . . I don't know."

"Seemed odd to me he'd marry a girl from way off some place."

"It wasn't as if . . ." Nora did not finish the sentence. Self-consciously she adjusted her house dress, smoothing out the skirt from the gathering at the waist, feeling of the collar at the back of her neck.

None of Nora's motions was unobserved by Grace. She turned the conversation back upon Effie. "She certainly was a queer one," she said. "Always makin' it uncomfortable for Lou, from what I've heard tell."

"Grace, I don't like to speak disrespectful of the dead."

"Neither do I, Nora." Grace spoke a little resentfully. She disliked being put upon the defensive. "But truth's truth," she went on. "It isn't like sayin' she was a bad woman. Just they didn't get along like they should, spite of all he done for her."

When they had washed their dishes and put them away they went into the living room to await Lou's return.

"Yonder's where the cage always used to hang," said Grace, pointing to a brass bracket that extended from the window frame.

"She must have taken it upstairs with her, nights."

"No, I've seen it there after they'd gone to bed. The street light shines through from that other window. You could see the shadow of the cage from the sidewalk. Their shades was always up."

"But it's up there. And the scarf she used to hang over it nights was hangin' on it."

"I know. But she didn't do it other times. Anyway, there wasn't any hook up there."

"That's right. There wasn't any hook."

"She wouldn't take it up night after night and set it on the dresser that way."

"No, I guess not. It seems funny."

"The only thing in the house out of place. All redd up nice and the dishes washed. And the canary settin' on her dresser upstairs."

"Grace," Nora spoke rapidly, with sudden inspiration. "Do you suppose she took it up there on account of the gas?"

Grace stopped rocking, and both women looked at each other for a moment, their eyes staring.

"Like as not," Grace whispered at last. "Did you ever. Planned everything out."

"Every little thing," said Nora, nodding her head. "Poor Lou!"

"I'll go up and get it," said Grace, rising hastily. Lou must not see the

cage that way, upstairs. He must not. "It shouldn't be settin' there," she called back to Nora defensively as she started up the stairs.

Nora sat in guilty silence and listened to Grace laboriously climbing the stairs. Some ways, it wasn't exactly fair to Effie. Or to Lou. Grace returned with the bird in its cage. Nora was looking out of the window. Grace hung the cage again on its hook and then sat down, a little short of breath.

They could hear the clock in the hall ticking insistently in the hot noon.

"I never see the beat," she said at length, and her eyes met Nora's steadily.

A whistle sounded in the distance.

"There. That's the 2:10," said Grace. "Lou will be coming soon, I expect."

"I expect so."

"Probably take a taxi, a time like this."

"Like as not," said Nora. "He'll be comin' in a few minutes now."

They withdrew from the window a little distance so that they could not be seen from the street, but kept their eyes upon the corner where the taxi would turn in off the Avenue. Nora looked at the clock at brief intervals, nervously.

The cab came to a stop abruptly, and a stranger alighted. They thought at first that it was Lou, stooping as he emerged from the cab, his face concealed with a soft hat drawn low. But they knew even before he turned toward the house, while he was paying the driver, that it was not Lou. He was not as tall as Lou and he stood with his feet apart, aggressively.

Grace and Nora looked at each other in uncertainty.

"Who's that?" Grace whispered.

Nora looked again at the advancing figure and shrugged her shoulders. She hurried to the door so that the stranger would not set the door-bell jangling in the quiet house.

He came into the house briskly and without introducing himself.

"Lou's coming on the 4:25," he said. "They were down at the dunes. I 'phoned them when the wire came, but Mae said they couldn't catch the 2:10."

Nora said, "You're a friend of Lou's, then?"

"I'll say," the man replied, laughing easily. "Known him for years. Say, it was too bad about his wife going that way."

His unconcern was terrifying to the two women. He extended his hand. "Corbin's my name."

"We're old friends of Mr. Nesbit, too," said Nora coldly. "We came to see what we could do."

"That's better than having strangers," said Corbin. "Better than me, even. 'Course I never knew Mrs. Lou. He'll appreciate your coming."

"Won't you set down, Mr. Corbin?" said Grace.

"Thanks, I will."

"Would you like a drink of cold water after your ride?"

"Yes, thanks, I would."

Grace departed to the kitchen. They could hear the water running in the sink. Grace was waiting for it to get cold. Corbin fumbled with his watch chain, conscious of Nora's hostile scrutiny.

"She . . . they . . . " he began, hesitantly.

"They've taken her to the undertaking parlor. Downtown."

"Oh, yes. That's wise." Mr. Corbin cleared his throat.

"It's too bad Lou couldn't have come with you. It will be a lonesome ride for him."

"Well, I would have waited, only he wanted me to come ahead and see that everything was all right. And so there would be somebody here when he came. You know how it is."

Nora nodded.

"Probably he didn't realize you folks would come in. And, anyway, Mae will be with him."

"Mae?"

"Yes. Mae's my sister."

"Oh!"

Grace entered with a glass of water.

"Thanks," said Corbin. He drank it at one draught.

"Lou is coming with Mr. Corbin's sister," said Nora to Grace.

"Oh!"

Corbin was looking out of the window. The clock in the hall became audible again.

"You live in Chicago, Mr. Corbin?" asked Grace.

"Yes. South Side.. We like it there."

"Lou is in Chicago a good deal on business. We don't see him much here, any more."

"No, I expect not. He's there quite a lot." Corbin looked at his watch.

"I've always felt sorry for him having to be away from home so much. He had such a nice home, too."

"Well, he always said our place was just like home to him. We always used to tell him he ought to move up to Chi, but he couldn't see it. And then, his wife didn't want to come, I guess."

"No. I guess she liked it here."

"Just a small-town girl, hey?" said Corbin.

Grace and Nora stiffened in their chairs at his tone.

"It sure was too bad about her," Corbin went on. "But then, it may be all for the best."

"Well, those things are pretty hard to understand sometimes, Mr. Corbin," said Grace. "God moves in a mysterious way."

"I guess they weren't very happy together. Seems too bad to say it. But from what Mae tells me, they didn't get along any too good."

Nora, looking in the mirror upstairs, had wondered what Lou would do in his loneliness. To Grace, handling the things in the kitchen, it had occurred that there would be plenty of room for three people in Lou's house. And Charley would pay for his keep.

Corbin was still talking.

"Funny how we got the message. You see, the three of us had gone down to the dunes. We went down Saturday, but I had to come back up to town on business day before yesterday. So I was in the apartment when the wire came. Otherwise we mightn't have got it."

Lou and Mae were at the dunes. This was one of Lou's business trips.

Grace looked at the clock. Her face felt hot, and she could not see the hands clearly. "I'll just have to be going. I'll have to get Charley's dinner."

Both women looked at Corbin.

"You see, we came early this morning," said Nora, rising. "Everything is straightened up, I guess. There was hardly anything to do. Just out there." She pointed to the kitchen.

"Well, Lou will appreciate it a lot." He turned to Nora. "Can't you stay till they come?"

"I'm afraid I can't," she said, looking past Corbin at the bird cage. "We thought he'd be in on the 2:10."

"Who shall I tell him was here?"

"Oh, he'll know, I imagine."

The two women put on their hats and left the house. Grace walked to the Avenue with Nora who had to wait for a street car.

"Did you ever hear the beat?" said Nora when they had walked a little distance.

"Poor Effie," said Grace. "Just as sweet and forgiving. She done everything for him."

"And so good-hearted. Look at that bird now, for example."

"I know. I don't see how Lou could treat her so."

YOUNG MEN ON THE MAKE

BY HENRY F. PRINGLE

THEY are well dressed, poised and charming. They know their Syosset and their Newport. They read the correct books, see the smart plays, and can discuss, with no small degree of surface intelligence, the right things. Over the week-end they are in town from New Haven, Cambridge, and Princeton—in the majority of cases from New Haven—and they are the Young Men on the Make.

To these young men college is not a joyous haven in which to spend four idle years amid song and beer and football. They waste no precious hours in brawls with the city constabulary or decorating the town pump with the class numerals. Contrary to popular belief, the dimpled darlings of the chorus fail to lure them. On the other hand, they are entirely uninterested in the academic aspects and cultural opportunities of university life, for the young men on the make are intensely aware that college is a proving-ground, where the first vital steps toward a material success after graduation must be taken. If one is active, industrious, and prudent, particularly if one does not "make mistakes," a tremendous amount of progress may be achieved. Gifted with shrewdness rather than intelligence, these young men know that distinctions attained outside of the classrooms will bring the honoraria that pave the way to success in the business and professional world.

It is, let us assume, Class Day on the campus of a large American university. The seniors, accompanied by proud parents and friends, parade in cap and gown to the stadium where the exercises will be held. The more prominent members of the class serve as marshals in the procession and those who have been particularly distinguished are the Class Orator, the Class Poet, the Class Prophet, and the Class Historian. They arise, while their fellows gaze in envy, to speak their little pieces, and the alumni, back for the occasion, murmur in approval that they are "typical" Princeton or Harvard or Cornell or Yale or Dartmouth men. Most of the Class Day celebrities, of course, owe their prominence to athletics; for football and crew and track are still the simplest media by which to attain collegiate distinction. A few, however, have edited the college newspaper and literary magazine, have managed the teams, or have shown in various ways other than brawny talents. They have, at all events, "done something" for their Alma Mater. It is said of them that they have "paid their debt" by battling on the athletic field, by managing the crew or the college daily; and so they win the benign approval of the alumni. It would, obviously, be difficult for any alumnus to explain how this has advanced the Alma Mater to greater things, since all universities profess to be educational and not physical training institutions. But he approves none the less and he beams with satisfaction upon the youths who shine at the Class Day exercises.

"Go out for something!" the modern father often advises a son about to leave for college. "I don't mean that you should do no studying at all. Study is fine stuff, and you want to be careful not to flunk or get put on probation. But

it's the contacts you make on the teams or the college paper that really count and will help you later on. You learn self-assurance, courage, and initiative by playing football. You find out how an office is run by being on the campus daily."

In the majority of cases an undergraduate becomes involved in the "extra-curricular" life of his college for two reasons: he shares the vague feeling that he owes a debt to the college and believes he can discharge it by going out for the team; second, he has a perfectly normal desire to stand out from the herd. But on every American campus there are certain young men who already view life with a coldly material eye. As clever as they are calculating, they engage in no college activity and make no friendships with classmates unless they see—men of vision that they are—the probability of future cash dividends. Thus they study just enough to remain in college, and are furiously busy elsewhere in more important ways. So when the great Joe Banks, all-American fullback, makes a seventy-yard run in the big game, he may be doing it, not so much for dear old Harvard, as because the Stock Exchange House of Travis & Whitney (John Travis was Harvard '94) will hear of it and offer him a job. The hard-working freshman, lathering himself to exhaustion in an editorial competition for the Yale *News*, may not be moved in the slightest by his potential debt to Yale; he knows that the chairman of the *News* makes a senior society and that "senior society men are taken care of when they get out." With their eyes fixed upon the future, the young men on the make realize that undergraduate prominence is the only course which is compulsory and not an elective. All must take it.

Of course this is not a wholly new state of affairs. For decades, among the students at all American colleges, there have been a few exceptionally ambitious youths who have adapted to their own uses the existing social, political, and extra-curricular systems. To put it another way, the go-getting college boy has made himself socially acceptable, has sought election to class office, and has been very busy in athletics, if qualified, and in other activities if he lacked superior physique. There must be a number of respected millionaires to-day who, if they chose to tell the real facts of their success, would admit that their start dated back to bright college years. In those days the young men worked alone. In a sense they blazed the trails. To-day those trails are clearly marked, and the student who has the inclination, the energy, and the necessary talents can follow without great difficulty.

It is amusing, in the light of all this, to hear university presidents utter long speeches praising the universal idealism of the college man. Many an undergraduate, one is forced to believe, bothers very little about idealism. He is attempting, in the smaller circle of college activities, to do what his opportunist elders attempt in adult communities. It is not without significance, perhaps, that repeatedly during the last campaign a straw vote at some university showed a marked student preference for the Republican Party while the faculty at the identical institution favored Alfred E. Smith. Perhaps materialism is permeating student life to an unprecedented degree and carries with it an attitude of extreme conservatism.

At the risk of generalizing, one might say that wherever in an American college there are social clubs or fraternities—and that is everywhere—they are used by bright young men as stepping stones for a successful career. And because the colleges in the East are older, because their clubs and fraternities mean more, their systems seem peculiarly suited to these purposes. Let us consider, quite without malice and in the calm light of impartial research, the opportunities offered at Yale.

II

Not very many years ago the Yale *News* announced its annual editorial

competition for the members of the freshman class. A dozen youths who responded were informed that their duties would consist of obtaining advertisements as well as material for the news columns. For each advertisement obtained, they were told, the candidate would receive a specified number of points. Interviews, reports of student meetings, and gossip of student life would be given similar credits. The winner of the competition was to be taken on the board and would, of course, be an important man at New Haven. It was not necessary to dwell on this point; each one of the freshman candidates was well aware of the fact.

The competition lasted for several months and was, as it happened, an unusually brisk one. Toward the end, four or five survivors were closely grouped. Anyone might win, and the inevitable result was feverish work on the part of all of them. At last it was over, and the winner, jubilant with victory, hurried to New York to receive congratulations from his family. The boy's father, however, exhibited only anxiety when he saw his son. The strain of the past weeks was clearly evident in his face, and he was ordered to rest for a month. But it was already too late. The youth died in ten days.

I have told this story because it offers striking evidence of the extreme ferocity with which the undergraduate often attempts to "do something" for his college. The victim of this particular instance of overwork was not one of the calmly ambitious youths whose point of view I am here attempting to outline. And it should be noted, to the credit of Yale's graduate body, that a committee of alumni have since conducted an investigation leading to demands that student competitions be made less arduous. The duration of several competitions was reduced and regulations were drafted requiring that the "heelers," as competitors are called at New Haven, sleep a minimum number of hours. Those who may still believe the American college youth a playboy might well ponder the fact that one of these rules forbids work in the *News* competition before seven o'clock in the morning! Not long after it was adopted one ambitious heeler interpreted this to mean that it was legal for him to labor, provided he did not get out of bed before that hour. So he bribed the dormitory janitor to wake him at five o'clock with the morning papers. For two hours he would pore over these, seeking ideas for the *News;* and by seven o'clock he had a splendid start on his rivals.

I doubt that the rigors at Yale are worse than at other universities. Having taken part, myself, in an editorial competition for the Cornell *Sun*, I can attest the fact that they were a severe drain upon undergraduate health. After each competition, the college infirmary had a half-dozen freshmen or sophomores taking the rest cure. One suspects that most of the rules adopted to lighten the burden are evaded by competitors. Imagine the howls of protest that would arise from students, their parents, and the alumni, were some professor to require labor one-third as exhausting! He would be charged with Prussianizing the institution, with causing nervous breakdowns, and driving undergraduates to the point of suicide. But objections to the competitions are only spasmodic —as long as the work is done outside of the classroom, lecture hall, and library.

Such is the atmosphere of hard, bitter rivalry for collegiate, as distinct from academic, honors at many of the larger universities. The young men on the make need little coaching to appreciate the possibilities which all this offers. And at Yale, because of the fanatical solemnity with which the senior societies —Skull and Bones, Scroll and Key, and Wolf's Head—are regarded, the opportunities are greater than at any other university in America. We shall trace the history of a typical young man, calling him, for convenience, John Corbin.

If John Corbin has come to New Haven from some obscure, small city, if his parents are poor and without social distinction, if he is totally unacquainted at Yale—if all these factors are against him—his task will be vastly difficult. He faces almost insuperable odds if, by any chance, he is a Jew and admits that fact. Except in the last case he can still, however, make a Senior Society. It will, though, be enormously hard, and he will be forced to develop skill and subtlety that would do credit to a British Prime Minister. Let us assume, for the sake of brevity, that John's outlook is not so dark. His people, while far from wealthy, have a degree of prominence in their home city. They provide him with adequate funds and may even have sent him to Hotchkiss or Exeter or St. Paul for his preparatory schooling. In that event John will have met many youths of unquestioned background, whose elder brothers, fathers, and even grandfathers have gone to Yale. These youngsters have attended the Yale-Harvard game. They know, as a recent alumni report phrased it, that "Yale despises only the lazy man" and that, as soon as they matriculate, activity in undergraduate affairs will be demanded of them. To such privileged youths Yale is no forbidding mystery, no fortress to be stormed. If John Corbin has been able to make their acquaintance at school he will have absorbed their sophistication. Through them he has met Yale men who have dropped back for a day or two to see whether the prep-school football stars are headed, as they should be, for New Haven. Corbin will have selected an influential classmate—the most important step of all—to room with him when he reaches college. Failing this, he will have picked some athlete certain to make a sensation. He intends, of course, to be enterprising himself. But a prominent roommate is an additional asset. Thereby, a freshman is certain to meet the important celebrities at New Haven. It matters not at all to the potential young man on the make that the society scion or the athlete will bore him to tears in the role of roommate. He does not consider mutual intellectual tastes in choosing his companion. He is a practical young man; what he wants is results.

Assuming, then, that John Corbin has grown familiar at preparatory school with the accepted traditions and customs, he is in far less danger of "making mistakes" when he reaches the college campus. I am unable to state the current campus term for the man who commits this sin. In my day such youths were known as "wet," a derogatory adjective later expanded to "wet smack." It had, obviously, no bearing on their drinking habits. A youth who wore the wrong clothes was "wet." One who talked too much or too little was similarly described. So was the man who attempted familiarities with upper classmen or who bragged about his wealth or family position; or one who was seen in the company of unattractive girls or who used a lubricant to keep his hair smooth. These are extremely obvious mistakes, avoided without great difficulty. There are others, more subtle, at Yale, as our hypothetical John Corbin soon learns. To the freshman, he finds, senior societies do not officially exist. He does not talk about them at all, save to one or two men who are his most intimate friends. Passing the grotesque mausoleums of Bones or Keys or Wolf's Head, appropriately known as "tombs," he averts his eyes and murmurs that it is a fine day. He scrupulously obeys the law that members of these tongs are not spoken to, since they are *en route* to holy things, after six o'clock in the evening of the days when meetings are held.

It is probable, also, that Corbin's arrival at Yale has been preceded by letters from Yale alumni to some of the upper classmen. These point out that he is a likely lad and that it would be considered a favor were he given a hand. In due time the juniors or sophomores thus solicited drop in at his rooms for a

chat. They meet him and his roommate, size him up and report to their fellows regarding the new arrival. Corbin knows that this will be done, and he is careful to make a good impression. He asks a few questions about football practice and whether, if he is not athletic, it is better to try out for the college comic paper or for the *News*. He is aware that his days of greatest activity are immediately in front of him, that at Yale the new man "makes good" or drops back into the proletariat within a few months. He pledges himself to "do something for Yale"—and incidentally for himself.

The young men on the make, it is needless to explain, rarely reach college seeing the entire length of the path which stretches before them. During the first half-year, perhaps, the young man's energies are motivated by the hope that in three years he may be numbered among the mighty saluted under the elms on Tap Day. The average undergraduate contents himself with visions of collegiate glory and does not, as he begins his career, ponder success in that cold and barren place called the outside world. Before long, however, be begins to hear discussions of "what are you going to do when you get out?" John Corbin's roommate may possess a father who controls vast industries. He has nothing to worry about. But John has no soft berth awaiting him. He must hustle and he knows it, and so he listens with credulous ears to the stories, told in whispers, that senior society men never lack an adequate income after graduation.

Of course this is nonsense. But the ambitious young men who hear that one group of millionaires is behind Keys and another behind Bones are tremendously impressed. A few actually believe, I am assured, the fantastic stories of huge endowment funds which can be used, if necessary, to provide fifty-thousand-dollar-a-year incomes to otherwise indigent senior society brothers. It is not long before the thought of "doing something for Yale" changes color. Until now, John Corbin's outlook has been materialistic in the sense that he has sought prominence for its own sake. The next step is a conviction that an estate on Long Island, a town house in Manhattan, and a string of polo ponies will be assured if only he can achieve selection on Tap Day, still three years off. Thus John becomes a heeler, busy and grim and determined. He studies just enough to remain in college, and no more.

III

After they have been at Yale for a few weeks John Corbin and his fellow young men on the make will appreciate the significance of the remark, attributed to some unfriendly critic, that the campus "includes the best parts of Long Island." They cannot have failed to notice the exodus of Yale men to New York City every Friday afternoon. Numerically, the migration is not impressive. The campus still teems with busy youths, and to the uninitiated it might seem well populated. Yet it is as deserted, in so far as Yale men of prestige are concerned, as the canyons of Wall Street on a Sunday morning. The members of Yale's "Who's Who" hurry for the five o'clock train, but they are not bound, it should be clearly understood, for a week-end merely of pleasure. Serious business is at hand, just as serious as anything during the week and enormously more important than all the courses listed in the university catalogue. These Yale men of note are bound for week-end parties on Long Island. They will be seen in the boxes at an international polo match, at the Broadway plays from which the speculators are making fortunes, and sometimes, but far less often, at the opera. Some of them will constitute, at parties at the Park Lane and the Ritz on Friday night, the Yale stag line without which, in recent years, no New York bud can possibly be introduced to society. The Yale week-enders, in brief, mingle with important figures in the business,

financial, and social worlds. Their names grace the society columns, and they return to New Haven on the milk train Monday morning. They are weary and tired and they pray that some sleep can be snatched by sitting in rear seats during the day's lectures and recitations. As soon as the opportunity arises, John Corbin also takes the five o'clock Friday train for New York. To be absent from New Haven during a week-end is almost as essential as to "do something for Yale."

Being a young man of vision, John will be certain to attend the right parties. I hope I do not give the impression that he has become an ordinary social climber. Anything so obvious would constitute one of the very mistakes he must carefully avoid. The invitations which he accepts come to him naturally—for the reason that he dances well, dresses well, knows how to talk, and is already somewhat prominent on the campus. My point is that he accepts no invitation unless there is something to be gained from it. His breathless hope, of course, is to attend a house-party where there will be senior society men. In that happy event he can address them by their first names (except after six o'clock on Thursday and Saturday) when he meets them on the quadrangle. Failing to achieve these parties, John goes to the ones where he will meet Yale alumni and where the girls with whom he will dance are the daughters of big-money men. He makes himself particularly charming to these young women and gradually he attains a fair position in New York society. He is on all the eligible lists.

But it becomes impossible to give, in detail, the history of the young men on the make. Gradually, as they mingle to an increasing degree with people of wealth at Southampton and on Park Avenue, they begin to appreciate with new anxiety the desperate necessity of making money after graduation. Down from New Haven, they stay at the Yale Club and there meet alumni, old and young. The younger graduates assure them that success depends very largely upon connections, upon knowing the right people. The older constitute these vital connections. And so it goes. John Corbin, now beginning his junior year, has made the *News*. Perhaps he has even become chairman of the board and is an outstanding figure on the campus. Professors are slightly shocked on the rare occasions when he comes to class. They read his editorials with the same solemnity that John writes them. They treat him with great respect and rarely question his views. He may have scraped through all of his courses, but he rivals the dean in importance. John is, in brief, at last a person in his own right, and all that remains is to continue, health permitting, the furious activity in undergraduate affairs and the equally furious participation in New York social life. He may assure himself that he has no apprehensions regarding that ominous day in May when the class will gather to wait for the stroke of five o'clock. In his heart, however, he will wait in anguish for the moment when a member of Skull and Bones, Scroll and Key, or Wolf's Head taps him on the shoulder and orders him to his room.

Even after he has been tapped and has joined the Yale immortals, all is not over. Our maturing John Corbin now appreciates that the stories of alumni help have been exaggerated. He has long since been disabused of any notion that there is an endowment fund. He does find, however, that the members of his society come back to New Haven whenever there is a football game or crew race. It is really true that the bonds between students and alumni are very close. The older men—particularly when a Yale team has been victorious—will grow expansive and make inquiries regarding what the younger ones plan to do upon graduation. Not infrequently there will be invitations to "drop in and see me." Other alumni will offer letters of introduction to corporation heads who are under obligation to them. Indubitably the senior society man has a start on his

fellows. Even when he is unbelievably stupid and has been tapped simply because he is an athlete and prominent, a job is likely to be provided for him. Almost any Yale man can recite, if he elects to be frank, instances of classmates who have prospered exceedingly—quite out of proportion to their intelligence.

John Corbin, graduated from Yale amid flourishes and ruffles and the envy of the undergraduate body, has no illusion that his period of toil and careful plotting is over. He has been taken in by some Yale alumnus—probably to sell bonds. The salary is not large, however, and again progress depends upon extreme activity, avoiding mistakes, and taking advantage of the system. He lives at the Yale Club and buys his clothes at Brooks Brothers. He spends his evenings among the people he first met while at college. As soon as he has saved enough for the initiation fees and dues, John has himself put up for one of the better clubs, probably the Racquet. Election will not be difficult, for he made the acquaintance of a dozen members while at New Haven. So his life becomes, in New York, a repetition of undergraduate days. Again he seeks prominence and gladly serves on the House Committee of the Racquet Club. He may find it advantageous to join a church and there pass the plate on Sunday mornings. Perhaps it is wiser to belong to some country club and play golf. If a political campaign is on he will take part, being careful to select the party of the men who are his patrons. Not infrequently he finds it possible to fall in love with one of the debutantes whose coming-out party he attended. A wife with a fortune accelerates the progress of the young man on the make.

IV

Not all the young men, however, are thus terrifically active. Occasionally some fortunate youth goes just as far through the mere fact that he is extraordinarily attractive. His bag of parlor-tricks is overflowing. Perhaps he has an excellent voice and is a soloist with the glee club. He dances, as the prom girls used to say, divinely. He is simply one of those rare young men upon whom the gods have smiled and showered every gift except brains. He, too, may travel far on the path to success if he has the desire to do so.

Such gifted youths, if they are wise, will avoid Yale. At New Haven charm is a secondary consideration. To have been successfully active in student affairs is, with a few exceptions, the *sine qua non*. The young man whose talents are chiefly social will undoubtedly select Harvard or Princeton or Williams for his Alma Mater. At these institutions the societies consider mutual likes and dislikes in making their selections. It is not uncommon for some tremendously important lad to be ignored when the elections are announced. Skull and Bones may take in, and usually does, men who are utterly uncongenial. The head of the college Christian association, often known as a "Christer" on the campus, is tapped to show that Bones endorses Christianity. The president of Phi Beta Kappa is chosen as an indication that Bones endorses education. These are gestures, of course. Such youths constitute a hair shirt to be worn by the less worthy brethren. Yet they are supposed to meet twice a week and mingle in fraternal love with the football captain and the crew stroke. For a major-sports captain to fail of election at Yale is first-page news throughout the country. It almost assumes the proportions of a scandal.

But Porcellian, undoubtedly the most desirable of the Harvard clubs, would not dream of electing the football captain simply because he had won the big game. Again and again men who achieve the pinnacle of undergraduate fame fail of election to Porcellian or A.D. or Delphic or Spee. No one thinks very much about it. The clubs are merely pleasant side-issues at Harvard—not the all-in-all and the Holy of Holies as at Yale. So

at Princeton, the clubs cannot possibly have the importance of the senior societies at Yale. For one thing, the clubs take in about eighty per cent of each class and thereby lack the extreme exclusiveness of the Yale societies. For another, they elect in the sophomore year, and the young men who seek election do not pass through as long a period of striving and planning.

The difference, in a word, is that social qualifications are taken more seriously at Harvard and Princeton. And this provides the opportunities for the type of youth who is naturally a good mixer, who is entertaining, who fits well into a social gathering. He may, it is true, fortify these assets by taking a leading part in student affairs. Shortly after the War, I am told, a freshman arrived at Princeton from some city in the Middle West. He was more mature than most of the members of his class since he had served in the army and had then spent a year in business. His decision to go to college was based on his observation, in business circles, that university men progressed more swiftly. Consequently he bent every effort to make a club. He had, naturally, the requisite degree of attractiveness. He talked well and behaved himself. He was a decent athlete and made the freshman track team. Within a year he was numbered among the certain point winners at the next intercollegiate meet and in due time he made the club that was his goal.

The young man on the make who goes to Harvard or Princeton or Cornell or other large universities has one leading ambition—to meet the prominent alumni of those institutions. At Cornell he may do this by making the musical club and going on a trip to many of the large cities in the East where dances are given in honor of the visitors. At Harvard he will find election to Hasty Pudding helpful and a bid to Porcellian—much more difficult to obtain—even more so. The members of Porcellian, it is said, find many pleasant offers waiting for them after graduation. At Princeton he will attempt to win a competition for the *Princetonian* and through his work on the paper establish close relationships with officials of the larger advertising agencies. At every well-known educational institution, so-called, in America there are ways and means whereby the far-seeing undergraduate can build for the future on the base of his university career. Sometimes, as at Yale, extra-curricular achievement is almost enough in itself. Elsewhere social talents are more necessary. But nowhere, save at the technical schools, is scholarship of much value. Business men may pretend to revere the scholar, but as college alumni they favor the man whose honors are of another sort.

V

All this means, of course, that the young men on the make develop a point of view which is wholly materialistic. They become over-anxious for money. They are transformed, long before they are graduated, into the very type of citizen America now has to excess. They are selfish, hard, and ambitious. Such principles as dignity and honor soon fade to secondary importance. It was once considered a little disgraceful, to put it as mildly as possible, for a man deliberately to search for a wealthy wife. Now it seems to be an accepted way of getting ahead; and after the young man on the make has arrived he is likely to become bored with the woman he married for this lofty reason. Then there is another Paris divorce.

It can be argued, of course, that the young men on the make represent but a small proportion of the college youths of America and that it makes little difference what becomes of them in later years. This may be true, but they have a definite influence, a wholly pernicious one, upon the universities from which they came. The man whose success is due to a senior society is constantly in touch with his university. He goes

back to all the football games and is always present on Class Day. At fifty, he takes the mumbo-jumbo of his fraternity ritual just as seriously as when he was a junior. He is never seen without the pin and has been known to hold it in his mouth, according to the fundamental and sacred law, when taking a shower bath. He has, in short, an undergraduate mind until the day of his death. Among all the evils which afflict the American university there is none so poisonous as that of the professional graduate. He comes back far too often, to interfere in athletic matters and to insist that the academic curriculum be made more practical. Less Latin and more Business English is his demand. For each young man on the make to whom he gives a job, he bores a dozen others to drink by his doddering reminiscences of the days when football *was* football. He places a grotesque value on the caliber of the football team and the crew, and is the first to protest when the faculty raises the scholarship requirements; for higher standards in the classroom are likely to mean lower standards in athletics. I know of several Cornell alumni who grow red-faced and profane whenever they recall that, at Ithaca, the faculty has declined to dismiss afternoon lectures and laboratories so that the football team can report for practice.

In the November HARPER'S, Mr. John R. Tunis remarked that "the graduate still sees football with the eyes of 1908, while the undergraduate is beginning to see it with the eyes of 1928." The college man of to-day is beginning to question the over-emphasis upon athletics. Both the Harvard *Crimson* and the Yale *News* have editorially wondered whether football was quite as sacred as the graduates appear to believe. It is, Mr. Tunis wrote, "the undergraduates and not the alumni who are most likely to point the way to a change."

They will do so, I predict, only over the prostrate bodies of the young men on the make who are no longer young. Abolish football? Subordinate student activities to scholarship? What, then, would be the use of going to college at all?

LESS MONEY AND MORE LIFE

HOW TO MAKE YOUR INCOME PRODUCTIVE

BY RAYMOND ESSEN

MOST studies of the rising standard of living deal with something quite different—the standard of expenditure. In many people's minds these two matters, which are in fact almost as far apart as the proverbial poles, are completely entangled. As a result, they spend their lives straining desperately, hectically, often miserably after a higher mode of expenditure, only to wonder in troubled moments why they have missed out in living. What I purpose to explore in this article is the fallacy of attempting to set or to rectify one's expenditures without knowing, to begin with, what one wants to get out of life—what "living" in fact is. Above the bare margin of subsistence there can be no rational standard of expenditure unless one has, quite independent of one's actual income, a genuine standard of life.

Such a standard should be a commonplace; in reality, it is very rare. My own range of friends and acquaintances includes a few millionaires at one end, a large number of professional people with incomes above the average in their special groups, a plenitude of middle-class friends, neighbors, and relatives, who go down the social scale into what used to be called genteel poverty, and a few stragglers, the very particular salt of the earth, who live in penury in order to devote themselves, with higher concentration, to their thoughts or their art. The ordinary distinctions between the rich and the poor, or the comfortable and the struggling, have no special meaning when I consider the economic status of these people. The only intelligent distinction, I find, is between those who have an independent criterion of living, and those who merely try to achieve some current standard of expenditure.

The first class, in Ruskin's clear definition of the word, are wealthy—wealthy, literally, beyond the dreams of avarice. No matter what their income, they are those whom Thomas Dekker addressed in the verse: "Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers? O sweet content!" Among the second group there is, on the other hand, always a suspicious smell, not of poverty, perhaps, but of neediness. They live in a press of anxieties, exacerbations: on twenty thousand dollars a year one of them may get far less out of life than a member of the first group on a sixth of that amount. Those who know what living is, live, so long as they are not handicapped by what the economist calls primary poverty. Whereas those who are concerned chiefly with expenditures, and with keeping up an appearance of expenditure, are always getting ready to live; and by the time they have accumulated all they think necessary for the enjoyment of life they have missed most of life's opportunities and are unable to realize on what remains. For lack of an independent standard, they have exhausted themselves in the pursuit of illusory gains.

In the first group are the happy, intelligent, sensible, sweet-minded people of my acquaintance; and while there are, of course, a few of these among the second, that large group contains an undue pro-

portion of the fretful, the unbalanced, the cynical and harassed and discontented. Those who have a true standard of living do not look upon themselves as martyrs if they have not as many superficial goods as their neighbors; nor are they fanatics who spend their lives in calculating where they can scrimp and shave: the chief fact that sets them off from the people around them is that they are getting what they want out of life—as far as it lies within their power.

Obviously, if the second group were well-disposed toward themselves they would do the same thing; indeed, they often try desperately to achieve the same state by grand resolutions at the beginning of the year, resolutions to reduce the number of taxi-rides or not to entertain so lavishly on week-ends. But before six months are over they are deeper than ever in their usual hole, and they find themselves working harder than ever for more money—as the only means that will help them out of it. Their intentions are perhaps honorable: unfortunately, they look for help in the wrong place, as if a sick man despaired of the doctor and called in the public executioner. The key to a genuine standard of living is not in any particular minimum of money but in a certain mode and habit of life. When that is firmly established, all the other things, with a little intelligent attention, will fall into place.

II

Before I attempt to show what a standard of living means, let me exclude from the discussion one whole class of people: those whose sense of well-being is positively increased by ostentation and luxury—those for whom the ermine assumes his winter coat, for whom a lump of carbon ennobles itself into a diamond, for whom Time turns commonplace furniture into ancient and expensive appurtenances. A genuine standard is of no use to these people: as long as their neighbors spend money on spurious articles, they will wish to spend theirs, too; if possible, a little more lavishly. Were ermine as plentiful as rabbit-fur, or could factory operatives buy Cinquecento pictures, these fine things would lose their value for such people: what social distinction would there be in acquiring them? A large part of the goods demanded by these excellent people is due, as Mr. Thorstein Veblen pointed out in his satirical *Theory of the Leisure Class*, to a need for conspicuous expenditure.

I do not purpose to discuss whether the standards of this class are absurd or sensible, anti-social or sound. It is enough that they must remain the standards of a relatively small class, endowed by our present conventions of property with a share of the community's goods so extravagant, in proportion to rational human needs, that society will never be able to meet such a demand upon the part of all its members. And just as there are many sensible rich people whose personal needs are as modest and restrained as those of a college professor in a provincial university, so there are a large number of people among the middle classes, and even among the relatively poor, who will remain miserable all their lives because they will never be able to achieve the limit of their heart's desire in the way of luxury and conspicuous expenditure. Nothing that I can say will affect these people, or is intended to convert them. For them, spending *is* living: success in life means making a pile—a pile of money, dresses, motor cars, Ming porcelain, what not.

III

Let us return to that vast body of people who honestly desire to live, but who do not know how to manage it: the people who prize the healthy body above the gorgeous dress, the personality above the background, and the blood-and-bone of life above cosmetics and show. These men and women are usually a little dismayed to find themselves living expensively, on the verge of spending more

than comes in: particularly when they discover—as they inevitably do unless they belong to the showy crowd we have just dismissed—that they are not getting fun out of life in proportion to the exertion and the expense.

These people have usually made the critical mistake of attempting to frame a family budget without ever separating essentials from non-essentials, real goods from fictitious ones, and vital expenses from those that mark their pecuniary status and caste. What are the chief items in their budget? Usually, they begin with food, rent, clothing; then there are domestic service, doctor's bills, insurance; and finally, with a wry face the accountant of the household puts in a few residual items that always seem to make the balance come out unfavorably —items called amusements, travels, and incidentals.

From personal experience and fairly wide observation, I believe that this sort of budget, for a family whose income is above the twenty-five hundred dollars that has become the margin of subsistence in a large city, is a topsy-turvy one. All the items that it includes are necessary; but there are far more important elements, with a prior claim, that are left out; and until these are introduced, no sound views can be achieved about either earning capacity, income, or expenditure.

The chief requirement for a real standard of living is neither food nor rent nor clothing: it is life; and the prime essentials of life are health, freedom, and leisure. A budget that does not aim primarily to provide these three elements is as deficient as a diet that, despite its generous supply of calories, lacks vitamins and mineral salts. No excesses in food or amusements, no wild splurges in house-furnishing, no grand attempts at patronizing the mechanical arts will make up for this deficiency. For there are equivalent forms of scurvy, or rickets, that attack the personality, when it lacks health, freedom, and leisure; and a good part of our irrational spending is an attempt to put back into our lives with the medicine dropper various elements that we have forgotten in the cooking.

Let us see how these three conditions are to be met, and how their achievement alters the position and importance of every other item in the budget.

Health comes first; and I mean health in its positive and exuberant sense, not in mere freedom from functional or organic disorders. With due respect for the conditions for health that medical science lays down, there are two large matters that bottom all the others: one is a satisfactory occupation and the other is a physically favorable environment. The choice of work is by all odds the most important; and the essential of every good job is that it should promote health. The cynical observation of the money-grubber that "he is not in business for his health" is the most abysmal piece of stupidity that could be uttered: if one is not in business for one's health, one ought to change one's business. For the man or woman who finds a suitable career, whether it be turning a lathe, managing an office, or teaching children, the greater part of the compensation comes directly out of the activity in which he is immersed; it stimulates his mind, co-ordinates his bodily activities, focusses his energies, and thus tends to create an organism that works harmoniously, without apathies, diversions, and losses due to internal friction.

Indeed, the occupations that do all these things most satisfactorily tend to prolong life: painters and sculptors, with their fine balance of manual and mental activities, are notoriously long-lived, as a detailed study of their biographies will show. The grand desideratum of an occupation is not the money it produces but its potentialities for health. If it does not tend to create a whole human being, the resulting conflict and disruption will either wreck the individual, by lessening his working efficiency and undermining his family relations—or, as more frequently happens, it will drive

him into all sorts of compensatory activities and dodges, and money spent to excess upon clothes or liquor or show will eat up his apparent increase in income. Every piece of work should be, in a literal sense, a life-work.

Behind this generalization stands a row of people I know. Those who have been able to face illness and lean pocketbooks without wincing and whining are those who have consistently worked for their health, and have never kept a job when they found it working against their grain. In their very worst periods, these people have never been so poor that they could afford the luxury of abstaining from disheartening or disreputable work. One in particular, a manufacturer whose line of goods suffered a bad depression for three or four years running, calmly took his losses and stuck by his plant, instead of accepting the position offered him as sales manager in a much larger organization, with an income as high as he had known in his best times. Because he did not lose hold of himself and his work, he rode through the storm on an even keel, and when good times returned he still had, for his own satisfaction, the work he most desired. To work for one's health is not the luxury of the unpatronized artist: I can pick out people who practice it in every walk of life.

In contrast with such people, consider those who are doing work they loathe to the bottom of their souls, or work that, again in the quite literal sense, they are sick of: Z. the lawyer, for example, who should have been a playwright, and who, with a steady income of fifteen thousand dollars a year, has never been able to endow himself with the necessary time for the art nearest his heart; F. the publicity expert, who would be far happier in the technical branch of industry, and who, though under thirty, has abandoned all hope of taking up the studies which would enable him to make the change; or L., a chemist, an uninspired research worker, who should have devoted herself to motherhood, and who, by earning money for the luxuries of her home, has never dealt honestly with its necessities —including her own need for children. No amount of success in a monetary way will ever wipe off their original debit. Such people's budgets cannot be balanced—unless they break loose and change their occupations; and once they are bound to the wheel, it requires more than Samson's strength to break the bond. They may boast sometimes of their infrequent visits to the doctor or their freedom from the common physical ailments: but ten minutes in their company will disclose to one more pervasive signs of maladjustment and ill-health in the set of their bodies and the posture of their minds.

IV

If health involves a reasonable choice of work it also involves a wise selection of living conditions. Here again, once a minimum standard has been effected, money is not a conspicuous item. One may have enough money to live on Park Avenue in New York and still be in the midst of what is essentially a slum: insufficient air and ventilation, no sunlight, crowded living quarters, bleak ugly outlooks. A dwelling that calls for the wasteful consumption of an hour or two of time every day, going to and from an office or a factory, will put any budget out of kilter: for something will be introduced, somewhere in the scale of living, to offset these blank hours and this stupid routine: there is no help for it!

The first rule of economy here is not to save money but to preserve health. To achieve this one may have to spend more on rent and less on other items; or again, one may prefer a small city to a big one, or a town that is economically laid out and developed with some regard to health and beauty over one that sprawls and luxuriates in its ugliness. The suburban trend in the last generation has largely been fostered by people who have made such a choice, in behalf of their family's health and education; and it is unfortunate that, around a growing city,

the suburban solution is only a temporary and partial one, which can do little immediately for the lower income groups, and which promises nothing eventually to anyone, since the suburb is but the first step toward more intensive development.

But the movement itself is significant. In one of the most infernal industrial slums in Connecticut the manufacturers are seriously concerned over the fact that they have begun to lose their skilled mechanics. These men pack their families into their cars on Sunday, go jaunting through the countryside, become aware of villages and homes far more genial to live in than the "prosperous" but grimy hive where they had lived before; and, even at a slight sacrifice in wages, these mechanics have begun to move to the place that offers greater amenities—more opportunities for life. One applauds these fellows for their good sense. They know the difference between nominal wages in cash and real wages in living; and if such intelligence should spread with motor travel, our badly planned and unattractive cities will be renovated speedily under penalty of losing a good part of their population.

At all events, such an intelligent choice of a dwelling place is a prime ingredient for a rational standard of living. Where there are public playgrounds and well-equipped schools and houses built to admit sunlight there will probably be fewer doctor's bills and less fretfulness, tension, discontent. When I find myself measuring my share of the world's goods against that of a friend of mine whose apartment has an address on Fifth Avenue with an actual frontage on the rear walls of other apartments, I set the fact that my house gets sunlight all day over against the fact that a pallid vapor of sunlight reaches her east and south windows for a few brief minutes every day. If I envy her her big rooms, she envies me equally my view of the sunset. I pay for this privilege by having an address which lends no luster to my stationery, and gives, if anything, a more paltry view of my financial standing than my bank account warrants; but who doubts that I pay cheaply? I found that by living on the edge of a factory district I was farther from the edge of poverty and defeat: indeed, the neighborhood could boast of goods like sunlight and playgrounds for children and tennis courts that can scarcely be purchased for the rich on Manhattan Island. With such a rational standard, one sees that the power of money has been greatly over-rated once one has ceased to worry about the shadow-power of prestige.

V

If health is the first thing a good standard must aim at, freedom is the second. Economically speaking, freedom is measured by the margin between one's income and one's expenditures. Below twenty-five hundred dollars in our larger cities, and somewhat less in our small towns and rural communities, freedom is an impossible state except for the unmarried; it means freedom to starve; but above this sum, freedom can be expressed in terms of the simple difference between income and outlay. The person whose expenditures are equal to or greater than his income has no room to move around in, unless he acquires a temporary margin by borrowing. I need not repeat at this point Mr. Micawber's famous words on the subject of balancing one's budget; but they cannot be improved.

Without a margin, a man may wish to change his work; but he cannot look elsewhere for it, particularly if he must make some special preparation for the change or if it involves moving to another city. He may need a rest: alas! he must plug on, until the doctor kindly commits him, with an elaborate disease, to the hospital or the sanatorium. He may need diversion and stimulus and be going to seed for lack of them: but he is an ass, bound to the treadmill, day after day, week after week, month after

month. His yearly vacation is a mockery so long as he can build up no reserves. When such a man becomes desperate, his morality may break under the strain: it is for protection against such as he that the bonding and surety companies come into existence. Such men are committed men; and, incidentally, there can be no integrity in the professions, no honesty in journalism, no decent relationships in business so long as this margin of personal freedom does not exist. What a precious avenue of self-respect is closed when a man dare not hand in his resignation!

I know a writer without unusual ability, a man who has husbanded his talents and used them with some skill, and has achieved a fairly solid place in American letters. The secret of his success is that, with a small inheritance to begin on, he has never permitted his expenditures to relieve him of his entire income—although he long ago spent the inheritance on his education. He has always a margin to work on—a margin that saves him from bad craftsmanship, from dishonest potboilers, and from the other sins and evils that threaten a writer who cannot choose his subject or take his time. Two other men come to mind, of much more brilliant talents, who have become venal and mediocre writers because they included every item in their budget except freedom. The writer who keeps his integrity may sometimes not have more than a single suit to his name; but the point is, when he is driven to sacrifice he follows Emerson's advice, saving on the low levels and spending on the high ones. As for the writers who spoiled their talents, they do not lack new shoes, new cravats, and they never abstain from hospitality; but by any rational standard they are paupers, for they cannot afford to be free.

The more servile a person's position in society is, the more he reaches out for external props to reassure himself; and, contrariwise, freedom gives a man poise and self-confidence even under difficult circumstances. In the opportunity to choose one's occupation or one's mate, in one's readiness to travel or have children—all matters of spinal importance—freedom depends largely upon having this economic margin. The person with limited needs and a small income, who can save a few hundred dollars a year, is far better off than the very well-to-do who are forever racing neck and neck with their expenditures.

VI

Leisure is the third item in our true standard of living; and it is no less important. I assume that a person's work will remain his central activity: that it gives him satisfaction, health, at times positive joy. But during the last century we have grotesquely overrated the advantage and necessity of work; and as Herbert Spencer long ago pointed out, we are always in danger of overdoing it.

A hundred years ago, a Boston merchant of the old school, a contemporary of Bulfinch and Adams, looked upon leisure as the crown of his life: if he could retire at forty and enjoy it, he was a successful man. Within a generation, this sensible view of life had been completely undermined; and Americans, certainly Americans in business, had become a hard, restless, over-energetic people, who worked perpetually in their offices and factories, lost their appetites, acquired dyspepsia, forgot the art of play, and permitted themselves no vacations. If the business man was not hostile toward activities outside of business, he was apologetic toward them; and was comfortable only when, as in art collecting, they were an incidental witness to his financial success.

With our vast, steady increase in industrial production since the Civil War, with all our labor-saving devices and the released energies of mine and waterfall, the number of people who can enjoy leisure in modern society is absurdly small. We boast of the eight-hour day or the five-day week, but we still lag

behind the economically primitive communities of the Middle Ages, which spent about a third of the year, in Christian countries, in festivals and holidays. That is a standard of leisure not enjoyed even by the tenth of the population which possesses ninety per cent of the wealth. The reason for this anomaly is simple. Above satisfying the elemental wants of life, our machinery can be used either to free us for leisure or to produce a superabundance of goods, including more machinery and labor-saving devices. We are so far from appreciating the advantages of leisure that our whole economy would probably be disrupted, with widespread bankruptcy and suffering, if any considerable part of our population took leisure seriously and sought to enjoy it.

The concept of leisure or its actual enjoyment is so foreign to the industrial society we have created that many grave and important bodies have lately been cogitating over what should be done with the modicum of leisure we are now able to achieve, despite our furious consumptive activities. "The menace of leisure," "the redemption of leisure"—such phrases have become common, and the anxiety they record is comical. Leisure is not a problem when one achieves it: it is the path to all sorts of enjoyments, including the very right and grateful enjoyment of sheer idleness: the real problem is to get any considerable amount of it. Those of the richer classes who "perform leisure" in Mr. Veblen's mordant phrase, know nothing whatever about it: their balls, their fox-hunts, their soirees, their "social" duties are as burdensome as office routine, because they are equally inescapable. The people who have experienced leisure and know what to do with it, in my own circle, belong to all income groups: they include the richest person I know and the very poorest—a fact which only emphasizes my point that above the margin of subsistence a standard of living has precious little relation to a standard of expenditure.

I myself happen to be in the position that a good part of our society would probably achieve if it set out to adjust its productive machine to the creation of leisure rather than goods alone. As a rule, I work intensely for about three hours a day in the morning; and at a much lower level, for about two hours more at other times. The greater part of the remaining period is devoted to leisure in the true sense of the word. In the country, I spend the afternoons in rambling, swimming, or sketching; in the city I stroll along the avenues, have lunch or tea with friends, drop into the art gallery or the museum or the special exhibition—or explore some remote corner of the waterfront. Both in city and country I have time to play with my children, watch their motions, activities, interests, participate in their lives.

None of these activities involves money, except lunch. What they do require is abundant time—for without time one can neither be a sympathetic parent nor a helpful friend nor yet a lover. How many men sweat in their offices so that they may give their wives a private car, a house with multiple bathrooms, or expensive furs! how many men whose wives would be far more happy, far more richly satisfied, with a little more of their husbands' time and a little more of a lover's attentions! Here again, goods are a compensation for an impoverished and defrauded sense of life.

It is, I think, only people who have been crippled by a stereotyped activity, and are devoid of other resources, who ask what is to be done with leisure. After a morning's purposive work, any sort of spontaneous activity is a pleasure: working at a carpenter's bench, watching the clouds, feeling the road wind under one's feet, or, on summer days, merely lying still and being drenched by the sun. As for the higher activities of the mind, they all need leisure. If one wishes to enjoy a Bach concerto or read *The Brothers Karamazov*, one needs all one's senses at highest pitch; it is only

already tired and depressed people who are forever finding the great poets "difficult" and the great novelists "morbid" and the great composers "tedious." Common-place art is sedative and makes no demands; but all the art that is worth enjoying requires an organism keyed up for the most intensive sort of work.

In sum, when one has leisure, all those manifold activities and enjoyments which do not depend upon money and are not related to one's work, have an opportunity to come into existence—the goods attached to friendship, parenthood, mating, to vital recreation and all the higher activities of the mind. People who direct their lives steadily toward these ends do not fancy themselves put upon because they cannot afford the latest fashionable luxury; nor are they driven to strive desperately for extra compensations. With health, freedom, and leisure one can turn one's back upon a great many other items in the family budget, and one can reduce to utmost leanness expenses that would otherwise batten and fatten upon one's general discontent with life. Without health, freedom, and leisure, indeed, most of the other items are not worth having.

VII

But how is one to achieve sufficient leisure when the customs of the market extend the working day to a full eight hours? Let us admit that the professional man, who is not attached to any large organization, has a clearer road here than the business man. P. is an architect, highly successful, who five years ago ran a large office with numerous draughtsmen and a chief designer: he had been so successful with his early commissions that he was forced to expand his office and then he found himself driving harder after new commissions in order to keep his men busy—and in the midst of his "success" he discovered that he was no longer an architect but a drudge, who had forfeited the happy hours he had once known over his draughting table.

P. decided that such success was not worth having. He reduced his force to a single assistant, and attempted no more commissions than he himself could carry out personally, with the aid of various short-cuts and labor-saving dodges in drawing and making details. His nominal income went down a little; but his days became more spacious and leisured; and his real income is much higher than it ever was. Had he measured his achievement in terms of gross output, gross income, and gross ability to spend, he would still be a slave, with no time he could properly call his own and no genuine interest in his work.

While this sort of course is not open to the business man, there are equivalent ways of obtaining leisure; and if there were a real demand for an increase of leisure, they would come into existence. Anyone who has been part of an office organization knows how much trifling and marking time goes on in the usual working day of even a busy and efficient office; and one who has studied the statistics of production knows how specious our eight-hour day is in the trades where activities fluctuate by the season, and for months at a time a whole plant may be shut down or reduced to half-time. The twelve-hour working day has gradually been reduced since the middle of the last century, to nine or eight; numerous public holidays have, likewise, been introduced; and still, when one considers the total of man-hours in all our necessary occupations, we have scarcely begun to take in the slack. There is plenty of margin in our society, inefficient though it is, for more leisure—by reducing the working hours, by increasing the length of vacations, and by encouraging periodic leaves of absence, such as college professors enjoy, one year in seven.

In certain lines of business it is not looked upon as a suspicious frivolity when the executive heads leave the office an hour earlier for a round of golf:

but why should golf be the only defensible claim to a little leisure? When men like P. are more numerous in the business world they will contrive ways for getting leisure: instead of accepting a raise in salary, they will suggest instead that they receive a longer vacation; and if their voices carry sufficient weight, they will attempt to organize their department, their corporation, or even their industry so that it will waste less time in "busy work"—wringing all the water out of their all-too-absorbent time-schedules. The thing can be done. In some of the garment trades in New York the clothing workers, who have a high standard of culture, have demanded and have been able to procure for themselves a greater amount of utilizable leisure by the better spacing of their working hours; and once leisure becomes acknowledged as the better part of one's real income, the practice will touch other trades, businesses, and professions. It is their sheer hopelessness about breaking through the grind that makes so many business men concentrate so ferociously on the acquisition of power or money.

VIII

Now, health, freedom, and leisure are not open to the greater part of the community except by a certain sacrifice: the rest of the family budget must be adjusted to them.

There is no magic formula for this adjustment; no magic, except perhaps in the fact that if one enjoys the primary goods I have been describing, everything else in life, food, clothing, amusements, fashionable "necessities," can be reduced to their bare essentials without giving anyone a sense of pain and constriction. The only poverty that it is odious to face is poverty of life. If life be properly nourished, one can get on quite tolerably without trying "to keep up with the Joneses." When one wants a baby, one must be ready to face the world, perhaps, without the latest English type of perambulator; when one wants to go to Europe one may have to give up one's motor car or the habit of regularly entertaining friends at dinner; when one wishes a few months of sheer idleness and relaxation, one may have to avoid the temptation to buy an expensive radio set, to have a picture of one's child done by an exclusive photographer, or to add to the contents of one's linen closet merely because a special sale makes it seem such a reasonable thing to do. Not merely the obvious luxuries, but a great many things that most people have come to consider primitive necessities, may have to be rigorously abandoned. When one realizes that every additional expense is a threat to freedom and leisure, one cheerfully avoids these temptations; for one realizes that no material comfort wears as long as the happy experiences and memories that spring out of a free, well-integrated life.

This is no consolation to those who wish to have their cake and eat it, who wish to buy thoughtlessly and continuously all the appetizing things the market offers and still desire to cultivate the more essential arts of living. But the answer is that we shall never, as individuals or as a community, have freedom and leisure so long as we set a higher value upon the possessive instinct and the goods it seeks, or upon the herd impulse and the silly rivalries it stimulates. Those who wish to keep their standard of living intact must hold up every expense to a strict criterion of utility; and they must not be deluded if some of our bankers and industrial directors have sought to promote widespread spending in the luxury products before they have even partly covered the market in the necessaries of life.

The greatest labor-saving device known to man is that of doing without vain and unnecessary objects. Like all labor-saving devices, this one tends to throw honest laborers out of work and to ruin certain branches of industry; in this it does not differ from the power-loom or the oil-burning engine. The excellent

fashion of going without corsets almost demolished a considerable industry; the fashion of going without hats in summer threatens the same in another industry. Rational budgeting, practiced on any considerable scale, would for a time work similar ruin. If our houses, for example, were designed after the plans of European architects like Le Corbusier and Gropius, the production of rugs, draperies, wall-papers, fashionable furniture, vacuum cleaners would drop almost to zero—along with all the defeat and monotony and lost motion of domestic dusting and cleaning. If the windows of our dwellings and schools permitted unadulterated sunlight to enter, the cod-liver oil industry, likewise, might be seriously deflated.

People who value freedom and leisure will not be dismayed by this. They will try to design houses and apartments for themselves which will require a minimum outlay for equipment; a minimum upkeep charge for menial service, either in one's own time or a maid's wage; and a minimum charge for replacement—no attempt at a "style" which will presently be followed by another "style" as soon as the market for the first is glutted. These people will satisfy their desire for graciousness and beauty by cultivating the painter and the florist rather than the interior decorator. Such design brings labor-saving and budget reduction in the full sense of the words; and the industries that would be threatened by it will doubtless be cheered by the consolation which the economist always offers to labor that has been displaced by machinery—namely, that in the long run matters will adjust themselves. If, for example, any considerable part of our population demanded such renovated houses as I have hinted at, built for maximum living-efficiency, almost the entire population of the country, including many of the very well-to-do, would have to be re-housed; and that is the most gigantic of industrial enterprises, beside which the production of motor cars is merely an infant industry. Similarly, in the community where I live, with families whose incomes range between three and six thousand dollars, more than one family has renounced a motor car in order to give more attention to its garden or to sustain a private nursery school. The total expenditure of such families may remain the same: but instead of supporting mechanics, they support teachers and nurserymen; and instead of bringing more garages into existence, they have added a school house. Such a change in the allocation of our national budget might cause temporary upsets and inconveniences; but in the long run it would create a real standard of living.

I have not been pleading for mere abstemiousness or preaching the nobility of a mawkish parsimony which consists in never having a sufficiency of needful things. What I maintain is that one should have no more than a sufficiency of goods, that these goods should be vitally necessary—dear as life itself—and that one should devote one's surplus, not to more goods, but to life. If we had such a standard, it would be a fixed one, varying according to age and degree of family responsibility, but not varying because of an increase in the appetite for luxury or fashion or show. When, with good luck, one's personal income rose, or the income of the country as a whole rose, this would mean, not an increase in the number of motor cars or bathrooms, but an increase in freedom and leisure. That would be the sort of society worth living in: for its prosperity would be genuine, and not contradicted by the statistical evidence and the actual state of the greater part of the population. I can testify from personal experience that the sort of life I have been describing is not impossible—and that it leaves one with few unsatisfied desires and no regrets.

ANOTHER CARIBBEAN CONQUEST

BY ELMER DAVIS

THOSE delegates to last winter's Pan-American Conference at Havana who showed signs of apprehension at the menacing advance of the Colossus of the North might have given some attention to a new triumph of the Yankee steam roller that was taking place at that very moment, only seventy miles away. Key West was at last being annexed to the United States. This was no forcible conquest, to be sure; the Key Westers wanted it, they rejoiced at it, they even put themselves in debt several million dollars to make it possible. But the moment it occurred—the moment they could regard themselves at last as full citizens of the continental republic—some few of them began to be struck with misgivings, to wonder if perhaps they had not sold a unique birthright for a mess of very ordinary pottage.

For Key West was one of the few remaining American cities that had preserved its cultural autonomy. In an age when the life of this republic has become so standardized that Great Falls, Montana, looks almost exactly like Pittsfield, Massachusetts, Key West remained different and distinctive, with a peculiar outward aspect that was the natural flowering of its peculiar history and culture. Now it is already beginning to be ironed flat, and in that process it will lose half its charm. The other half, the climate, is fortunately indestructible; but those of us who think American uniformity already has conquests enough will miss the Key West that survived until the Overseas Motor Highway over the Keys was opened last winter, letting in the automobile and the standardized civilization of interchangeable parts which the automobile, with some aid from the movies and the newspaper syndicates, has given to this country.

Juridically, of course, Key West has been American for upwards of a century—uninterruptedly a part of this republic, too, which cannot be said for the rest of the state. Florida, as everybody knows, seceded from the Union in 1861 and joined the Southern Confederacy; what is perhaps less generally known, and less agreeable to the enthusiasm of the local boosters, it was left to the Confederacy virtually without argument, being somewhat less highly developed and advertised in those days than it is now. But the navy held Key West all through the Civil War; it was a base for blockading squadrons, and the ruined brick forts of that period are among the historic monuments of the town to-day.

Culturally, however, Key West has always been something apart. Even after the Florida East Coast Railroad came in over the Keys in 1912, even after the Volstead Act inspired the railroad to build a great hotel as a convenience for tourists on the way to Havana, the town had little effective contact with the Continent. It did business with the mainland, of course; Key West cigars, Key West fish, Key West sponges, are known to the world; and the port does more business than all the rest of the coast towns in Florida. There is a considerable export trade to South America in goods (mainly machinery) shipped down to Key West by rail, and a considerable import trade, chiefly in Cuban sugar.

But the great migration which of late years has made Florida virtually a Northern state located in the South fell short of the Keys. Key West is not Florida, not United States. It is largely Cuban in population, more Cuban than anything else in vegetation; but the climate of this flat island set down between the ocean and the gulf is pure paradise—never a night of frost, such as you get occasionally even as far south as Miami; and the atmosphere, the life, is nothing but Key West. Even yet you hear Key Westers—and not Cubans or conchs, but what Key West calls "Americans"—talk of "going to the States" as if they lived in Jamaica or Barbados.

Indeed, since the passage of the Volstead Act Key West has been engaged in a desultory war with the United States. The town, though you would never guess it from the enthusiastic prohibition editorials in the local paper, is about twice as wet per capita as the West Forties in New York City. The Coast Guard headquarters, which was for some time located there, was last year removed to St. Petersburg, the Treasury alleging that Coast Guardsmen were treated by the inhabitants with disrespect and contumely. One hears that the Coast Guardsmen became unpopular by unfair commercial practices—the peddling of captured rum cargoes at lower prices than could be made by local dealers who had to buy their supplies. However that may be, the invasion of Key West by an armed expeditionary force of prohibition agents from Miami has become an annual event. They raid local restaurants and arrest proprietors and waiters; according to the Key West version of the story, they also take what they find in the cash drawer and on the persons of any patrons who may have the misfortune to be on hand when they descend. Then they lock up their prisoners in the local jail and go back to Miami.

And the next morning Key West rises in its outraged might, releases the prisoners by due process of law, arms its sheriff with warrants charging the prohibition agents with assault and unlawful entry and this and that, and sends him up to Miami at the head of a punitive expedition. The prohibition agents are duly brought back and incarcerated, and then they in turn are released on bail; whereupon they hastily flee from the territory of Monroe County, Florida, to the Navy Yard, two blocks down the street, which is under the jurisdiction of the Federal government. There a destroyer waits to take them back to Miami, like the British army evacuating the Gallipoli peninsula; and thus ends the year's campaign with no great harm done to anybody.

So it went last year and year before, a war which has become almost as much a matter of stereotyped ritual as the figures of a ballet. The inhabitants seem to worry no more about this annual invasion than did their ancestors about the periodic incursions of the buccaneers; an alert and watchful population can beat off the hostiles with no great loss. But now that the motor road has made the Keys an annex of the mainland, Key West will be lucky if it does not presently have to admit a garrison of the Prohibition Bureau's janizaries. Not that this Army of Occupation would be likely to dry up Key West, any more than it has dried up New York or Detroit or Miami; but if the experience of other cities is any criterion, it will raise the price of liquor, which in Key West till lately has been so low that any true patriot must stigmatize it as un-American.

II

The traveler coming down by rail or motor is not very far out of Miami before he realizes that he is leaving Florida. The artifexed development of the East Coast stops with Miami's suburbs. A few miles more of the sand flats sprinkled with scrawny pines and palmetto scrub that are Florida as it was before the developers took hold of it, then you cut across a corner of the Everglades, broad and flat and still, with only an occasional

hummock breaking the far expanse of grass-grown marsh. Then Key Largo and its lime groves, and the weedy wreckage of great developments of the boom days—and then you are on the Keys, off the continent of North America.

The railroad and the motor road too follow the main line of the islands, where the shallow sea-bottom lifts in a long curving spine of scattered vertebræ above the surface; but you see other islands to right and left, flat green banks of mangroves huddled down on the sea, with cocoanut palms lifting above them erect and flaunting—not drooping slantwise and apologetic like most of the East Coast palms. Clusters of cocoa palms growing out of the white sand, matted banks of mangroves, dogwood and buttonwood thickets—that is the landscape of the Keys; and the ground is carpeted with morning glories from one end of the chain to the other—a maligned and misnamed flower, for on these islands the morning glory blossoms all day long. And to right and left the shallow ocean spreads away in a variety of color which the Northerner finds utterly incredible—green over white sand, mauve or purple over seaweed, blue above the distant depths; and past the Pullman windows flies the pelican or the white heron, undisturbed in this refuge where till lately only infrequent fishing parties broke the primal calm.

One may heartily admire the East Coast and the cities thereof, and still prefer Key West. The East Coast has its charm, which the inhabitants do not encourage you to forget; but it breaks the monotonous uniformity of these States only with its own subspecies of uniformity. Palm Beach has its ostentatious opulence, Miami its fantastic splendors; but the East Coast is substantially one piece; the vegetation (native or installed), the architecture, the landscape, the life, are very much the same from Ormond to Cocoanut Grove. St. Augustine, perhaps because it is too northerly, too chilly, to attract the crowds, has been tolerably successful so far in preserving its individual flavor. But Key West is alien and peculiar. It lies on a flat bank of coral sand, roughly a couple of miles square. All Florida is flat enough; ten feet above sea level is called altitude on the East Coast. But Key West has no tall buildings except the Concha Hotel and the disused blimp hangar left over from the War; it is so flat that the lighthouse is three blocks inland instead of at the water's edge. In this shallow soil the vegetation is stunted; palms rarely grow to half the height they attain two hundred miles north. Palms and hibiscus and bougainvillea, the staples of the continental Floridian landscape, one sees here; but one sees, too, the bamboo and the banyan and a score of other trees and shrubs to which the non-botanical visitor from the North can put no name. He recognizes them only as the vegetation of Cuba, not of the United States.

Even the water is different, greatly to the relief of the voyager who has started every day wrong on the East Coast by trying to shave in the hard water brought up from the limestone soil. In Key West one shaves in rain water, as one drinks rain water; for on this flat sandbank the surface water is brackish and the deeper water is frankly salt. Fire hydrants go straight down, to no line of water mains, but each to its own salt water well. The citizens bathe in the surface water, but they drink rain water caught in cisterns; and after a dry summer they have to import drinking water from the Continent in tank cars. So perhaps you begin to observe that this is a peculiar city.

III

Its peculiarity is a matter of history and ethnography as well as geography and geology. In the population of Key West—which is anywhere from twelve to eighteen thousand, according to the civic vision of the resident whom you may happen to ask about it—there are (besides a negligible minority of negroes) three racial groups: the Cubans, the

conchs, and the "Americans." It was an American, John W. Simonton, who bought the island from its Spanish owner for two thousand dollars shortly after Florida was purchased from Spain; but the bulk of the early settlers were conchs. These conchs (so the local antiquaries tell one) were originally Londoners, eighteenth-century Londoners who migrated, voluntarily or by request, to the Bahamas, and then drifted over at the beginning of the nineteenth century to settle the Florida Keys. They have a reputation for languor which seems not altogether deserved; certainly they are boatmen and fishermen of the first quality.

There were scattered Cubans here almost from the first—the beginnings of the Cuban cigar industry of Key West date from the eighteen thirties, but not till the great unsuccessful Cuban rebellion of 1868 to 1878 did they begin to immigrate in quantity. Of late years many of the cigar factories have been drawn away to Tampa, and much of the Cuban population with them; but they are still a third or more of the town.

And whoever is not a Cuban or a conch is an American. He may be a naturalized Swede or Italian or Russian Jew (though he probably isn't; most of the "Americans" are Southerners); but he is an American none the less, a title denied by local usage to conchs whose ancestors may have been in the Western Hemisphere for a century and a half, or to a Cuban whose American ancestry may go back twice that far.

There was a time when wrecking was the principal local industry. There is a good harbor and a fairly deep channel leading to it (though the battleship that took Mr. Coolidge to Havana last year had to wait for him seven miles out); but all around the island are shallow seas with a coral bottom, and in the old days ships whose cargoes offered rich salvage to the residents used to run ashore with surprising frequency. The present-day inhabitants, jealous of the good name of their ancestors, tell you that these wrecks happened naturally, that they were not induced by such false beach lights as gave Fire Island, New York, its name. None the less it is on record that the establishment of government lighthouses on the reef to the south was regarded by the residents—half a century or more ago, this was—as a murderous blow at local industry. Luckily the first Cuban rebellion just then gave a great impetus to cigar making, and the wreckers gradually became a tradition like the buccaneers.

The great days of Key West were in the Spanish War, when the town was the base for much of the naval operations against Cuba. Indeed, war has always profited Key West; even the hated Yankee oppressors of the Civil War spent money in the town, and are credited with first giving nation-wide advertising to Key West cigars; and in the World War there were naval and aviation training stations which brought much money to the town and encouraged an influx of population. But after the War a slump set in. Tampa was getting a good many of the cigar factories, and the cigar business as a whole was declining before the increasing competition of the cigarette. No wonder that as cigars went out of fashion and the Florida climate and Florida real estate suddenly came into fashion, not merely for millionaires but for the mass of the people, Key Westers looked up along the curving chain of islands which stretches down from the mainland and argued that where a railroad had been built, a motor road could be built too—and built more cheaply, for automobiles could be ferried over the deep-water gaps which the railroad had had to bridge at heavy cost. It could be done; and, they argued, it would be worth doing.

IV

For the wealth which the railroad might have dropped in Key West prohibition had flung across the channel to Havana. If the members of the Havana

Chamber of Commerce were grateful men they ought to vote a life pension to the Honorable Andrew J. Volstead. Every year thousands of American travelers—well-to-do, most of them—pass through Key West; but few of them stop longer than overnight. They go from the train to the Havana boat, from the Havana boat back to the train; or if perchance they linger to see the local sights, they can see them all—fish docks and turtle crawls and cigar factories, forts and airport and Navy Yard—in a three-hour motor trip; and then, asks your tourist, what else is there to do? The Casa Marina—the seaside hotel opened here by the railroad in 1921, a hotel that would be packed for the season anywhere in continental Florida—is four-fifths empty except when a batch of excursionists comes in for a single night.

For it takes time, and a certain type of temperament, to appreciate Key West. It has without argument the best winter climate in the United States; the perfect days that are only sporadic on the East Coast before the middle of March follow one another in steady succession through January and February on the Keys. Even on the rare days when the thermometer is down in the sixties and logs are blazing in the fireplace, you can still swim without discomfort in the shallow ocean; or if that is too much work you can take a sun bath on the beach at no greater risk than that of having the wind blow sand into your ears. So now and then some enthusiast for warm weather braves the quiet of the place—that "deadness" which affronts all good Americans—and stays awhile; or, more frequently, someone stays awhile for the fishing, which is unsurpassed. Convalescents discover that they can get well more rapidly under the Key West sun; returning voyagers from Havana pause for a day or two to get rid of hangovers, or of the still more dire effects of the crossing on the unstable little boats—and then they begin to feel the peculiar languid charm of this flat gray town, a fusion of the old Southern leisureliness with Latin ease; utterly unlike—or so it has been in the past—the frantic flurried life of mainland Florida where, for one visitor who sits down to meditate in the sun, there are a hundred who fling themselves with grim determination into the pursuit of pleasure.

There is nothing to "do" in Key West except swim and fish and play golf—and drink the excellent Bacardi rum and Tropical beer with which Cuba pays its debt to its liberators; and after the first three hours there is nothing to see, in the sense in which that verb is used by tourists. Outside of one or two front yards, any deliberate landscape gardening dates from the 1925 boom, and there is not much of it even yet. Architecturally the town evokes snorts of disgust from visitors who have come down the East Coast with its replicas of Spanish palaces, its bright-colored stucco bungalows. The mass of houses in Key West are gray unpainted frame shacks, with pentagonal fronts, porches of one story or two; nothing more than shelters against the wind and rain. The more pretentious houses are mostly frame, too, and in the American architectural style of the eighteen eighties.

But presently one feels that these rows and rows of gray shacks somehow fit the town, fit the flat, almost treeless sandbank on which Key West is built, and fit the life of the people. For they are obviously mere sleeping quarters in a climate where most of the living can be done outdoors. The landscape and the town and the life that goes on here are all of one piece, and a grave breach of artistic fitness will be committed if the boosters attempt, as it seems they presently will, to make over Key West into something resembling an East Coast town. The new architecture, doubtless, will fit the altered life; and then the unique quality of Key West will be lost forever.

A languid life people live here; and to the good American leisure is still a carnal and unhallowed indulgence that must

hastily be legitimized by using it for golf or fishing. But the Key Westers soak in it with candid delight; the Cubans most ostentatiously, perhaps, with their open-front cafés scattered up and down Duval Street where they drink coffee and smoke local cigars—Key West is one of the few towns left in the country where you can still get a good cigar for a nickel; but conchs and "Americans" enjoy it too. For it doesn't cost money; the climate is free, cigars and liquor are cheap; food and rents have been low, till lately, and there has been no social pressure obligating a man to live beyond his means. The richest man in Key West has not a great deal that is beyond the reach of the poorest. The town's only rapid transit is a bus line; and last year the service was speeded up so that during rush hours the buses came through the business center of the town at twelve-minute intervals. That will give you some idea of what Key West calls a rush.

A leisured life, and its leisure gradually permeates the winter visitor. He comes to appreciate the deliberation of spirit and he appreciates the scene, with its atmosphere of Spanish War times, of the Unpretentious Nineties; the two-story frame business buildings with their porches or balconies, the sunny quiet that pervades this bit of Cuba which is still not Cuba, this corner of the United States which is the least American of American cities. Here is something peculiar, novel, peaceful, refreshing—or more exactly, here it was. Before this winter is over, I suspect the debacle will have begun.

V

It threatened to begin three years ago, when the Keys were infected by the virus of the great Florida boom. But that tidal wave of lunacy which inundated continental Florida was all but spent before it reached the Keys. True, several real estate developers bought up and improved the vacant eastern half of the island on which Key West lies, and for a few weeks the excitement spread up and down the Keys. Mangrove swamps and dogwood thickets far from the highway, whose owners had paid no taxes for years because they knew the tax liens were not worth buying up, were suddenly "being held" at eight hundred dollars an acre.

They are still being held, but not at that price; eight dollars an acre, last year, would have bought half the Keys. I am persuaded that land on the Keys is an excellent investment if you can afford to hold it for some years. All these islands have matchless fishing and a perfect climate; as winter residence sites for people who like warm weather and can do without urban excitements they are beyond all competition. But they will all need a good deal of developing, and till lately they were virtually inaccessible unless you had a yacht. Now the main line of the Keys is open to anybody who has a Ford, and local residents of moderate opinions think that within five years investments along the highway line will pay out. The remoter keys will probably pay out ultimately—the late Mr. Clarence Barron predicted that they are destined to be the greatest winter residential colony in the world; but whoever buys them now had better figure that he is tying up his capital for the sake of leaving a gold mine to his children.

Well, the boom came and went without doing much damage. There is a good deal of empty office space on Duval Street; streets have been opened and palms planted on the eastern half of the island, in districts where the purchasers of lots are still too busy meeting their payments—or not meeting their payments, as the case may be—to afford to build. Perhaps a dozen scattered bungalows, some excellent new schoolhouses built by the city in those optimistic days—these are the only visible souvenirs of the Great Excitement. But during the boom Key West (Monroe County, to be exact, but Key West includes most of the taxable property of the county) had let itself in for the Overseas Highway.

The residents had gone in cautiously at first, voting a few hundred thousand dollars' worth of bonds at a time; but in the boom days a delegation of the citizens went up to Miami, and there, entertained by the great Miami developers, they received a pentecostal visitation of the Miami spirit. I do not believe this was done in malice; I think it was a mere ebullience of fraternal generosity, in those days when every Floridian thought all Floridians were going to be multi-millionaires. The growth of Key West (in the only direction in which Key West can grow) is bound to hurt Miami. Key West to-day is so different from Miami that one can enjoy them both; but Key West developed will turn into something like a little Miami—a little Miami with a far better climate; and some of the advantages which Miami now enjoys as the most southerly town in the tourist region will be lost if tourists get the habit of going to Key West.

None the less, Miami, so far as can be seen from the outside, has shown none of that malice and jealousy toward the smaller and more attractive town that Los Angeles displays toward San Diego. There are, Miami appears to feel, customers enough for all; or will be when Florida comes back. All the same, when the Miamians shot the Key Westers full of the Miami spirit they ruined Key West. As one of the members of that delegation said afterward, "We went to Miami thinking in dimes and we came back thinking in millions." And when you think in millions you presently have to worry about how you are going to get your millions back.

Monroe County borrowed nearly four million dollars to build the Overseas Highway, on an assessed valuation of about nine millions—valuation deflated from the boom days but still perhaps a little high. Certain automobile taxes turned over to the county by the state at present pretty nearly cover the interest on the bond issues, and every candidate for governor in last spring's primary promised to try to persuade the legislature to build the bridges over the water gaps, more costly than the road. Mr. Hoover, when he was fishing at Key West in February of last year, was credibly reported to have told some of the citizens that the Federal government ought to do it. But even if the state or the nation should take over that part of the job, the cost of the highway is still a pretty heavy burden. When the road opened last winter there was a forty-mile ferry trip in the middle. Road building on some of the intermediate Keys reduced that this season to two ferry trips of seven and twelve miles respectively, considerably speeding up the time of the trip. But all Key West looks forward to the ultimate bridging of the gaps—and somehow all this must be paid for by the tourist.

Obviously, then, your Key Wester must become a booster; and he has. Not that the town was wholly free from this vice before the road opened; it used to call itself the Gibraltar of America on the strength of a couple of obsolescent forts that might beat off a cruiser squadron. But what was perfunctory before is acute now; and if you are slightly weary of the raucous shouts of the booster, it afflicts you with redoubled pain to hear them in this last resort of peace and quiet, a town whose people have hitherto had the leisure to live and are now doing their best to divest themselves of this rare blessing. True, Key Westers are human; they can hardly be blamed for wanting to live more abundantly. But till lately they did not seem converted to the cardinal American doctrine, that large quantities of money are an essential preliminary to the abundant life. (I do not deny that there is some merit in that doctrine; but it is not the whole of the Law and the Prophets.) But they are converts, now that they have gone in the hole four million dollars. And if some few of them have begun to realize that the incursion of the motor tourist means the end of the Key West they have loved, it is too late to do any-

thing about it now. The road is built, the bonds are sold; with infallible, inexorable regularity the interest falls due.

The first car that came into Key West in January, 1928, was a car of Juggernaut, an ineluctable steam roller driven by the Colossus of the North.

VI

Well, you may ask, just what will the motor tourists do to the town? In the first place they will make it more expensive; try as the local leaders may to persuade the citizens to keep prices down, they cannot have more than a partial success. For once tourists come in in numbers, land will be worth more, rents will be higher; the overhead on everything will go up. That narrow gap which separates the possible enjoyments of the poorest man in Key West from those of the richest man will broaden and broaden and broaden. There may perhaps still be five-cent cigars in Key West three years from now; there may even still be twenty-five-cent rum, though I should dislike to bet money on that; but rents will be higher and food will be higher, for visitors and residents too. And by that time, Key West will have heard that there is such a thing as a cover charge.

Moreover, Key West is not equipped at present to handle tourists in any number. The Casa Marina, owned by the railroad, exists for the railroad trade —mainly the Havana traffic, though there is a steadily increasing number of seasonal guests. There is a good and modern downtown hotel, one of the legacies of the 1925 boom; but it is small, and even the motor traffic of the first season, when only twenty or thirty cars came in each day, filled it to overflowing. There must be more hotels; and above all, if tourists are to stay for the season, there must be cottages and bungalows and apartments that can be rented, furnished, for the season. Of these, at present, there are practically none.

So if Key West is to handle the tourists it must do a good deal of building—new residence sections at first, and presently the sleepy old-fashioned business district must be rebuilt too. And then some man of vision will rise up and demand that all these rickety old gray wooden shacks be swept out of existence, and the town freed of an eyesore. And there will be the end of the distinctive color of Key West.

Why not? your booster may object. Must we go on being uncomfortable for the sake of being quaint? Well, at present they are not uncomfortable; most of the gray shacks, I suppose, are occupied by Cubans and conchs who are perfectly content with the shelter the shacks afford; there are at present no mansions in Key West that might make them dissatisfied, and, what is more to the point, few showy modern bungalows. But will the Cuban whose bobbed-haired, bilingual daughter goes to high school and tries to dress like the women she sees in the movies be able to stay in his ramshackle but adequate gray frame cottage when his daughter's school friends, down for the winter from the North, live in stucco bungalows? His house is good enough for him, but his children's friends will think it is only a shanty. He must have a new house, and he must work harder to pay for it. No more loafing in the café of evenings, gossiping with his friends while he smokes a cheap but adequate local cigar. He must undergo the blessings of American civilization.

The Key Westers will certainly have to rebuild their town; the only question is whether the new buildings will fit the local color and the landscape as well as the old. The East Coast bungalow of pink or green or blue stucco distinctly does not fit. On the East Coast it is in place; it is artificial but so is the landscape of the East Coast, or as much of it as is worth looking at; but here it is as plainly a foreign intruder as a Dutch Colonial cottage. Well, the Key Westers can hardly be expected to build more

unpainted frame shacks; but happily they are not reduced to that. They have another native building material of far greater value—the plastic white marl that is the formation underlying the Keys. It can be dredged up soft and shaped in wooden molds; and presently it hardens with a hardness surpassing that of concrete. The Casa Marina and one or two other buildings are built of that marl—still white and dazzling in the atmosphere of this virtually smokeless town—and they belong, they fit the landscape and the spirit of the place; they are simple, unadorned, starkly beautiful, tropical. A Key West rebuilt in marl might have a new color all its own. But I shall be much surprised if within a decade it is not an imitation of an East Coast imitation of a California imitation of the Riviera.

For the tourists will not care. Even if you could put Key West as it is behind a fence like a museum exhibit the tourists would not look at it. I may be unfair to car owners as a class, for I am that abhorrent creature, a pedestrian—a treasonable and atheistic anachronism who has no place in the perfected civilization of this great republic. But among the people who tour by motor I do not perceive (with, of course, some rare exceptions) much appreciation of characteristic local differences. The American travels—some observant foreigner has remarked—not to see, but to be able to go back home and say that he has seen. What he has seen appears to make little difference; it is not variety he wants but quantity. He can go back home in the spring and tell his friends that he saw not only St. Petersburg and Sarasota, Orlando and Daytona, West Palm Beach and Miami, but Key West too. And of Key West he will remember the fish docks and the turtle crawls, the climate and perhaps the cigars; but of the flavor of the town he—or ninety-nine per cent of him—will have nothing to say, except perhaps that there is nothing doing there now but that a few live boosters are trying to make it a real town.

This is not the *a priori* conclusion of a soured eccentric; it is an induction from considerable observation of the American family traveling by automobile. There is a good deal of that feeling among railroad travelers too, but not so much, I think; and in any case it is the motor tourist who will remake Key West in his own image.

The disintegration has already begun. As soon as the road was open civic organizations set to work to install horseshoe-pitching courts, and checkerboards in the City Park, and benches scattered about town where the retired Northerner might sit down and rest his rheumatic bones—just as in St. Petersburg and West Palm Beach. St. Petersburg and West Palm Beach are worthy towns, good places for the Northerner to spend the winter; but they are not Key West, they are not different and exotic. . . . And in another year or two Key West will no longer be different and exotic either; somebody will compel the citizens to paint their houses and the assimilation will be complete.

But they can't spoil the climate. To that residuary consolation one returns from any survey of Florida; and now that Florida has definitely annexed the Keys it must be the epitaph on Key West too.

FATE AND THE GOLDFISH

A STORY

BY EVELYN GILL KLAHR

YOU may very well ask why if they truly loved each other they did not long ago fly to each other's arms. Certainly for them none of the classic obstacles existed: their paths were clear of Irate Parents, Previous Marriages, Poverty, or Criminal Records.

But modern civilization multiplies appallingly the channels into which human lives may flow and so makes of them, sometimes, strange patterns.

As best I can I give you here the history of these two:

Outside Philadelphia on what is known as the Main Line you find the Chatforth place not far from that of the Fiskes. The Chatforths, as a family, ran to outdoors on a lavish scale: horses, hounds, sprawling camps in Maine, and wild-duck shooting in Georgia. The Fiskes ran to sunken gardens and snuff-box collections and dangerously fascinating women. Had the Main Line been situated in France a marriage would have been arranged at the outset, so obviously did those two friendly families seem made for the alliance.

As a matter of fact, long ago at children's parties, when he was ten and thereabouts and she a charming mite of five arriving in Paris frills and with a beribboned French nursemaid—and quite the loveliest baby at the party—he began, even then, to assume a proprietary manner toward his little neighbor.

Almost from the first they were in love with each other. But the trouble was this—they were rarely in love with each other at the same time.

Of course, when Monty was twenty he could not have been expected to be interested in little girls of fifteen. Had he known that at that period Eugenie slept with a kodak picture of him in the pocket of her pajamas he might have been annoyed or amused. Certainly not touched. At that age he did not have time for anything younger than widows of thirty.

In those days, dropping in for tea with the adult Fiskes, he was wont to remark, "That child of yours is growing up very nicely, Mrs. Fiske." Patronage calculated, you would think, to turn the fondest infatuation into murder.

He was twenty-two and the child seventeen when we entered the War.

The day he was to leave for training camp, while breakfasting alone, he saw a slim figure cross the terrace and darken the French window. Eugenie entered, a schoolgirl in tweed knickers and a cardigan that was growing too small for her, a lanky child but a lovely one, with the wide Fiske eyes and the long Fiske hands and straight soft wind-blown hair.

She closed the French door behind her but did not come farther into the room.

Monty, slightly amazed, rose from his chair and stood with one hand outstretched while the other still clutched his white napkin.

"Hello, ducky," he greeted her. "Come and have some bacon and muffins."

He was a handsome sight for a young thing to gaze upon, the bronze of his face

accentuating the blue of his eyes and the white of his teeth. But she held out one tragic hand as if warding him off.

"No," she said firmly.

"But, darling! Toasted English muffins!" he urged her.

"Don't!" she begged him, agonized. "Monty," she said. "I've come to say good-by to you and I have something to tell you. And I don't want you to touch me. I don't want you to shake hands with me. I don't want you even to kiss me."

Monty's eyes widened slightly, but he waited in silence like a gentleman. And his coffee and his bacon and his muffins grew all cold on the shining breakfast table.

Said the girl, who was then a senior in preparatory school and next year would be a freshman at Bryn Mawr, "Monty," she said, "I think I ought to tell you that I have a premonition that I am never going to see you again. These premonitions of mine, Monty . . . you don't know . . . But on the battlefields over there I want you to remember that I shall never forget you. And if the end should come, Monty, I want you to remember just this, that I have never loved any other man."

"Darling," he said, in real distress. He dropped his napkin now and started toward her, but again she held out that off-warding hand, a hand that would have done well by Sarah Bernhardt.

"Don't touch me," she implored him. "I couldn't bear it." She stood and stared at him. "Good-by," she said in a voice that sounded like a little girl going away from home for the first time.

"Honey child," he begged, "listen. Let me ring for some doughnuts. Mamie has made some magnificent creatures—"

"I cannot bear it," she repeated tragically and disappeared through the door, across the terrace and over the lawn, a lanky lovely child, whose wrists extended too far beyond the cardigan sleeves.

"Whew!" Monty whistled, watched her for a minute, and then sat down again to his breakfast.

"She got that out of a book," he said to himself. And presently he added, "It's a good book."

The battlefield death so determinedly predicted by Eugenie never materialized. The Armistice came, to Monty's annoyance, when he was half way across the Atlantic.

Having come home to be demobilized, he found his mother in health so poor that he spent his next years traveling with her in the hope of seeing her restored. In these years of travel he used to take out that memory of Eugenie's farewell, along with some other very nice memories of charming women and girls, and review it with amused tenderness and wonder what sort of a grown-up person she would turn out to be. Not that these years of travel with his mother had been populated only with memories. On the contrary, his paths had fairly blossomed with feminine beauty, and he had not been oblivious.

When he came home after his mother's death he found Eugenie a beautiful slim thing in her early twenties, with luminous reflective eyes which did not seem to fit in with her skill at sports. He wondered about her with considerable tenderness until he learned that she was hopelessly in love with a young musician who had been crippled in the War. This diminished his interest.

He found that he had grown addicted to travel as a mode of living. And even now his business interests did not hold him too closely tethered, the tether reaching, in fact, as far as Rhodesia or Korea or Borneo. A hunting trip and then another interval at home, and so his comfortable unhampered life went on.

In these intervals at home he always saw Eugenie, now a mature handsome young woman, her eyes less luminous perhaps, but who handled her car like a master mechanic and who was also tennis champion and aviator. The crippled musician had disappeared, but each time

when Monty came back there was someone else, another tennis champion, an aviator; once a playwright.

Nor was his own life without its entanglements. But both remained unmarried, and always they were electrically aware of each other.

Sometimes, during his later sojourns home, Eugenie at a dinner party would look up suddenly and, glancing down the table, would find his eyes upon her, sizing her up, as if he were thinking, "Some of these days, if ever I get around to it, it may be that you are what I want to marry."

And sometimes, when he was dancing with some other girl, he would see Eugenie in the arms of another man studying him thoughtfully, as if she were thinking, "When I get rid of some of these I may get around to falling in love with you again."

It was as if under the well-conditioned surfaces of their lives something primitive and dangerous slept and awaited its opportunity to seize them and subjugate them completely.

But when his business called him home the year he was thirty-three he was not so sure. On the contrary, he was pretty sure then that he had no desire to marry. He liked his life, a man's life. He liked to be free to yield to a roving foot—Siam, Peru, Labrador, whatever called him, whenever it called. He liked the way he ran his house, with men servants and an elasticity of regime.

Monty Chatforth, in other words, had grown cagey. So when he came home this last time and found Eugenie a gorgeous woman of twenty-seven or twenty-eight he hardened his heart against her. And it was a pity, for at the moment her own affections were peculiarly disengaged. But of course she, too, had grown cagey.

With her maturity had come a new efficiency, a talent for chairmanships and directorships. And she developed also a nice sense of humor which was very useful to her in raising funds. She was secretly delighted at the discovery of these new powers, the ability to remove mountains as if they had been molehills and to squeeze dollars out of stones; and she found her life very satisfying. Her great interest at the moment was a Vacation Home for Working Girls, which almost entirely through her own efforts she had raised from a mustard seed, a marvelous place with Conrad on the book shelves, and petunias in the garden and flowered chintz at the bedroom windows. Now she desired for it a swimming pool.

The news of Monty's homecoming she heard with a double interest. On the very day he returned her widowed and slightly elder sister Celia came into Eugenie's sitting room to announce it, Celia having run across Monty in the Broad Street Station.

Eugenie ran her eye down a column of figures in her account book before she replied. "What is he like this time?" Eugenie wanted to know, without looking up.

"His color scheme," said her widowed sister, "is, as usual, sunburn and light hair and blue eyes and white teeth. But there is also," said the sister, "something that is generally known as an added something. Nothing, I think, except that the thirties are particularly becoming to him."

Eugenie closed her account book and gathered together in a businesslike pile the seven letters she had written that morning on her creamy, specially ordered, personal bond—seven begging letters for her Vacation Home.

"Does he look opulent?" inquired Eugenie.

Celia looked at her intently. She answered that question with another. "As gentleman to gentleman, I want to ask you something, dear: are you planning to be personally interested in Monty? If you are just say the word and the rest of us will keep off."

Eugenie raised her eyebrows cryptically. "Financially, yes," said Eugenie. "Ten thousand dollars toward a green-tiled swimming pool and showers

for the Vacation Home. Romantically, I cannot say. Probably not. But anyhow let me have first look-in, could you? Consider that I have taken him out on approval."

In the weeks that followed Eugenie Fiske and Monty Chatforth saw each other frequently. Monty settled down to be a Main Line householder. He entertained and was entertained. He and Eugenie dined together and golfed together and rode together. In spite of his caginess and in spite of her satisfaction with her life of independence and power, they began to lose their bearings: once or twice in the moonlight they inadvertently kissed each other; and they began to worry about each other's wet feet or inadequate coats, which, curiously, is one of the most romantic of symptoms. That which had lurked so long underneath the polished surfaces of their life might now, on almost any day, have burst into glorious flames of passion.

Instead of which, Eugenie Fiske one fine morning suddenly awoke to the fact that she had been neglecting seriously her organizations for golf and dancing and a very pleasant life.

She put on a sport dress of tans and creams, just home from the tailor, and then surveyed herself in the glass, tall, slim, and lovely, like all the Fiske women. She added a burnt-orange handkerchief for a spot of color and decided that the auspices for ten thousand dollars for her Vacation Home were good.

Her little car carried her through the lovely countryside of the Main Line, clipped hedges, sunken gardens, smooth green lawns on which azaleas and Japanese cherry trees and pink dogwood made luscious spots of color.

"Easily ten thousand," thought Eugenie Fiske.

The moment, however—had she but known it—was far from psychological. Monty, his own car drawn up before his door, was in testy humor, for he was about to drive into town for a conference with the manager of the plant which largely represented Monty's business affairs. The interview did not promise to be agreeable. The manager, Monty had felt for a long time, was distinctly soft in his attitude toward labor, and Monty, who in his personal life was recklessly free-handed, had a theory that business should be hard-headed though just. So for the occasion of this interview he had whipped himself into a fine state of acerbity.

The sight of Eugenie coming up his drive, it is true, cleared all traces of acerbity from his bronzed face.

In fact, Eugenie, noting his eyes when he greeted her, thought that it was going to be almost too easy.

He opened the door of her car but she did not get out. Instead, she sat with her hands on the wheel, her quizzical eyes upon him.

It was a way they had of looking at each other lately, both so aware of the feeling between them and neither ready, quite yet, to admit it.

"I mustn't come in," she said. "You were starting off to elope with some lovely widow, and I'd just detain you."

"That's all right," he granted her magnanimously. "I'm awfully easily deflected. And I thought anyhow it would be a better day to go in and discuss the labor policy with my manager. 'Grind the faces of the poor,' I shall tell him. 'Grind their faces well.'"

"Oh, good!" said the lovely daughter of the Fiskes. "This is right along the line of my errand, so that you won't even have to change your line of thought. Climb right in here beside me and if you have your check book with you it will be no more trouble than the stirring of a finger."

And to herself she thought, "I look very well indeed in this new sport frock. That ought to be worth something extra. And besides, if I can extract checks from the hardest-shelled Jewish gentleman in Philadelphia and from a withered spinster who heretofore has given only to Baptist missions, I ought

to get at least twelve thousand from this darling thing who is almost in love with me." So she decided on twelve thousand.

Still urging his own hospitality upon her, he slid into her car beside her.

She opened a monogrammed briefcase and pulled out her photographs and blue prints of the Vacation House and started her magnificent line about her green-tiled swimming pool and the alleys of shower baths and a high-priced swimming master, and on and on.

So enthralled was she with her subject that she was not aware of the reception it was meeting.

For Monty Chatforth, on Eugenie's arrival, had merely put aside his acerbity for the time being. It had been in no wise removed. This theory of his about the laboring class had been a long time in growing and was well rooted in the very elements of his nature. "Pay them enough and let them alone," was his theory. But no one seemed willing to let them alone. Certainly not his manager. And apparently not Eugenie. The very fact that he had so long put off this conference with his manager had given his convictions just that much more time to gain heat. So the longer Eugenie Fiske talked the harder his heart grew, and the colder his eye; and Eugenie, poor soul, wholly unaware of it, carried away by her own fine talk, let her enthusiasm take upon itself wings and soar high, which in the face of an unfriendly audience is a cruel experience.

At last he interrupted, "When you have entirely finished, I, too, have something to say."

But the sound of his voice startled her. She turned and looked into a face that had become unfriendly without her having been aware.

The wings of her enthusiasm folded and let her fine words drop dead to earth.

"You may say it now," she said, and replaced the Working Girls' Vacation Home in her briefcase.

Then Monty Chatforth let loose upon this lovely woman all those caustic remarks he had been saving up for the manager of his plant. And worse than that, his eloquence went to his head. He found new phrases, new arguments that he had never thought of before.

Of course he went too far. One does. He drew sparks from Eugenie. Color flamed into her usually colorless cheeks. Her eyes were not luminous now. They blazed. When he gave her a chance, finally, she found remarks of a singular asperity to say to him.

And they were off.

"Bridge clubs for charwomen!" he remarked caustically.

"They are not charwomen," she retorted, "and it isn't a bridge club."

"Beauty parlors for box makers. Golf links for laundresses," he amended. "It is all the same thing."

"You think," she accused him, "that swimming pools and vacations and all the joys and comforts of life should be reserved for capitalists like yourself."

"That is," he replied, "quite unworthy of your usually very good mind."

The quarrel gathered momentum. His line was the danger of paternalism. "You are developing a class of spineless limpets," he said. "And when I say *you* I am afraid I mean it more or less personally. When intelligent young women haven't enough to do they tend to become meddlesome."

She would have left him then and there except that she in turn had fiery remarks to make about capitalism, many of which statements she had learned out of a text book.

In fact their quarrel at one stage took on a little of the aspect of two irate and antagonistic books spitting out the texts of their respective pages at each other.

Nor was it wholly academic. The quarrel ran also to fireworks and thunder. It blazed. It roared. It devastated. A lighted cigarette thrown carelessly from a car may turn a whole prairie into a blackened waste. So an

altruistic impulse on a lovely May morning started another conflagration which promised to be almost equally disastrous.

It ended with Eugenie asking Monty Chatforth to get out of her car so that she could return to her own home.

"That's finished," said Eugenie Fiske as she rode home. She hated him bitterly at the moment, but just the same her heart felt singularly empty.

And Monty Chatforth, who should have been feeling relieved that his pleasant bachelor life was now rendered safe from permanent interruption, became, on the contrary, so restless in the days that followed that he decided to have his dining room redecorated.

At first these two found meeting a little awkward, but meet they must unless they wished to publish their quarrel, or unless one or the other of them turned recluse. They went through with it, since they must, with very good grace, both of them being well born and gently reared. So he took her in to dinner when it was required and danced with her and went through all the motions of being pleased to be in her society. Then, being of the forgetting sex, he began genuinely to enjoy her again and to seek her company.

His business prospered; labor in his particular factory was lamblike; he and his manager were on the best of terms again; and so it was easy to forget a quarrel.

But Eugenie, with Amazonian efforts, pushed her Vacation House to the point where it could safely be left with her committee and decided that she would be happier this summer in Europe.

One day on the golf links just before she was to sail, Monty sought her out at the eighteenth hole and said, "Could you run along home with me and give me an æsthetic word on my new dining room before I let the public loose in it? I swear I don't know whether it is a mess or whether it is very nice. I'd be no end grateful if you'd come."

The prospect did not please her, for she did not forget as easily as he did and she was still pretty miserable in his company. "But after all, I am sailing in three days," she told herself, "so why not?"

He led her into his dining room with that uncertain, easily shattered pride that an outdoors man feels about things inside his house. It was as if he said, "Please like it so that I shall know it is all right."

But she did not like it at all. A modernistic decorator had turned himself loose in it. The room was all cold hard silver-grays and mirrors. The table top was mirror and so were most of the walls, and he had even backed with mirror those French doors which once had given the view over a bright lawn and through which had come that absurd little girl to tell him that she loved him and would never forget him.

So now he had shut out his view, and with it no doubt had shut out that memory.

She caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror, a warmly tinted creature in tans and creams with a flame-colored scarf about her shoulders.

"I am the sort of thing this darn room needs," she said to herself.

Aloud she said, "Monty, I know just what is lacking. If I bring it to you will you promise to let it stay?"

"My dear girl," he promised her, "so long as the old walls stand."

So she came back that very evening with a bowl of goldfish. Not ordinary goldfish that may be bought in a five-and-ten store, but de luxe ones, such as books are written about and, although their blood ran notoriously cold, looking warm and flamelike as they darted through the waters of their glass bubble.

Monty, who had been feeling a little solitary and low-spirited that evening, thought how lovely she looked coming into his house and, forgetting completely the famous quarrel, longed to take her in his arms and arrange for her permanent installation there. But because he was thirty-odd years he had well-trained in-

hibitions, and so decided to wait until she came back from Europe.

And Eugenie, thinking that he looked lonely and rather heart-breaking as lonely men will do, said to herself, "If he should offer me now that check for my Girls, I would take it and forgive him."

Aloud she said as she handed him the bowl, "Wear these to remember me."

"You make me so happy," he said. "And afterwards," he inquired, "how does one cook them?"

"Monty," she said, "I'm in a serious mood, though I don't know why. Perhaps because I have been packing my trunks to go away. But I want to ask you if you really will keep these?"

"Eugenie, darling," and he was curiously serious too, "I'll keep them as long as I love you, which I think you know will be for always. So when you come back and see those five little tails wagging to greet you, you will know also that this old heart still beats for you."

She laughed. But her eyes did not, and her heart started beating too hard. "Don't be that sort of a fool again," she begged it, but it kept on with its quickened tempo. So she started for home.

They exchanged at parting—as if there had never been a quarrel—those old quizzical looks which seemed to say, "How much, if any, do you care?"

And it is a great pity when humankind becomes so civilized that restraints and inhibitions and cautions take the place of nice fresh unhampered impulses.

But, irrevocably, those goldfish had become symbolical. And so it was awkward when, some ten days later, Austin, the house man, discovered floating on the surface of their tiny sea five fishy little corpses.

Austin blamed himself bitterly for neglect and was inclined to be morbid about it. But Monty reassured him and cheered him up over the matter. "Just bury them nicely," he said, "and don't worry about it. They were given me by a lady, but she's gone away, and when I hear of her return we'll get some others."

But it is a pity that he did not happen to mention who the lady was.

And it is a pity that Eugenie never mentioned her gift to Agnes, who was a maid in the Fiske house and the personal friend of Mr. Chatforth's Austin.

Eugenie, who found herself restless in Europe that summer, came home earlier than she intended. And Monty, who was laid up at the time with a sprained ankle, did not know it until he heard her voice over the telephone.

"How's the ankle?" she inquired, her voice as casual and unemotional as she could manage.

"So bad," said Monty, who found himself suddenly and entirely consumed by a desire to see her, "that I think you had better come over to inquire in person."

She laughed a little over the telephone. "I'll run in this week," she promised.

"I don't think I'll last the week through," he warned her. "Better come over right away."

She laughed again. "Perhaps to-morrow," she yielded.

"This afternoon," he insisted. "For invalids often waste away through the night, you know."

She was firm. "To-morrow."

He was firm, too. "Very well, then. I'll come hobbling over there myself."

In the end she promised to come to him—in half an hour or less.

Monty hung up his receiver with a surprised look on his countenance. He was surprised at himself.

Then he rang for Austin. "A lady is coming to tea," he said. "Get us an extra nice tea, can you?"

Again a great pity that he neglected to say that it was Eugenie.

It was a full twenty minutes later that the bell for Austin rang again—rang imperiously, desperately.

Austin, who feared nothing less than another sprain, all but ran to his master.

"My God!" said the master. "Those goldfish! It is the goldfish lady that is coming!"

Austin turned pale, "My God, sir!"

he repeated weakly. Then when he began to recover he suggested, "I could take the car, sir, and run in town."

"But you can't. It's Carson's day off. You have got to be here to open the door for her."

Wan and discouraged, Austin returned to his kitchen.

Very shortly he returned, brighter, but apologetic.

"It is like this, sir," he said. "There is a young lady in the kitchen who thinks she can help us out. She can run over the back way and get some goldfish from her house and be back in no time at all."

"Bid her godspeed," said Monty, "and bid her make haste. Tell her you will marry her if she sprints well."

"Yes, sir," said Austin and retired.

Ten minutes in advance of Eugenie, six goldfish arrived and five of them were hastily transferred from their own humble bowl to the etched and elegant residence of the five deceased fish. Monty prided himself on his luck in being able to remember that originally there had been five.

Monty kept them, but not too ostentatiously, in the library with himself, over on the window sill, so that they would look not as if they had been brought in for effect, but as if they were there from habit.

He did not speak of them immediately upon her arrival. He spoke instead of sundry matters, such as her trip and how much he had missed her. Then he reminded her of another visit she had made him, long ago, at the beginning of the War, when she had been a long-legged youngster and had told him she would never love anyone else.

He said he had never forgotten it, which wasn't exactly accurate, for there were years at a time when it had not been in his mind, but, nevertheless, this was a nice time to remember it.

Her reply was to the effect that it was one of life's mysteries why youth must go through periods of total imbecility. But just the same a charming color came into her face and stayed there.

So it seemed to him the best of moments to mention the goldfish.

"You see," he said, "those five little tails still wag just as I predicted they would."

Eugenie glanced in the direction he indicated, where five goldfish darting about in their borrowed bowl made lovely flashes of color in the afternoon light.

Then she leaned forward a little and looked more intently.

"Gad!" thought the man. "It does mean something to her then that I have kept them." And he felt very grateful to Austin for arranging for the borrowed fish—though as a rule Monty Chatforth's thinking was not confused.

"I keep them in here for company," he remarked to Eugenie.

Eugenie got up and walked over to the goldfish. She sat on the edge of the window sill, looking down upon them.

Although he saw only her profile, he realized that a curious expression had come over her face. It struck him as repressed emotion. She didn't want him to see, then, how much she really cared? Suddenly he felt beautifully triumphant. "I am going to marry her," hastily he decided to himself.

Aloud he said, "I have grown terribly fond of the little fellows."

"One of them, poor thing," she said softly, "has a torn tail."

"That one?" he mused (he had noticed no torn tail!), "that one is Terry the Terrible." He was amazed and delighted at his quickness of wit. It led him on. "Happened some time ago. And it was a horrible combat—I give you my word. The most gory of duels. Absolutely."

"Tell me about it," she said, her eyes still intent on the bowl and not glancing his way. He had never seen her like this, so quiet and so intent. It suggested to him a depth of feeling and a tenderness that he had never before realized that she possessed.

It overstimulated him.

He told the story of the goldfish fight dramatically and colorfully, with an eloquence which surprised even himself. He wondered to himself in the midst of his narrative whether all these years he should not have been turning his gifts to literature.

Eugenie seemed strangely impressed. She led him on with inspiring questions.

It tempted him to relate other narratives of other members of his little carp family.

He had, it seemed, names for them all. "Little Goldie Sunshine, who is my favorite." Lord, how they popped into his head without effort! "Finnie." "Moby Dick." "Klondike."

Was this, he wondered, a form of heretofore unsuspected genius?

But interruption came at last when Austin arrived with the tea. From the first moment of his entrance Austin acted strangely. He turned visibly pale and his hands trembled as he arranged the tea service. He kept moistening his lips, as if he were going to speak.

A minute or two after he had retired from the room and while Eugenie was pouring the tea, the door reopened and Austin stood there again, obviously under the influence of some distressing emotion.

"Mr. Chatforth," said the man, "might I ask you to be so good as to step here a moment."

Now Monty knew his man was no fool, that he knew crutches were both painful and dangerous for his master, and that he would not have asked it except under the direst necessity. So he requisitioned his crutches and hobbled out of the room.

Then Austin, pale and anguished, made confession. "The young lady in the kitchen is Agnes from the Fiskes," he explained. "We didn't know, you see, that it was Miss Eugenie you were expecting. And Agnes says that one of the goldfish has a tail that has gone bad and that Miss Eugenie couldn't help but notice, for this very morning, sir, she was speaking of it."

It was a perilous moment. Heretofore the very richness of life and all its counter-attractions had held them apart. But now when everything else had been surmounted were five very ordinary little goldfish to become the final obstacle?

But after all, Chatforth men were not men to throw up their hands in an emergency. And Monty himself had hunted tigers in India and leopards in Africa. He was a man of action.

He returned to the library and went straight to his desk. He leaned his crutches against the wall, and opened his check book.

"Ten, I think you said?"

"Fifteen," she replied firmly.

He wrote out the check and handed it to her. "May your girls bathe often and well," he wished her gravely.

He watched her as she examined it and folded it into her purse.

"Now that I am thoroughly licked," he said, "why don't we get married?"

But while he was reaching for his crutches she came over to him.

He caught her hand and held it against his lips.

"I think," she said, "that you are the most impossible man that ever lived—selfish, unreasonable, pig-headed, and the most unscrupulous liar in Pennsylvania. But then my old nurse predicted I should come to a bad end."

And later, while the tea untouched grew stone cold upon the table, Monty on the leather davenport beside his love mentioned plaintively, "You kept me waiting a long time, my darling," and actually believed what he said. And later, meditating the check he had drawn—though in no wise regretting it—he said, "Just the same, I consider that I have bought you for fifteen thousand dollars."

"Nonsense," said his lady. "You have paid three thousand apiece for five inferior goldfish. And if that is the way you do, it is just as well, I think, that I am here."

THE REAL MEANING OF FATIGUE

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IF a person asserts, convincingly and unobtrusively, that he is tired he will receive the sympathetic indulgence of his fellows. If he should declare, instead, that he is drunk their attitude, however charitable or genial, will carry a trace of disrespect.

This distinction is unfortunate. A better course would be to treat fatigue like intoxication: as something which is not to be bragged about, but rather to be kept to one's self, and to be got rid of as quietly and as expeditiously as possible.

The view that the mental and moral deterioration which results from fatigue is something which is honorable in itself is probably an inheritance from a simpler type of social organization. In such a society he who worked for the tribe, or who fought for its enhancement, was the useful member. If personal impairment resulted from his exercise in its behalf, it proved him to be loyal and unselfish. Hence, a condition of fatigue, which might follow from industry and valor, could readily become acceptable as a *sign* of merit. In modern society the warrant for such an interpretation as a general, or even as a usual one, is lacking.

A rational attitude toward fatigue and its social consequences demands a better understanding of the condition itself. Essentially, it is an impairment produced by exercise, of present performance, or of preparedness for future performance. With feelings of "tiredness," and with complaints thereof, it has less to do than we might suppose. For illustration, let us imagine a thin strip of brass which we clamp at one end and force to vibrate. If we compel it to swing too far certain changes will occur in its internal structure, and it will no longer behave well as a spring. In the language of metallurgy, these structural changes are called "fatigue"; and they are quite analogous to the changes which occur in the fatigue of living structures. The latter, of course, can normally restore the damage if they are permitted to rest. This advantage constitutes the most striking difference between the two cases.

It may be well to pause here long enough to deal with a superstition, rather wide spread, concerning the particular organs—or tissues—which are chiefly concerned in fatigue. Physicians as well as laymen often speak of "nervous fatigue" and of "nervous exhaustion." When they so talk they mean essentially that the patient is feeble, sluggish, and perhaps peevish in his behavior. They do not mean that they have acceptable evidence that his nerve-cells or brain-cells are fatigued. These cells, which form what is called nervous tissue, have only one function of which we know anything. That function is to convey a condition of irritation, aroused in some sense-organs at one end of a series of nerve-cells, to muscular or glandular tissue at the other end. If a nerve is excited it responds quickly, rests for a few thousandths of a second, and is then ready for another normal response. Even under highly artificial conditions it is almost impossible

to fatigue a nerve. In the body itself the nervous system has two additional protections against fatigue. First, the sense-organs by which nervous tissue is normally excited are easily fatigued, so that they cease to act before the nerve-connections can be damaged. Second, in the course of prolonged exertion the contact between nerve-cell and muscle-cell literally becomes fouled, supposedly by products of activity, so that it tends to shield the contractile cells from stimulation by nervous current. Thus, before the nervous tissue, or even the contractile tissue has suffered much damage, the mechanism ceases to work; the animal relaxes, and remains quiet until it is excessively stimulated, or else until repairs have been made. An impairment of adjustment to immediate demands, such as goes with fatigue, may, therefore, indicate that a protective mechanism is operating normally, not that the organism has been permanently injured.

Nervous fatigue, so called, is, therefore, primarily a condition of muscular fatigue, which may not involve the contractile cells of the muscle greatly except by way of protection.

We sometimes talk of "brain-fag" or of "mental fatigue" as if it were quite different from the condition we have been describing. It probably is not. Although visible contractions of muscle are not a necessary part of the thinking process, there is reason for believing that muscular activity, expressible as gestures, as changes in the pattern of mechanical tension, or even only as changes in electrical stresses within the muscle, is as necessary to imagining, thinking, or reasoning as brain activity is. Brain activity and muscular activity are inseparable. In "brain-fag," as in other forms of bodily fatigue, the structures which are our main concern are muscles.

We often hear and sometimes speak of the "toxins of fatigue." It may help to consider how these poisons are generated. The vital activities of the bodily cells are made possible by the burning, within the cell, of certain fuels which it manufactures from raw materials taken from the blood stream. These fuels are about as unstable as nitroglycerin, and burn at explosive speeds, though in minute quantities at once. When the cell is "irritated" some of these highly explosive fuel-molecules split into smaller fragments, which are then burned from either end. In case the process of splitting should go more rapidly than the burning of the split fragments, the cell is left with an excess of the latter. Some of these products of splitting are poisonous. Some of them belong to the family of alcohols, others to the family of ethers, etc. Although they are manufactured within the cell, they affect it exactly as if they had come from the outside. We may describe this abnormal condition either as an excess of split-products, or as a deficiency of oxygen, since it is purely relative. It is usually spoken of in the latter way.

II

There are three ways in which this condition may be brought about. The first is by asphyxiation. One may diminish the rate at which oxygen is supplied to the cell, by diluting the outside air with other gases, by taking the patient to a high altitude, or by introducing a substance, such as carbon monoxide, into the blood stream, to interfere with delivery of oxygen to the cell.

The second way is by narcosis. One may introduce alcohol or ether into the blood stream. They may combine with some of the oxygen which the cell would otherwise receive or they may affect the membranes of the cell so as to interfere with its normal respiration.

The third way is by fatigue, in which the membranes of the cell are probably affected, as in the preceding instance, so that the fuels may split more rapidly than they can be burned, giving toxins as products of partial combustion.

The distinguished physiologist Max Verworn is the author of a doctrine,

based on much experimental evidence, that the conditions of asphyxiation, narcosis, and fatigue are essentially the same, differing only in respect to their histories. This view has not been fully accepted, but in most respects it is very plausible. The psychological effects of the three conditions are strikingly similar. The studies made on six thousand six hundred American aviators during the world war subjecting them to experimental privation of oxygen brought out that every major symptom of alcoholic intoxication is counterfeited by a sufficiently diminished oxygen supply. The fact had been casually noted much earlier; most aviators who had worked at high altitudes were familiar with what they called the "altitude jag" which resulted from a diminished oxygen supply. Provision is now made for supplying additional oxygen both to the flyer and to the engine at those altitudes.

The following facts indicate that every symptom of alcoholic intoxication which has social importance is also counterfeited in fatigue.

It is well known that small doses of alcohol, as also of opium-derivatives, seem to act as stimulants. Their first observable effects may not consist in a loss of skill in immediate performance; the contrary may sometimes be observed. It is sometimes argued that this excitation is only specious; that the effect is more properly to be regarded as one of depression, which affects some functions sooner than others, but which extends to all functions in time. Suppose, for example, that one is trying to bend a finger, while tending at the same time to keep it straight. The finger will bend, of course, only if the pull of the flexor-muscles is stronger than that of the extensors. But, suppose the activities of both sets are weakened, that of the extensor-muscles reaching a "threshold value" first. The finger can now be bent more easily than if no depression had occurred. While the flexor muscle is now weaker than formerly, it also works against less opposition. More complex behavior follows the same rule: normally, most of our acts are executed under some inhibition. If the counter-tendencies, already the weaker, are sufficiently abated, a given set of acts can be performed more readily than otherwise. So, it is easy enough for selective depression to present the same appearance as stimulation.

As with intoxication, so in fatigue, the earliest effects are apparently stimulating. In one of the studies of sleep made at Mellon Institute we sought a means of exhibiting the "recovery from fatigue" which followed a night's rest, and of comparing the observed degree of recovery with the rate and quantity of rest taken. For this purpose we employed a "test-performance"[1] which had been previously found useful in the indication of impairment produced in other ways. This study was continued by Mr. G. E. Weigand through two academic years at the experimental dormitory, twenty-two subjects being employed. The result, to some people, was surprising. All the subjects but one made a consistently better performance a half hour before they went to bed than a half hour after they arose. In the average the effect varied between six and ten per cent according to the experimental conditions. It increases as the time spent in bed is increased, and also with increases in the quietude of the subject during that time. It does not abate with practice. It cannot be attributed to chance; the net effect for the group taken as a whole would not occur, according to the laws of chance, as often as once in a billion-billion times; and for many individuals, not more often than once in a billion times. It was lessened to a significant degree by the introduction of setting-up exercises in the morning. In other words, whatever fatigue resulted from the exertions of the day was accompanied by an improvement in

[1] The subjects were required to translate sets of nonsensical material into codes which accompanied them. Performance was scored in terms of the number of letters correctly encoded in five minutes' time. Three such sets were given at each sitting.

output on this test over the output of the morning before and also of the morning after.

Certain studies made on British factory workers disclosed a similar effect. During the first two and one-half hours of the working day their output in pieces per hour steadily increased, the net gain being about seventeen per cent over the output at the beginning of the day. The peak occurred about four-thirty P.M. During their labor their reserve supplies of bodily fuels were diminishing, and the toxic waste products of activity were probably increasing; in this sense they were being progressively unfitted for future effort; and yet they were meeting present demands better. The results are typical of many others, though it must be remembered that while these hold under the conditions of the experiment, they might not necessarily do so if these conditions were sufficiently changed.

These facts suggest that fatigue toxins behave like other narcotic agents: in small concentrations they may actually improve performance; in larger concentrations they impair it. The earliest effects, though expressed in immediate improvement of performance, may not be beneficial if the future demands are considered; for the same agents which are improving performance at the moment may be operating to reduce the individual's fitness for work to be performed a little later. The duration of the fatiguing process, therefore, becomes a matter of first importance: if it is interrupted soon enough to permit recovery in the course of normal rest the worker may actually be benefited; otherwise he may be injured.

Bearing in mind the general doctrine that the weaker reaction-tendencies are the first ones to become weakened, let us consider some other effects.

Among the acts which are first impaired are those requiring great skill—*i.e.*, the delicately co-ordinated action of many muscles. We have mentioned as one of the earliest symptoms of asphyxiation the onset of clumsiness. Everyone familiar with the action of alcohol and of certain drugs knows that the same effect follows their administration.

Among the finer adjustments required in normal life are those of the co-ordination of the two eyes. Whenever we attend to a visual object the axes of the two eyes converge upon the point attended to. If the two sets of muscles fail to work together double vision occurs unless the impressions made on one of the two retinas are somehow suppressed. Since, at the best, most of us have a rather imperfect balance of the eye-muscles, it is not surprising that "seeing double" (at least now and then) is a common symptom of the early stages of alcoholic intoxication. It happens, however, to be an equally conspicuous symptom of moderate fatigue. Many people who normally have little trouble with vision have to use glasses when they are tired, even though the fatiguing exertion had made no unusual demand on the eyes.

The musculature involved in speech is also very intricate, and a very high degree of co-ordination is required for distinctness and fluency. Few of us, probably, have failed to remark the onset of clumsiness of action of the lips and tongue in the early stages of drunkenness; and numerous vocal tests are to be found in most folklores; but is not the symptom prominent also in fatigue?

III

A personal idiosyncrasy may have some bearing on the problem. The writer's childhood was spent on an isolated farm, with few playmates of his own age. Much of his play time was spent in the company of farmhands. His mother exacted distinct enunciation and drilled the children in it, often refusing to answer questions or to grant requests until they had been expressed in a proper manner. By contrast, the speech of the farmhands was delightfully free; it is likely that the children deliber-

ately spent as much effort in learning to imitate their accent and diction as the mother required them to spend in learning to talk "correctly." They, therefore, developed two kinds of vocal habits: one of which they used when in the company of their elders, the other when they were unrestrained. As to the writer, his "company-manners" of speech now usually predominate, although when he addresses dogs or children he may relax and "talk negro." This is true, however, only while he is fresh; at the close of a heavy day's work he reverts to the southwesterner's high-pitched, chesty notes, and the slovenly enunciation that goes with almost immobile lips and an unwieldy tongue.

More important than mere enunciation is the choice of words appropriate to specific objects and actions and the framing of sentences before the utterance begins. Loss of this kind of skill is known as aphasia, and is characteristic of certain progressive mental disorders. In fatigue, as in the case of intoxication, the vocabulary shrinks; halting and rephrasing begins; and syllables, or the whole of some words and a syllable or two of a following word may be elided. This condition would jeopardize one's social status if it were persistent; it indicates that the fatiguing condition is the beginning of a temporary insanity.

Disorders of attention are characteristic of the three conditions. Under great impairment, such as may be exhibited in advanced stages of drunkenness, it becomes well nigh impossible to hold one's self in an attitude of watching or listening. This condition indicates a practical failure of attention, and usually coincides with general collapse. It is with somewhat milder disorders, in less advanced stages, with which we are most concerned.

The milder disorder as a rule exhibits itself in two ways at once: the persistence of attention is increased, and its field is diminished.

At first glance it may seem queer to call attention impaired when its persistence is increased. We all know that a person's attention is less effective when he is too distractable: extreme distractability is a characteristic of idiots, whom it is almost impossible to teach. They do not attend to any object long enough to make a highly specific reaction. However, it is not to be forgotten that attention can become less effective when it persists too long; for while a person is attending to one part of the environment he may fail to react to very important changes which occur in other parts. We speak disrespectfully of the mentality of the automobile driver who attends too long at a time to the hosiery along the sidewalk; but college professors have been run over by trolley cars because they could not be distracted from the properties of the fourth dimension, or from whatever else was engaging them at the time.

Abnormally high persistence of attention is characteristic of hypnosis, and of paranoid states, and is necessary to hallucination, illusion, and delusion. It became very prominent in the middle and later stages of asphyxiation in the army tests; it is prominent in alcoholic intoxication; it is equally prominent in fatigue. Let us suppose a familiar example, which most people can duplicate.

A man is driving an automobile across country. As long as he is fresh he may easily watch the road and the traffic, glance from time to time at the scenery and his instruments, and carry on a conversation with his companion. If he reads his speedometer at one town and then reads the road-signs, he may remember the readings long enough to calculate the proper reading for the next important town on his route, and remember the calculation well enough to say, at any intermediate point, how far he still has to go. By comparing the readings of the speedometer and clock with previous readings, he can calculate his average speed. All these supplementary activities require interruption of his attention to the routine operations

of driving, *for brief moments only*. Thus, it can be seen that he is capable of being distracted momentarily from the main task by a great variety of objects, and of returning to the main task quickly.

As time passes, however, his attention to the task of driving becomes more persistent. This implies that the number of objects which can arouse attention has diminished. He can, therefore, still handle the car as well as ever. He may look at his instrument-panel less frequently but he does not neglect it too much to insure that his battery is being charged, that his oil is feeding, and the radiator sufficiently cool, that he is not exceeding the speed limit, etc. However, he now disregards the scenery; he ceases to converse; he does not remember his readings of time or distance well enough to know just where he is; he may read the road-signs so indifferently as to be unable to tell a couple of minutes later through what village he is passing. As a mere driver, he is still capable; but he maintains that skill by doing fewer things.

If one is to concentrate on a single task, to the exclusion of as many others as possible, it may be possible to perform that task better while one is moderately fatigued than while one is fresh. This may be the reason why some writers can compose most readily at night; why the office worker seems to do better if he arises early and takes a long walk, or plays golf, or hoes his garden before he begins; and why the output in some routine factory operations is highest in the later hours of the working day. In other words, unless one's task requires alertness—a constant readiness to react to unpredictable changes—one may need to tire one's self somewhat before one can do one's best work.

It must not be forgotten that this improvement in performance may itself be a sign of bodily impairment; it comes from a more effective distribution of available energy with respect to a particular task, not from an increase in energy available for general expenditure.

Incidentally, in the moderate stages of fatigue, while these attentional compensations are effective, the person may exhibit euphoria—an impression of "personal well-being," not shared by onlookers, and rather out of keeping with the facts. This finds its parallel in the exaltation of alcoholic intoxication, and in the behavior of aviators in the asphyxiation-tests.

As fatigue progresses, any interruption of routine may produce a reaction whose chief characteristic is emotionality. The driver of the car, for example, may curse and rage at disturbances which he would normally regard as trivial, and which may demand no more than reducing speed for a few yards, turning out for an obstruction, or dropping back one car-length in the procession. By this time not only is he unable to do anything well but drive; *he is unable to stop driving* except by a great effort.

Who does not note the similarity of this behavior to that of the drunk person who starts, for example, a speech—perhaps on an abstruse subject, and who cannot be silenced or diverted until he reaches general collapse?

Here we must mention another resemblance: the drunkard even after his joy in drinking has departed, when he is verging toward helplessness, continues to drink, and may resent most of all a suggestion that he desist. Similarly with persons intoxicated by fatigue. They often persist in activity, even though that activity is useless, postponing as long as possible a resort to rest. In other words, the fatigued person may exhibit an abnormal appetite for the agent of deterioration. Tired children afford a good example. They are the ones who fight the hardest against being put to bed.

Incidentally, our recent experiments on sleep suggest that one does not reach quietude the soonest and rest the most quietly after unusually heavy exertion: in fact, the contrary appears to hold. Ignorant parents indulge the pleas of their exhausted children to remain up;

they excuse this weakness by arguing that the child would not sleep if put to bed so soon. The fact may be that the child's resistance to being put to bed is a symptom of sleep-hunger and not by any means of satiety.

In advanced stages of fatigue the patient may relapse into habit-systems belonging to childhood instead of keeping the attitude of an adult. He may talk aloud to himself, personify inanimate objects with which he has to deal, and address them with inquiries, reproaches, threats, and curses. As the child, dependent on its parents rather than on its own efforts for effecting adjustments, tends to abandon to them the problems it fails to solve, so the fatigued person, like the drunk, tends to neglect his duties and to impose upon his associates.

Socialized systems of habits are usually acquired less readily than selfish ones, and are often less thoroughly fixed. They, therefore, tend to fail comparatively early in both fatigue and narcosis. In both cases the individual may disregard the effect of his behavior on other people, and become selfish, silly, boisterous, querulous, destructive, and pugnacious. If he remains a gentleman while his habit-system is disintegrating, it is because the habits of a gentleman are more firmly fixed in his make-up than are those tendencies called "native." There is a sound basis for the proverb: "*In vino veritas*," since those reaction-tendencies which persist the longest under stress are the ones which constitute one's fundamental character. But one may say, with equal justice, "*In fatigatione veritas*," since in fatigue, likewise, one's reaction-system disintegrates, and the most fundamental tendencies survive the others.

A final stage in fatigue, as in intoxication and asphyxiation, may be marked by hallucination and delirium. It will be recalled that a state of fatigue can be produced either by excessive exertion continued for a moderately long time, or by moderate exertion continued through an excessively long time. In other words, fatigue will proceed to the point of exhaustion, whether the rate of exertion be large or small, if only the patient is prevented from taking his normal rest and sleep.

In Dr. Kleitman's experiment on deprivation of sleep one subject developed a well-defined delusion, which lasted for several minutes. The present writer, after days of cross-country driving broken by very short and infrequent periods of rest and sleep, has been subjected to hallucinations, chiefly of voices. Fortunately such conditions lasted but a few seconds at a time, and never occurred in heavy traffic; else, this article would never have been written.

IV

As a final illustration of this main thesis let us remember that in certain religious practices of great antiquity delirium was something specifically sought for and systematic means for attaining it were devised, and in some degree standardized. The conditions under which the state is attained are those of starvation, narcosis, and fatigue —these conditions being produced as a matter of ritual.

We are familiar with the declarations of the Hebrew prophets that they had fasted "forty days and forty nights" or for "three full weeks" before the visions which they reported arrived. The figures may be symbolic rather than literal; the assertions may be a literary form; but is it likely that such a form would have been employed to give authenticity to the prophecy unless the people to whom it was addressed included many individuals who had attained ecstatic states by similar means?

The oriental medicine men resort to hasheesh and to bhang, of which hasheesh is a constituent. The American Indian chews hemp-leaves, or eats the mescal button. These devotees attain their holy delirium through narcosis.

The dancing dervish "dances before the Lord, and dances with all his might"

and thus gains his visions through fatigue. Similarly the monk—Buddhist as well as Christian—may keep vigils, spending his nights in pacing his cloister or cell and repeating his devotions until he reaches a similar state.

In such conditions as these the behavior of the subject is not definitely related to his environment, so that he is indeed, "freed from the domination of the external world."

However laudable may be the ends which are sought by these methods, it is improbable that the quality of the revelations and visions has been uniformly high. In primitive communities the prophet who shocked his hearers without convincing them was likely to be stoned to death as a blasphemer; and such records as we have suggest that at some times the mortality-rate among the Jewish prophets was rather high.

The monastic orders in the Catholic Church have had to deal with the problem. The Church has met it, in part, by refusing the seal of authenticity to all but a few revelations. Her orders require that all such reports be submitted to the superior before being broadcast. Following the example of St. Francis himself, they have urged moderation in such practices, insisting that the members should maintain a high state of physiological fitness for the duties required of them, rather than seek for personal ecstatic experiences.

We may sum up what has been said in a very few words: Every effect of alcohol which has any social significance can be produced by some degree of fatigue. Even with respect to intimate details of physiology, the two conditions appear to be essentially the same; and both are possibly but special instances of cell-asphyxiation. The two conditions are physiologically equivalent. Should they be equivalent socially?

If the mild feeling of exaltation which follows from a little alcohol is evil in itself and, therefore, to be legislated against, so is the euphoria which follows a game of golf. It may be, after all, that the golfer is essentially making use of a very expensive and time-consuming method of manufacturing alcohol within his body-cells instead of taking it directly from the outside. Perhaps the matter should be inquired into further, that something may be done about it.

If the euphoria which comes from alcohol is in itself a good, let us take comfort: one can derive it by attaining the proper degree of fatigue. Happy is he whose work produces just the right amount, and at just the right times of the day: he can keep his enjoyment though he be deprived of his liquor.

If the general mental and moral deterioration which accompanies immoderate drinking is undesirable for its own sake, and not merely because of the manner in which it was produced, then the work of the reformers has not even started, and will not be accomplished until, by proper distribution of labor and rest, and the abatement of poverty, overwork will be no longer necessary.

If the picture of the unsocial behavior of the tired individual is unattractive, his personal problem should be to work efficiently and not to slight the means of rest. Of these means sleep is probably the greatest, and perhaps the most neglected.

As one might argue in favor of light drinking rather than total abstinence, so one may argue against slothful rest. Perhaps if one never drank, never smoked, never used coffee, never worked hard, and always retired at nine-thirty P.M. one might postpone one's final dissolution for many years. Personally, the writer feels that longevity is purchased too highly at the price. A certain thrill is to be had from depleting one's strength and repairing it again; and zestful, creative, interesting work remains the ideal method.

A CASE OF TWO CAREERS

ANONYMOUS

AT THE very beginning I wish to admit that this narrative of two independent, income-earning careers in the same family is necessarily one-sided, since the same events are seen differently by different eyes, and this is the statement of only one of the two chief persons concerned.

By profession I am a writer and have always done my work at home. My material equipment for earning money consists of a table, a chair, a fountain pen, a stack of copy paper; and in addition there is the expense of typing what I have written. In twenty years of writing my cost of production has risen only to the extent that all prices have increased; and were it possible for me to net a million dollars a year it would mean no appreciable increase in my professional overhead.

I cannot recall the time when I was not an ardent feminist. From my college days America's foremost leaders in the causes of suffrage and greater freedom for women have been my close personal friends. I marched in the first suffrage parade that took place in the great city in which we live, and received my portion of the oral and material garbage hurled from the sidewalks at the men's scanty section.

So I believe that I am not approaching this case with any inborn hostility against woman's right to a place in the sun—if an independent, money-earning career for the wife can be considered a precious, sun-nurtured spot.

At a very early period in our married life my wife launched into a career unconnected with mine. In all fairness to the experiment of separate careers on which my wife and I embarked, I must say at the start that I look upon ourselves as pioneers in a new world of relationship between husband and wife—with no set traditions, like those of preceding generations, which we merely had to accept and follow. Ours was a venture more like that of Christopher Columbus, setting forth upon an uncharted sea. And Columbus, be it remembered, is to-day honored for discovering something which he did not set out to find. In this respect, of all true adventurers and pioneers he was the luckiest.

Notwithstanding my militant attitude toward the right of the wife to her own career, I married with the instinct which the ages have implanted in the male: to be entirely responsible for the support of his wife and any children which may result from the union. But a few years later, when our oldest child, a daughter, was still an infant, my wife developed a craving for an independent career that was almost unrestrainable—the urge of unformed powers for an outlet—what outlet she did not know. Financial necessity was not an important element in this vague, resistless urge; true, I was then still a beginner in my profession, but from the day of our first home there has never been a day when there was not at least one servant in the house—except for a brief period now and then when a maid walked out and another maid could not be induced to walk into the vacant place.

My wife was tireless—even frantic—in her attempts to attach herself in a

salaried position to this business or public movement, to that profession; but without success. The strain of unfulfilled desire was terrific on her, and also on me, since I loved her deeply and felt the impact of her every disappointment. All the tensity of her suffering had its natural overtones of misery in me, since we were then one instrument. Even at this early period I recognized that ours was a problem marriage, and at that time I conceived a solution which was to be my guide for almost twenty years. My wife had to have an outlet for her energies and a gratification of her desire for personal success or our marriage was doomed. I wanted the strain removed from our home, I wanted our marriage to be a success; so I decided that the only way to secure peace and save our threatened young marriage was for me to help my wife find and build herself a career.

"What is it you'd like most to do, and feel best equipped to do?" I asked her.

"I don't know," she cried out in her genuine and desperate suffering. "But I can't be happy just as a figure in the home where I'm using only part of myself. I've got to be out in the world where things are happening, doing something."

Being a writer, I was not out in this world where things are happening and where I could perceive opportunities and help her to find an opening. So I suggested the thing nearest to my hand and in which my usefulness to her might prove greatest.

"Why not take up the career of a writer?" I proposed. "You have many of the qualities which go to make up an influential and successful writer. I'll be your tutor and help you out in every other way I can. But you must remember that learning to be a writer, leaving out any gift for it, is just as hard as learning any other profession."

"Just the thing!" she exclaimed in ecstasy. "And I'll work—oh, I'll show you I'll do the necessary work!"

So we fervently settled down to this first phase of my wife's career—she was going to show me, and the world, that in her was a great writer! Our daily lessons kept up for a year or more; then again desperation seized her for its own. It was soon proved that she did not have the patience to endure the drudgery, the routine which are necessary to acquire even passable skill in any profession. She would have the germ of an idea and then was impatient if it did not flower instantly and perfect—that was her nature.

II

We abandoned the idea of writing as a career for her and considered many other possibilities. At length, after frantic searchings in our minds and considering what other women were doing, she hit upon an idea.

"I've hit upon it at last, John!" she greeted me excitedly one evening after I had come in after a long session with an editor. Instinctively she held back her next words for that heightened moment which a pause can give even to a prosaic drama of every-day living.

"What is it?" I asked.

"I'm going to be an interior decorator," she cried. "Now what do you think of that?"

"Fine," I declared heartily. "You have a knowledge of furniture and furnishings and a natural eye for color, arrangement, general effects. With a little practical experience in the business you should be doing mighty well."

Thus my wife entered upon what was at that time one of the newer professions, interior decoration, which has been her career from that day to this.

Here is an interpolation in this narrative which has no bearing on our specific case since we have two children, but which may have some significance upon the general problem of two careers in the same family. Some time ago I cast my eyes backward, upon friends whose marriages had taken place about the same year as our own. Out of those marriages I instinctively singled out

fourteen similar to ours in the one important detail that the wife had set forth upon an independent career with all her mental and physical functions controlled by the idea of being a success in that career. The one element of those fourteen marriages which gave me pause was: these twenty-eight persons had produced seven children. We are all of that original class which is frequently referred to as the most valuable stock in America; and yet this little group had fallen seventy-five per cent short of merely reproducing itself.

My wife started her career as an interior decorator upon a modest scale, as befitted a beginner. She acted as consultant to people who were creating new homes or were redecorating and refurnishing old ones. Frequently she first created her effects in inexpensive miniature to secure her client's O.K. before executing the work upon its full scale. And of course she did much work upon approval—and frequently the approval was not forthcoming.

She continued her career upon this basis for three or four years. But soon this method of conducting her business did not satisfy her. The basis from which she worked was too small and unalluring to draw such clients as she desired. It confined her ambition, which had already grown so that it hungered for a larger and more lucrative stage. I knew that she was doing much private thinking upon this subject.

"John," she suddenly burst out to me one evening, in the enthusiastic way which is hers, "I have worked out the best idea yet."

"Yes?" I inquired.

"It is the natural development of the business of a mere interior decorator on a small scale. You know as well as I do that the greater profits of interior decoration come from dealing with the rich, who can afford to pay the highest prices for materials—on which there is a proportionate commission—and who can afford to pay fat fees for services rendered."

"Of course I know that. But what's your new idea?"

Her brilliant new idea was a house, which was also to be the family residence, every detail of whose arrangement, decoration, and management should be a model to the rich prospective clients of what a home should be. She had the name for the house long before she had the house: it was to be called "The Home Beautiful."

I agreed to this new idea, which was to be put into effect at some later time when there was money to launch it.

But for a time, because of the lack of capital, the new development had to remain a desired dream. Then I had one of those minor strokes of fortune which occasionally befall an author, and we had the money to turn "The Home Beautiful" into a reality. This experiment of "The Home Beautiful" continued some thirteen years; and, running somewhat ahead of my testimony, during its final years—almost up to the day these lines are written—it was a large English-basement house in the very social center of our great city, where rentals and corresponding expenses are highest.

III

I shall not go into the further development of my wife's profession except as it affects the relations between husband and wife and the family. "The Home Beautiful" had my fullest approval and such assistance as I could give it; for I have already stated that I wanted my wife to be happy in a career. Years before I had conceived this as essential to a happy marriage, and the new enterprise seemed to me to promise her such a career as she had long hungered for.

As time passed there were several consequences of "The House Beautiful" which profoundly affected each member of the family. First, there was the matter of finance. To maintain so large a house up to the standard of my wife's ideal meant a great deal of service; and to release my wife from the usual do-

mestic and maternal cares of wife and mother so that she would be unencumbered in her profession meant further service.

Hitherto in our married life the banking had been in my name, and I had signed the checks for the family bills. But from the beginning of "The Home Beautiful" enterprise it was taken for granted that I, being a writer, with no overhead and slight personal expense, could conduct my affairs without banking credit; whereas my wife, besides handling the family accounts, was now a business woman and required credit for the proper conduct of her business. With my hearty approval, a joint bank account was established which gave my wife free checking access to all my earnings. Without going into details not pertinent to this narrative, my wife's control over the family income slowly grew with the years until at length the control was entirely in her hands. My agent was given orders to deposit directly into my wife's account all money earned by me and collected in my behalf; and for the past seven years I have not once been into our bank, and the only money I have had for my personal use has been money turned over to me by my wife.

I may add that during all this "Home Beautiful" period my net income, though irregular, has averaged better than that of a United States Senator or a Justice of the Supreme Court—certainly enough to have supported my family in modest comfort without added earnings from my wife. I have often gone over the matter of income and family expenses, comparing them, with the husband of my wife's older sister, who has no separate career and at no time contributes to her family in terms of money. My brother-in-law lives comfortably for a professional man, has sent three children through college, and has laid by a modest competence, which is growing.

"John," he said to me one day with a troubled air, when we had been discussing money, "during all these years your net income has averaged at least twice my net income. What's the matter?"

If at that time I saw the answer at least I did not give it to him.

With the expansion of my wife's ambitions and the need of space in which adequately to express and exhibit it, there came a contraction of the house space allotted to me. I had long had a desire for a study apart from my bedroom; but I needed so little physical equipment to earn my money—merely a desk and a table—that we were hardly more than installed in "The Home Beautiful" than I was crowded into my bedroom to do my work—and for the last thirteen years I have had a bedroom study, just as in the preceding years when such limited quarters were a necessity.

The house was my wife's place of business, the background and stage-setting of her ambition. She had her own private suite in which she lived entirely to herself, a room where she carried samples of materials, a secretary's room; and everything else in that great house was subordinated to the requirements of her career. And whenever we entertained she was inevitably the central figure, for this was her house, "The Home Beautiful" of her dream and her production.

My wife worked hard—as hard as two average women whose business it is to maintain a household. Gradually a change came about in our husband-and-wife relationship. It is difficult to be exact about the how and when in a slowly changing relationship that stretched over almost twenty years. But here is one concrete case. For myself I kept the hours most people keep; but since my wife had few clients during the early part of the day and could do best the concentrated planning for her career late in the night when there were no interruptions from our children, callers, or the telephone, she developed the habit of going to bed late and sleeping late in the morning, having her breakfast served in bed. This made it impossible for us to occupy the same living

quarters and meant the gradual elimination of the usual intimacies, sometimes inconsequential but dear, between husband and wife. For about a dozen years my wife occupied her suite on one floor of "The Home Beautiful" and I my bedroom-study on another floor. In the last six years I do not believe I have had six breakfasts with her. The children, as they came along, had their eight o'clock breakfast with me, for they had to be away to school.

In this gradual way, with the best of intentions on both sides, my wife came to dominate the family finances, she came to dominate all social functions in our house; for the house was essentially a stage-setting created to emphasize her personality and to create interest in her work. The house was never a home in which wife and husband were equal partners. It was the material expression of my wife's desire for an independent career.

My wife's great love was the children, and in turn they have always been devoted to her. She gave them her love unstintedly; she gave the best of her brains in planning for them; but naturally she could not bestow upon them the personal attention of a mother who has no second profession. I believe that our children, with the still unformulated senses of childhood, were not wholly happy in the management of this large house, where, if they stepped out of their own rooms, they felt they were continually stepping into one of our servants.

I shall never forget the remark one of my youngsters made to me. "Father," she asked wistfully, and with some resentment, "won't it ever be so that we can be just by ourselves, with no governess?"

Here is a by-product of my wife's control of finances which has perhaps always been a pettish annoyance. Our children knew that my wife was paying all the bills and they naturally conceived her as the source of all material things which affected their lives. So when they desired a pleasure that required money, or when they needed money for some unexpected school expense, it was to her they went, not to me. It seemed to me that I did not count with my children.

IV

These various causes which removed my wife from me, absorbing all her mental and physical energies, and transforming "The Home Beautiful" into a matriarchy, brought about a slow, subtle, almost unconscious change in me. This change brought a great disaster into my own life and into all our lives. With the glorification of my wife and the consequent submergence of myself into the background of the home, there developed in me what, for lack of a more accurate phrase, I shall designate by the popular term "inferiority complex." My wife had achieved a brilliant artistic success. And although "The Home Beautiful" was not always a business success—in fact there were many periods of terrific financial strain—my wife was widely honored because on the purely artistic side of her work she had no superior.

Several years ago, when my income was ranging between twenty and thirty thousand dollars a year and the spending of it was almost entirely in my wife's hands, I mentally surveyed this unusual home in which I had by degrees become so insignificant a figure. I also mentally surveyed the splendid figure of my wife and the career which I had helped build for her. Black gloom enveloped me. My soul kept asking me what all our long struggle was for—what it was gaining for *me* as an individual. As between our two careers, my wife's career was the one which had always been the main concern of our joint struggle, and our home had become almost solely an element of her personal aggrandizement and an extension of her career.

In my bitter thoughts it came to me that after this struggle of years I had no home; I was merely the occupant of one

room in an institution of which my wife was the head. It came to me that I no longer had a wife; that I was merely living under the same roof with a woman who was primarily the head of her institution, and whose absorption in her career had destroyed the womanly qualities of a wife; and that she had become a sort of nun gradually adopting the driving and remote qualities of a great abbess. I felt myself a consummate failure.

We had money—lots of money. But there was no money for vacation, for travel, for adventure into beckoning realms of thought and study which did not offer a guaranteed financial return. So much time did my wife spend in juggling with and satisfying pressing accounts for the moment that it seemed to me hardly half her time went into creative, money-earning effort.

My reaction to this complicated situation, as I now see it, was that of stupidity and weakness. Instead of squarely facing my problem, I turned to the easiest method of escape. I began to drink. Prior to my marriage I had never even tasted alcohol, and during our married life up to this period my drinking had been limited to an occasional cocktail at a dinner party, and this had not caused me to fall out of step with my work for a minute. But soon I was drinking regularly, drinking with definite if reckless purpose to make myself forget that I had no wife and no home, and to dull the edge of my despair over the sense of the comparative futility of my own career. I sought the soothing stupor and the brief, false importance which alcohol can give to one conscious of defeat.

My distressed wife, seeking my cure, took me to many specialists and to several sanitariums. I knew what my trouble was: but I did not care; there was no incentive for me in life. Yet my instinct to keep my wife out of the matter prompted me not to tell this. Among the questions asked me by the specialists was one which was ever-recurring:

"What is your home life, what are your personal relations with your wife?"

I lied and said everything was normal and happy. The specialists, not probing deeply enough and finding no other explanation for my sudden turning to alcohol in my middle years, ascribed, with a stupidity equal to my own, my condition to the outcropping of a possible ancient seam in my family, and had me treated as an alcoholic.

On one occasion my wife brought an old friend to plead with me, an eminent man in our city, whose eminence is largely based upon his understanding of human beings and the complications in which they become involved. His plea, in the presence of my wife, followed the standard procedure.

"John," the good man earnestly concluded, "you have name and friends. You have an admired and brilliant wife. You have a family of delightful children. In fact, you have everything a man needs to make him happy and contented. Why don't you brace up and make your wife and home happy?"

The devil in me urged me to come back at him with:

"You dear jackass, you're pleading with the wrong person"—but I held my tongue, and the next day I went to the second sanitarium.

During this period of drinking I worked hard and earned a fair amount of money. But my drinking, my not caring, and the sense of futility caused the loss of many old and valued business contacts.

After my return from the last sanitarium to which I was sent, I began drinking again. But shortly after I had a most serious and desperate session with myself. I knew what the basic trouble was, even if the doctors did not. As I saw matters at that time, and as I again reviewed my old problem of maintaining a happy marriage, the only solution to our situation was for me to try harder than ever before, make more money, lift from my wife all worry of the great financial strain caused by our overhead,

thereby re-establishing myself as a figure of some consequence in the family. To achieve this task meant that I must always be at my best, which, in turn, meant that I must cut out alcohol in every form.

The same day I reached this decision I went to the doctor who had been my sympathetic and patient friend throughout this period, and told him that I would never take another drink. Three years have elapsed, and I have kept my word. In other ways I have been weak or mistaken, but most certainly, I was not an alcohol addict.

I worked my hardest and sought to re-establish interrupted business contacts. But I was stale, I lacked the old flair; what I did I seemed to do through my craftsmanship and sheer effort. But I did regain some old contacts, my situation was turned back toward what it had been a few years before, and my financial returns were adequate to have maintained my family had its scale of living been that of the average family of men in my profession. But, as I have said, I had little to do with establishing our standard of living; and that standard of living was not in keeping with our actual needs and comforts.

At about the time when I was making this renewed great effort, my wife had several reverses in her affairs, and her income fell off alarmingly. Incidentally, she never seemed to have a proper understanding of the difference between gross income and net income—they were apparently the same in her eyes.

With our heavy overhead, our financial straits became more acute. My wife lived in economic agony, and I under so severe a strain as to make production slow and difficult.

"Why don't you do something to help me?" she cried out to me again and again.

"What more can I do," was my reply, "when every penny I earn goes into your hands, and when I am earning more now than I could hope to earn if I turned as a beginner to some other profession or to some business?"

And at other times in her desperation she cried out to me again and again, "Why don't you take me out of all this?"

"The only way I can possibly take you out," was my reply, "is for you and the family to live within my income."

"What, live in a tenement? Never! I can't run my business from a tenement!"

My net annual income, because of the irregularity of returns natural to my profession, has varied considerably since the far-away days of the launching of "The Home Beautiful"; but my worst year (and this came during my drinking periods) showed a net income of over ten thousand dollars—so the tenement need not have been an altogether unendurable place.

Matters drifted on, my wife always hoping for a turn for the better in our financial affairs. The shell of "The Home Beautiful" was somehow maintained; there was always a butler, or a finished parlor-maid, to answer the bell and receive my wife's clients, but there was no spending money in our pockets. Under the strain in which we had so long existed romance had been driven out of our lives, and even the placid companionship in marriage, the desire to build up and hold together a family as a unit, had almost disappeared. We spoke many times of a separation, divorce.

"Let's end this hollow show we're making before the world," my wife exclaimed, as almost every modern woman has at times exclaimed. "Any day you ask for a divorce I'll give it to you."

Nevertheless, nothing happened. Matters continued to drift on, growing more strained and complicated. About a year ago my wife undertook a piece of work which required her constant absence from our city for several months. One result of her absence was that my earnings came into my own hands for the first time in many years. Another result was that the bills for the first time in many years were referred to me. I was startled by the current bills of my first month's stewardship, but I promptly paid all I could upon them, and then

asked my wife's secretary to prepare for me a complete statement of all indebtedness.

I knew in a general way that our affairs were in a sad condition, but I was appalled by the concrete facts of our total indebtedness as expressed in the figures of the statement the secretary laid before me. I did not see how, living as we lived and keeping on living in such a way, we were ever going to stagger through to solvency. With those figures before me, I thought and thought. Finally I came to a conclusion which marked the end of the long years of struggle to secure married happiness by aiding my wife's separate career.

I had to take over control of my own earnings and the method of their disbursement in order to try to protect the future of the children, to lay up something if possible against rainy days and oncoming years. So long had matters been dominated by my wife that I saw that only extreme measures would regain for me this control—separation followed by divorce. The withdrawal of my earnings from the support of "The Home Beautiful" would automatically be the end of that draining enterprise, and would force us all down to a sound if bitter economic basis.

This decision, made in solitary thought, tore at all the fabric of my being; for I am of the generation that was bred in sentiment and conventional ideas regarding marriage. I wanted counsel and advice upon my decision, and the person I first sought out was the person who knew at first-hand the most about the development of affairs in our family—my older daughter. I showed her the financial statement my wife's secretary had prepared and told her that I had decided that the one way out for all of us was separation and divorce.

My daughter showed no such distress as I had suffered. She was sorry, but she had a sane balance. She said in her direct, clear-minded fashion, that my proposed decision was the only practical procedure—that she would help in the economic readjustment—and she kissed me warmly at the end of our discussion. Incidentally, this experience with my daughter is one more item which makes me believe that the best of the much berated present young generation is far more sane and wholesome in its attitude toward the realities of life than the generation which gave it birth.

I moved my few personal belongings out of "The Home Beautiful" and, in as friendly a spirit as the circumstances made possible, wrote my wife that I had decided we had been right in our earlier discussions about separation. I asked for a divorce, and I offered to be financially responsible for the maintenance of the children.

When I next saw my wife, some three months later, we met as friends, but the meeting took place in the presence of our respective lawyers. She agreed to the proposal of a separation but she was not prepared for divorce. She explained that her profession made her something of a public figure, and divorce might injure her career.

Here ends my narrative of the long experiment of two careers in one family made by two earnest people. "The Home Beautiful" is no more; the family, as a unit, no longer exists; and my wife, with my best wishes, is now carrying on her career upon a more modest basis. As for me, in many respects I am back where I was before my marriage. I occupy modest bachelor lodgings and, with my wife's best wishes, I am striving to start my career all over again.

GEORGE SAND: DAUGHTER OF EVE

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

A HUNDRED years ago a young French woman, Amande Aurore Lucie Dupin, better known as George Sand, tried all the radicalism, all the rebellion, all the emancipations that are supposed to make the college girl of to-day and tried them with a thorough fervor and completeness that no college girl of to-day could possibly surpass. Few persons have had a more picturesque inheritance than Aurore Dupin. Among her ancestors she counted a King of Poland, an opera-dancer, and a tenor who sang about the popular concert halls. Born in the climax of the Napoleonic period, in 1804, losing her father when very young, she was brought up in a conflict between her grandmother, who belonged to the old regime, and her mother, who belonged to the new. Yet she had the essentials of strict French education, having been largely trained in a convent. Here on the one hand she went through an extreme experience of passionate mysticism and then she passed to the other excess of social enjoyment, in both marking characteristic traits of her intensely enthusiastic and intensely human temperament.

After she got out into the world her mother finally succeeded in bringing about a thoroughly French conventional marriage. Casimir, Baron Dudevant, was a typical country squire, who drank, swore, gambled, and ran after women. He appreciated and respected his wife's superiority and was disposed on the whole to do well by her. But the superiority disconcerted and irritated him. He did not know how to meet it and in the end he found it unendurable.

Aurore at first adapted herself to domestic life with reasonable decorum, and for eight years she continued to be a respectable wife and mother. She bore two children, and maternal devotion was at all times one of her most marked characteristics. But gradually her restlessness and discontent grew intolerable. Her husband was always indifferent and sometimes brutal. And she came more and more to feel that there were things that she was not getting out of life that she might get and ought to get. In the last of these domestic years there came up a Platonic regard for a certain Aurélian de Sèze, with whom the young wife carried on an ardent correspondence, and when this affair grew to a climax and broke off she felt that the end had come and that she must organize her world on a different basis.

She explained matters to her husband as well as she could, as well as such a situation could be explained; and it must be admitted that on the whole he took it with surprising equanimity. In the end he agreed to give her a very modest allowance and to let her spend a portion of every year in complete independence in Paris, while the remainder of the time was to be passed at Nohant in the country with her family.

It was a singular arrangement, but it just suited Aurore. Her life in Paris, when she got there, was perfectly bohemian. For some years before it had been her practice to ride about her country home in man's costume, and now she bobbed her hair and went through the Paris streets and restaurants in inconspicuous boy's clothing. She

smoked cigarettes and cigars like any college girl of to-day, and she threw herself into the literary life with all the fervor and all the ardor of creation. At first she had her difficulties. Editors and publishers were reluctant to take her seriously: they could not believe that a young woman from the country could write anything worth while. But she had indomitable courage and persistence, she never gave up. And when she wrote *Indiana* and *Valentine* and *Lélia*, she had the literary world at her feet.

These novels were stories of sex that would enrapture the young woman of the present day, not indeed in the actual tissue of the narrative, since they are long-winded and sentimental and not in the taste or tone that to-day prefers. But the substance is the same, the longing of the heart for understanding and sympathy, the vast struggle to realize impossible desires, the tendency to self-expression in all directions.

And if George Sand tried to write sex stories, she was also determined to live them. Not a page of life was to be left unturned, not a savor to be left unrelished. No experiment, however mad, however wild, was to be undared, undone. In this spirit she entered on the long list of experimental lovers, with whom she endeavored to satisfy the unconquerable quest for the impossible. First there was Jules Sandeau, who gave her half of his name and wrote her early novels with her, and deceived her and undeceived her, or so she thought. And there was Mérimée, for a little time, who seemed as hopelessly unsuited to her as a human being could be. And there was the long romance with Alfred de Musset, which came near to wrecking both their lives. There was the passionate idyl at Fontainebleau, and the long disillusion in Venice, which both of them told over in strange, high-wrought narratives afterwards. And in the midst of this Venetian ecstasy George went astray with the Italian doctor Pagello, lured apparently by his healthy vigor and sane masculinity, as compared with Musset's over-sensitive and unreal poetical temperament.

After she returned home, it was the advocate who was defending her cause and helping her to get a final separation from her husband who for the time established an ascendency over her, until his domination became too urgent and too annoying. And this infatuation yielded at length to the influence and presence of Chopin, who for eight years was an inmate of George's household, traveled with her, worked with her, suffered and enjoyed with her, and for the time mingled her life so much with the tissue of his own that it seemed as if they could never be torn apart.

And all the time she was writing life as well as living it, turning her own passionate experience into more passionate stories for others. And all the time she was living a home life as a mother and even as a wife; for after all she was an essentially domestic creature, and home habits and home thoughts and home preoccupations were essential to her, and she believed that there was nothing in the world she cared so much for as she did for her children, and perhaps she was right.

II

Through all these mad adventures and strange experiences the distinguishing feature and the fundamental characteristic of George Sand's temperament was her essential idealism. And I ask myself whether in this she differs from the young person of the present day, whether the cynical after-experience of the great war has really destroyed the illusions of youth, or whether there is still underneath the undying aspiration and the unconquerable hope. Certainly these things were present in George Sand always, and always she retained an extraordinary, persistent power of self-delusion about persons and

things. The remarkable point is that, especially in earlier years, the delusion was accompanied by the most piercing bursts and flashes of clear vision, of cynical disillusion, when for the moment all the bare ugliness of fact and truth stood out in its prevailing horror. No one could appreciate this horror or state it more clearly or violently, for the time, than she did. Then the illusion again involved the world, and men and women and life were once more enveloped in a mist of tenderness and love and charm. In her own engaging phrase: "I know nothing in the world but loving and believing in an ideal."

The most striking illustration of George Sand's idealism is her Autobiography, the *Histoire de Ma Vie*. Here everything is in a sense veracious. There is truth of detail, undeniable record of indisputable fact. Yet somehow, over everything, there is a sweet, sunlit glow, a pervading atmosphere of gentle tenderness, which transforms and transfigures, gives a touch of unreality, or more properly, of ideality, to the most unpromising incidents and the most unattractive people.

We get this effect at the very threshold with the elaborate studies of the grandmother and the mother. Both these women are suggested and portrayed as they really were no doubt, at moments almost remorselessly. Yet something in the perspective, something in the grace of touch, something in the handling of the accessories, makes us see them with the charm and the attraction that they both had for the daughter and the granddaughter, with the real devotion that she undoubtedly felt for both of them, different as they were.

If George Sand was a thorough-going idealist as a daughter and granddaughter, she was equally so as a mother. She worshipped her son Maurice from his cradle with adoration and admiration, but he only moderately justified the feelings. He had a touch of his mother's gift, but he was an amateur, where she was always professional. He was by no means ever the genius that his mother thought he was.

With Solange, the daughter, the case was different. Solange, as so often happens, was too like her mother for the two to get on comfortably together. She ran much the same career that her mother did, but she had not the illusions; and to the mother the illusions were the essence of life. George did her best, but she complains in despair of how little she accomplished, "I brought her into the world, I cherished her, whipped her, adored her, spoiled her, scolded her, punished her, pardoned her, and with it all I do not understand her in the least."

Solange quarreled with Maurice because of a young woman, whom the mother, rather unwisely, introduced into the family. The daughter married a brute, against her mother's wishes, left him, and began the same irregular life that her mother had lived, to her mother's infinite disgust. Yet with it all the mother did what she could to keep on good terms with Solange to the end, and the death of Solange's little daughter Jeanne was one of the cruelest blows the grandmother ever had to meet.

George Sand was an idealist in general human relations as well as in the more personal. She had a genius for friendship and the supreme gift of seeing and cherishing what was best in those she loved. In general society she was neither easy nor responsive. She was not especially beautiful, small and almost insignificant, when you first met her, but what everyone emphasizes is the searching power and penetrating impression of her dark eyes. She had little wit, little laughter herself, though she had a strange vein of nonsense, which appears in some of the early letters to Flaubert. She liked to have a whirlwind of gayety about her, and the house at Nohant was often alive with practical jokes and a robust sort of fooling, which delighted Maurice but was sometimes rather disconcerting to casual visitors. The hostess herself, however, took little part in all this, but moved

through it, indifferent, quiet, evasive, absorbed in her own thoughts and dreams.

The climax, the fine flower, the full embodiment of George Sand's ideal instinct and genius for friendship appear in the correspondence between her and Flaubert, which, like that between Goethe and Schiller, or between Emerson and Carlyle, is one of the great spiritual exchanges of the world, and is perhaps the most remarkable. What is notable is the way in which George secures and maintains her spiritual superiority. Able and noble as Flaubert was, you feel in her the larger and the loftier nature, and, as with Emerson and Carlyle, you are all the time aware, in Emerson's own phrase, that George Sand is "writing down to Flaubert" and that he appreciates and instinctively acknowledges her supremacy.

But the chief manifestation of George Sand's idealism was undoubtedly in her love affairs, and it is here above all that her vast effort to realize the impossible finds its scope and its full play. She was determined to distill the last drop, the last atom of celestial rapture that love would yield her, and she made upon poor human nature demands more severe than it could by any means satisfy. She wanted love to develop every aspect and phase of emotion. The mother-instinct, especially, was marked in her; in her own words, "my dominant passion, as you say, has been maternity." This makes her an excellent mark for the comment of the Freudians, and the Œdipus theory has in her one of its most luminous illustrations. Indeed, both she and Musset note, with a sort of shrinking horror, a maternal element in their caresses, and they both mark it as almost approaching incest.

In consequence of this maternal quality it has been suggested and asserted that the mere passion of the senses was a lesser feature in George Sand's love-making than the imagination, and that in this aspect she was not a lover of the most violent order. But this seems to me a misunderstanding, so far as one can judge on such a point, and I believe that she was to the full as capable of passion as any woman could be. The distinction in her case was that she had in a high degree the feminine reluctance to accept the flesh without the spirit, she was passionately bound to infuse the ardor of the spirit into the last intensity of physical rapture. Her attitude is well summed up in the lines of the old poet D'Avenant,

> Fond maids, who love with mind's stuff would mend,
> Which nature purposely of bodies wrought.

But George Sand has expressed the same thing most vividly and effectively in the letter of astonishingly frank self-confession which she wrote to Grzymala as a prelude to accepting Chopin as a lover. In regard to physical love she says, "This way of looking at the last embrace of love has always been repugnant to me. If the last embrace is not as sacred, as pure, as devoted as the rest, there is no virtue in abstaining from it. . . . Can there be for lofty natures a purely physical love and for sincere natures a purely intellectual one? . . . To distrust the *flesh* cannot be good and useful except for those who are all *flesh*. . . . The magnet embraces the iron, the animals come together by the difference of sex. . . . Man alone regards this miracle which takes place simultaneously in his soul and his body as a miserable necessity, and he speaks of it with distrust, with irony, or with shame. This is passing strange. The result of this fashion of separating the spirit from the flesh is that it has necessitated convents and brothels." Always the cry of the incurable idealist, and one recurs to D'Avenant,

> Which nature purposely of bodies wrought.

With such an attitude towards the possibilities and the satisfactions of love, it is obvious that George Sand would not be likely to find much contentment

in lovers of flesh and blood. She did not. She tried one after another, demanded of all of them raptures and ecstasies and perfection that human nature could not give, and the result was disillusion and disaster.

In the search for the fulfilment of her ideal she turned first to one typical aspect of it and then to another. Musset, for example, the frail, delicate, high-wrought, sensitive, poetical child, brought out all the maternal instinct in her. Her first thought with him was care and fostering tenderness and motherly solicitude. For a long time they clung to each other with desperate passion. Life apart seemed absolutely impossible, and the alternative of death together was to be preferred and sought: "All this, you see, is a game that we are playing; but our hearts and our lives are the stakes, and things are not quite so gay as they appear to be. Shall we go blow out our brains together at Franchart? It will be the quickest and easiest way."

Then there was the strange interlude of the Venetian doctor Pagello, to whom the lady offered herself, apparently because he embodied an ideal of sanity and health and robust common sense and everything that the frail and nervous poet had not. And here again there was disappointment; for muscle and common sense were no more satisfying in the end than imagination and nerves.

And the next resource was the radical and political advocate, who represented brains. Perhaps after all brains were a surer comfort, a more adequate source of companionship, than either nerves or muscles. But the brain failed also, proved in the end hard and dry and exacting, even more difficult to live with comfortably than the muscles or the nerves.

So the poor lady once more resorted to the fundamental instinct of mother and nurse and took on her hands the invalid Chopin, and kept him for eight years, more as a tenderly fostered and protected child than as a lover. Yet all the time she resented the lack of love, and of the terrible, furious exchange of passion which was just as necessary to her as the fostering tenderness. And in the end she wearied of being nurse and mother, wearied finally of the hopeless attempt to be lover at all, and settled down, with age and satiety, to the gray and dreary acceptance of a life in which love was an admitted impossibility and the ideal must remain forever unrealized.

But through all this wide Odyssey of amorous quest, what is notable is the singular ideal candor of her spiritual attitude. Never once does the notion of offense or sinning occur to her. Her aim throughout has been of the highest, her intention has been pure. Of what account is it that her action has sometimes faltered and gone astray? How delightful is her description of herself as "*presque vierge*," or as our slang of to-day would have it, a "near virgin." There is no sense of soil or stain about her, no admission of wrong-doing in any way whatever. The perpetual cry of her heroines and herself, the Valentines, the Indianas, the Lélias, is that life is imperfect and inadequate and incomplete, not they themselves. It is the old, old wail of the unsatisfied idealist, the demand for the impossible, the perpetual aspiration and the perpetual disillusion that inevitably accompanies it. And no better words can be found for it than the passionate utterance of Lélia herself: "Love, Stenio, is not what you think; it is not the violent bending of all the faculties towards a created being, it is the sacred aspiration of the most ethereal portion of our soul toward the unknown. Creatures bound down by impassable limits, we ceaselessly seek to delude the insatiable desires that consume us; we strive to find them an object near at hand and, poor prodigals that we are, we endow our perishable idols with all the immaterial beauty that adorns our dreams. The emotions of the senses do not suffice us. Nature has nothing perfect enough in all its treasure-house of naïve joys to

appease the thirst for happiness that is within us: we require heaven, and we have it not."

III

As George Sand was an idealist in the more general human relations, so it would naturally be expected that she would be an idealist in her art, in her chosen profession of novel-writing. She was an idealist in the general conception and handling of her work and in the method and detail of it. Long and laborious planning to carry out elaborately conceived intellectual effort was not her way. Everything was inborn, instinctive, spontaneous. From her childhood she was a weaver of dreams, and when she determined to write, all she had to do was to weave her dreams and reveries into tangible human relations. As she puts it herself, broadly and generally, "Literature must be the outcome, direct or indirect, of the ideal."

As her conceptions were instinctive and spontaneous, her method of production was equally so. She could drop down and write anywhere. She had paper and pens all over the house, so that she could catch her thoughts whenever they overcame her. She could write with the children playing about her and the parrot chattering. Her work undeniably had the defects of improvisation. It was often slovenly, heedless and incomplete, unfinished. But it had the charm of improvisation also, the wide, sure sweep, the divine, natural ease, the unfailing, instinctive grace of movement. All these things Flaubert saw and envied, and wondered how she achieved at a touch the easy perfection which he toiled so long and so vainly to attain. With George Sand to write was as natural as to breathe, and it is quite credible that the stories flowed so easily that she could finish one after midnight and begin another before morning.

Again, the idealistic attitude shows in the treatment of ambition, the long and eager quest for distinction and glory. No one felt the enthusiasm of her art more than George Sand did, "her art which she loved more than anything else in the world." But just because it was all inborn, there was little conscious effort about it. She did not deliberately seek success because of the popularity and glory that went with it. She wrote because it was natural to her and she could not help it. It was her form of expressing the deepest needs and passions of her spirit. They were in her and they had to come out: "As I have no ambition to be known, I never shall be. The greater part of writers live in bitterness and struggle, I know; but those who have no greater ambition than to earn their livelihood live in the shadow peaceably." And no doubt many authors make these disclaimers of ambition, and in most cases one suspects either self-deception or deliberate hypocrisy under such statements. But they seem to come as near being true with George Sand as with anyone.

There is the idealistic attitude again in regard to money. Personally, George Sand's needs and her habits were simple. She was indifferent to luxury and required for herself only the bare necessities of life. Also, she was always honorably scrupulous in money matters. An obligation was an annoyance to her and a debt was quite intolerable. It distressed her to have her affairs out of order and to feel that she had undertaken financial responsibilities which she could not meet.

On the other hand, with money, as with other things, order and system were repugnant to her. Routine she hated; and for most of us in money matters routine is the only safety. And she was at all times an immense and constant spender. It was not her own personal needs that consumed the money. It was the needs and demands of those about her, and her generosity was unlimited.

Consequently, she was too often short of cash and had to get it as best she could, and the result was not always advantageous to her art. Too many of her

chapters, if not books, showed a tendency to become pot-boilers under the unfortunate influence of financial pressure.

With the passage of years the money did flow in, and with it came glory and popular applause. And it would be idle to deny that George Sand enjoyed these things, however she might disclaim them and announce her indifference to them. When men praised her, she liked it, and above all, when they neglected her and grew indifferent and turned to other work and other workers, she felt the sting. There is no field of the artist's effort where these successes and failures are appreciated more immediately or more tangibly than in the theater, and for many years George Sand tried her fortune in the theater, with varying success and with infinite satisfaction as well as disappointment.

If George Sand was an idealist in artistic method and attitude, she was quite as much so in artistic achievement. Not for her was the slow laborious rendering of the sordid detail of the surface of life, but there was always the impetuous effort to transform and transfigure reality with ideal beauty. Sometimes this was accomplished by artistic climaxes; and when these grew naturally and logically out of the movement and development of the story, they were often in a high degree impressive and effective, as with the admirable theatrical triumphs of Consuelo, which it is impossible for any sympathetic reader to resist. And again there was deference to the cheap romantic devices of the day, the hidden trapdoors, the mysterious caverns, the tricks and passwords, which make the later portion of this same *Consuelo* rather wearisome to the modern reader. Even in the best of her novels George Sand was too much inclined to claptrap of this sort, in the vein of *The Castle of Otranto* and Mrs. Radcliffe.

The same idealism of handling appears in the region of character. This was never George Sand's strong point, and her range and variety of human types is comparatively limited. For women it may well be said that the only figure that she drew with real power and success was herself. There is always a contrasted type, for purposes of conflict and comparison, the Anais of *Valentine*, the Pulchérie of *Lélia*, the Amélie of *Consuelo*. But in many of the novels the same heroine appears, strong, modest, self-contained, unpretentious, but dominant and dominating, Valentine, Indiana, Consuelo, the Therèse of *Elle et Lui*, Lucrezia Floriani—above all, Lélia, and always this heroine is George Sand herself. It is curious to see how the same personage is manifest in the Autobiography, *Histoire de Ma Vie*, and always with the leading position, the *beau rôle*. The extraordinary thing is that this figure should be so dominant and so charming, and every one of these heroines commends herself with a winning magic that is difficult to understand.

It is far otherwise with the heroes. It is indeed humiliating to the human male to feel that women so shrewd, so keen-sighted, and so different as Jane Austen and George Sand should misunderstand and misinterpret him so completely—if only they did not understand him too well. And under it all you cannot help feeling a vast instinctive contempt, a sense that the sole function of the male is to fecundate the female and then die. Now masculine vanity does not wholly relish this conception of the end and aim of the male human being in the universe.

It is curious to reflect that this conception of the great feminine idealist finds its counterpart, to a large extent, in the treatment of the world's great realistic artist, Shakespeare. The men of Shakespeare certainly appear—to other men—more real than those of George Sand, but their reality is to the full as earthy as that of her men. And Shakespeare's women have the ideal superiority, the Portias, the Violas, the Imogens have the celestial, sustained perfection that belongs to Lélia and Consuelo.

But undoubtedly what most idealizes all these elements in George Sand is the

charm and the magic of her style. It is not in all ways a perfect style. It is too facile, too flowing, at times almost approaching the slipshod. But its very quality of improvisation gives it a divine ease and grace which all the long labor of Flaubert could never equal. There is a depth and a delicacy of rhythm, which no translation can suggest, but which is hardly surpassed in any French prose anywhere. It is this echoing, resonant, rhythmic quality that Thackeray indicated when he said that George Sand's diction "recalled the sound of country bells falling sweetly and sadly on the ear."

The most enduring element of beauty in George Sand, the source of unfailing delight, is her description of the natural world. Here she had not only poetic idealism, but a secure basis of exact and scientific observation, since she was a trained botanist and geologist. And the strength and depth of her nature feeling lie in her sense of the simple things of every day that are about us everywhere. She often felt and described striking scenes and exceptional situations. But she was most at home in the landscape of her own Berry with which she had grown up and her best novels are full of this landscape, *Valentine* and the simple pastoral stories, *La Petite Fadette*, *François Le Champi*, which are perhaps her most permanent work. In all these there is the feeling of open fields and clear sky, of winding wood-paths traced through the witchery of sinuous green, of delicate ferns and fading flowers, scattered in exhaustless profusion over the nuptials of lovers and their burial places.

And after the gorgeous luxury of summer days, there is the serene majesty of winter nights, and the tranquil splendor of the stars. Perhaps no writer has rendered this high-wrought glory of night with more largeness or more intensity than George Sand, as for example in the invocation to Sirius, in *Lélia:* "Sirius, king of the long nights, sun of the somber winter, thou that precedest the dawn in autumn and plungest beneath our horizon in quest of the sun of spring! Brother of the sun, Sirius, monarch of the firmament, thou who bravest the white clarity of the moon when all the other stars pale before her, and who piercest with eye of fire the heavy veil of misty nights. O the fairest, O the grandest, the most brilliant of the torches of the night, pour down thy white rays upon my dewy locks, restore hope to my trembling soul and vigor to my frozen limbs. Shine about my head, illuminate my path, pour upon me the waves of thy rich light. King of the night, guide me to the beloved of my heart!"

IV

As the final phase of George Sand's idealism, we should consider its interpenetration of her intellectual and spiritual life.

She was a thorough-going idealist in politics and threw herself with wholehearted ardor into all the democratic enthusiasm of her time. The revolution of 1848 inspired her with all the hopes, all the vague aspirations that it brought to so many eager lovers of humanity, and when it failed and passed into the imperialism of Napoleon the Third, the disappointment was as crushing for her as for others, though her ardent power of hoping reconciled her to the new regime more speedily than others were able to accomplish it.

Sainte-Beuve reproaches George Sand with her readiness to adopt political ideas second-hand from others; and it is true that she was quick to catch new theories and was a ready and responsive follower of Saint-Simonism, and of the notions of Le Roux, of Mazzini, and of many other political agitators. What Sainte-Beuve misses is the human intensity and the inborn fervor of instinctive idealism which enabled George Sand to take these theories of others into her own spirit and make them her own with a new significance and far-reaching vitality. These qualities of human love

and sympathy were precisely what Sainte-Beuve lacked, and the abundance of them is what makes George Sand eternally lovable and great. It is her undying belief in human nature and her unbounded love for it, even when she does not and cannot believe in it, that will always make her attractive. Love was the essential principle of her life, love for individuals, love for mankind in general, a spontaneous outflow of maternal tenderness, as inexhaustible as it is delightful: "I pity humanity, I want it to be good, because I cannot separate myself from it, because it is myself, because the evil that it does cuts me to the heart, because its shame makes me blush, because its crimes wring my soul, because I cannot conceive of paradise either in earth or heaven for myself alone."

The distinguishing feature of George Sand's intellectual life was an incessant, restless, unappeasable mental activity. Her thinking may not have been always original or profound, but it was manifold and unceasing. In the preface to *Lélia* she speaks of "the anguish which is inexplicable to those who live without seeking the cause and the end of life." She was not one of them: life to her was a matter of questions and problems and she was agonized by the ceaseless endeavor to solve the problems and to answer the questions. Even in her childhood she ran over a vast collection of French and English and German philosophers, and the result was a jumble of speculation from which she never altogether escaped.

The first phase of this spiritual effort was an application of her uncompromising ideal standards to the actual facts of life with disastrous consequences. Compared with her dream of what the world should be, the realization of what it actually was was hideous, disgusting, unthinkable; and she fell into a despairing pessimism, from which the only refuge was passionate rebellion, the determination to do everything that in her lay to make the world different and more like the ideal that she had always dreamed. Nowhere are there finer, more immortal utterances of this Promethean attitude,

> The courage never to submit or yield,
> And what is else not to be overcome,

than in some of the pages of *Lélia*.

The inevitable outcome of such disgust with this world was the thought of leaving it. From a very early age the idea of suicide seems to have been a familiar one, and death was prefigured not as something horrible, but as a sweet possible refuge, an always open door of escape. "Oh, enlighten me, infinite light. Why hast thou permitted that from my tenderest age death has always appeared to me so beautiful and so attractive?" Not only in the tragic climaxes of love-affairs, but at many other periods, this thought of suicide intrudes and recurs.

But such an attitude cannot continue: it must terminate or change. The two alternatives appear to be, either to get out of life finally and completely or to accept it as it is. And with the passage of years George Sand compels herself to such acceptance and makes it ample and entire. The transition by which this is effected is the transference of emphasis from self to others. Not to live in the meager, circumscribed I, but in the larger, ampler unity of all things, that is the transforming secret: "This feeling that *the whole* is greater, nobler, stronger, and better than we, keeps us in the lovely dream that you call the illusions of youth and that I for my part call the ideal, that is, the view and the sense of what is true above the circle of the narrower horizon. I am an optimist in spite of all that has torn me to pieces, it is perhaps the sole great quality that I have."

This sense of the whole takes the more definite and concrete form of a growing belief in God. Even in earlier days Lélia had been haunted by a mystical preoccupation with the divine; but as time went on, this vague instinct of spiritual communion crystallizes to an increasing confidence in a more concrete deity, something analogous to the *Dieu des bon gens*

of Béranger, a tolerant, amiable, creating, sustaining father, who is patient with the waywardness of his creatures because he is responsible for it. And with the belief in God goes a steady belief in a future life and an assurance that we shall once more, somewhere, somehow see and converse and live with those we love. This belief is insisted upon frankly because life is felt to be impossible without it.

For it must be admitted that, charming and attractive as this later spiritual phase of George Sand is, there is a certain unreality in it which detracts something from its value. She herself, with the magnificent candor and clear-sightedness which is one of her chief charms, was ready to the end to admit the forced and artificial quality of her optimistic attitude. There were moments when the rosy veil of idealism was split and torn apart, when she became bitterly aware of the hollowness and emptiness of a life lived wholly for others, and a black gulf of doubt and death opened yawning beneath her feet. Such a moment is suggested in this passage of a late letter to Flaubert: "How you torment yourself and how you allow life to overcome you. For what you complain of is life: it has never been better for anyone or in any age. We feel it more or less, we understand it more or less, we suffer from it more or less, and the more one is in advance of the age in which one lives, the more one suffers. We pass like shadows on a background of clouds, which the sun hardly and rarely pierces, and we cry unceasingly for this sun which cannot be had. It is our business to clear away the clouds as best we can." Then the rosy veil knits together again, she reaffirms her would-be tranquil assurance of God and of the future, and forgets.

It is because of this element of unreality in her optimistic attitude that, at any rate to those who do not perfectly sympathize with that attitude, the real, the immortal George Sand will remain the poet of an earlier day, the Lélia whom she so often declared to be identified with herself, the spirit of eternal longing, eternal question, eternal despair. It is the magnificent rebel who demanded of existence the impossible, which it could never yield, who at all times asked too much of life, who was passionately set upon making the world over on an ideal model, who looked and longed for "the ideal life, which is none other than the normal life as we are called to know it." And no utterance of hers will endure longer or echo more supremely in the ear of the world than the outcry of Lélia on the platform of Camaldoli: "I grope in darkness and my tired arms grasp nothing save delusive shadows. And for ten thousand years, as the sole answer to my cries, as the sole comfort in my wretchedness, I hear astir, over this earth accurst, the despairing sob of impotent agony. For ten thousand years I have cried in infinite space: *Truth! Truth!* For ten thousand years infinite space keeps answering me: *Desire, Desire.* O Sibyl forsaken! O mute Pythia! dash then thy head against the rocks of thy cavern, and mingle thy raging blood with the foam of the sea; for thou deemest thyself to have possessed the almighty Word, and these ten thousand years thou art seeking him in vain." Such an outcry may be tragic, hopeless, despairing, terrible: it is at least real, and there is a vast depth of human nature under it.

HOSPITAL NIGHT

BY JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

IT is after seven, and the last nurse has put in her head, to see if I have any flowers. If I have they go to spend the night in the weighing bath-room. She is a vapid young thing, round blue eyes and round yellow curls under her cap, but I try to keep her.

"It is going to be a warm night," I begin.

Her intention is kind but her attention wanders. She will be off duty in another five minutes. "You'll be fine," she says. "You'll have a nice long sleep." She goes starchily away, to a giggling good time most certainly; one can hear the lilt of it in her escaping feet.

I might as well read. My head does not ache any worse when I read than when I don't. This is said resentfully and untruthfully at some imaginary objection. Curious, that shadow of disapproval eternally hanging over one's actions. I suppose it is the effect of having grown up in a large family.

My books are not the result of choice; they have simply happened. There is the Bible that is in the top bureau drawer of every room. I have been reading with a strong sense of astonishment the story of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego in the fiery furnace. There seems to be no historical basis for the ancient couplet about Nebuchadnezzar; it probably was born of the fact that King of the Jews rhymes with shoes. I write poetry that way myself. I am not so familiar with the Bible as I should be—I notice that people always say "as I should be" in that connection—because in my family it was considered priggish to be caught with the holy book in one's lap. "Reading the *Bi*-ble!" I can hear the jibe to this day and feel a swift impulse to slip the book under the covers if the door opens.

I have magazines—but I would rather write them than read them; a book by a reformed thief, detailing his prison experiences—but I am in no mood for brutalities; a lusty chronicle of Eighteenth Century Germany, full of rape and torture; *David Copperfield* in thin paper, better than ever at this *n*th rereading, but so sad. Can't a happy book be literature, or literature be happy? I resolve that I will write such a book and then, when I fall ill, I shall have it to read. I have also a French novel, no sadder than marital unfaithfulness, which, however painful in English, does not seem so very sad in French; but the bad print hurts my eyes. French eyes must be made of strong stuff. But perhaps it is only Americans who read French novels.

Then there is a tale of a dreary youth who runs away from home and grows into a dreary man, having never smiled once in three hundred and sixty-five pages. . . . No, the literature of to-day is not suited to hospital reading. In stout health I can savor pain and revere the truth of tragedy, but lay me low and all this acquired taste falls off; I am back in the great American mass that wrecks our plays and our magazines with its refusal to be hurt. For what does one read, go to plays? Not, please heaven, to be amused only, but to learn human truth, to get light on human relations; in health I can sit through anything that promises to satisfy this passion of

curiosity about the human soul. But in sickness I want to be comforted, to be told that things sometimes do come right; I want my faith in joy reinforced. So I play a form of solitaire known as Idiot's Delight, but solve it the first time, which ends that. When it fails one is annoyed, but one can at least go on with it. I play a hand or two of bridge, all the cards face up, being strictly honorable about taking finesses even when I see that they will lose. Eight o'clock, and a powder. We must like life very much indeed that we take all this trouble to keep it going.

Close to my window there is a balcony, opening from the hall, pleasant with awning and wicker. In the daytime patients settle there to get acquainted and tell one another in detail just what and where the trouble is. I should find these conversations exhausting, appalling if I had to take a visible and active part in them; lying here hidden, overhearing them, I find them most diverting. Who will explain me this? I try to lay it to that same human curiosity, eager for revelations of how people talk to one another when I am not there—the endlessly fascinating invisible cloak that is the supreme gift of fiction. But it may also be because listening is both ill-bred and unlawful, and the unregenerate soul does enjoy a little mild transgressing. Sin certainly is very rare in my walk of life; and not many of my contemporaries will admit any interest in it. My balcony daily reminds me how ethically minded they are, the American women of my generation. I heard one to-day, at comfortable length:

"Well, I say it isn't any good complaining, it only makes it harder for yourself as well as for everyone else. . . . What if everything isn't perfect or the way you'd have it at home—just make the best of it and remember that there's a good many other sick folks here besides yourself. . . . I'm here to do just what the doctor tells me, whether I like it or not . . ." *et patata et patata.* I agree with every word of it, but I resent its expression. Why not be good naturally, as an unconscious and unmarked effect of ordinary decency, and let the pleasant result speak for itself? The cleaning up of the character should be as private as the cleaning up of the body. Self-consciousness can mar virtue as thoroughly as it mars beauty.

The wire door leading to the balcony squeaks. Patients are tucked up at this hour, and the step is rubber-shod, a nurse's. It is a perfect evening, soft and moonlit, marred only by a flat squalling from the maternity wing. That baby bleats like a new lamb for three hours every night. The wire door squeaks again, and a second step comes out, rubbered but heavier. So! I listen tensely, shamelessly. If this proves to be an episode, I can bear it better to-morrow when my contemporary tells how as a young girl she was always well conducted and never cheapened herself as girls do nowadays.

The nurse speaks, "Mrs. Ballard thinks she left her spectacles out here."

The other voice is heavier but grievously female, "She's found them under her pillow. Mr. Peters complains that the awning creaks. I guess he imagines it." They go in together. Alas!

Another powder.

I wish I knew how to think. All these hours of all these days and nights, put end to end, could result in a mental edifice of real size: a complete system of philosophy, a rearrangement of beliefs, a new comprehension of life. How does one set about it, to think? I can feel and I can write, but the process in between seems to be lacking. I have never had time for it. If every other activity ceased the telephone would ring. In my rashness I said not long ago that I wished I might be boxed for a while, out of reach of life, and take stock. The bluff was promptly called: no one still above ground could be more completely boxed; but nothing mental

happens. After long weeks of it my soul is still listening for the telephone.

I have learned one thing, and that is how real the laughter in the trenches was. When the X-ray man, carried away by enthusiasm for the likeness he had caught of my interior economy, went on to, "and the autopsy often reveals—" he was struck by panic realization that that word was not tactful under the circumstances, and switched it off with, "Of course, I mean, when they die of something else and we just happen to find this condition." I agreed gravely, noticing nothing, but back in my own room I laughed my head off. And, the superintendent of nurses happening in, I told it to her, and she sat down to have her laugh out. We were both in the trenches, and the fun was hilarious. Incidentally, I am not going to die, unless of sheer boredom at these endless nights; but the fact was not then so well established.

Nine o'clock, and the last powder. Now nothing will happen until seven A.M. All day the nurses do a steady marathon through my room, at fifteen-minute intervals. If they can't think of anything more to do to me they put in their heads to see if someone else is here, and often I cry out for peace; but after an hour or two of the night quiet I would welcome the emptiest white cap that might come through the door. They break the hours into bits and so make them seem shorter. And they always come in like good news. It may be only hospital policy, but they give an effect of vigor and enthusiasm, of liking their job. I have never met a bored nurse. The young doctor who follows in my doctor's train picks up books, plays with penknives, fidgets boyishly at the tedium of a non-critical case, so that I feel apologetic for detaining him; but the nurses never lose their air of sympathetic interest. Even in the dead of night the summoning light brings them smiling. When morning absolutely refuses to draw any nearer I make up a need and press my button. The buoyant response breaks the deadlock, and the night once more rolls forward on its course.

I think I might sleep if I were not so hungry. My supper happened five hours ago and it weighed six ounces. When I have got up all I can with fork and spoon, I go round the plate with my finger. I even tried it with my tongue, as the poor lad does in old fiction, but I had not the technic; my nose got in the way. One day they brought me a chop, a broiled lamb chop! If anyone had tried to take that chop away from me I should have growled. I was left alone with it until only a bare bone survived. And then—they did take it away from me. Never mind how—they took it. Instead of being the beginning of a happy new order, or even an act of charity, it was merely a brutal scientific experiment. Now whenever my tray shows an indulgence I watch the door afterward with an uneasy eye.

Eleven o'clock, and the baby is still keeping it up, monotonous as a machine. Why can't they pat it or something? The nurses insist that babies cry for the sheer sport of it and to exercise their lungs. Puppies don't, nor any other healthy little animals. "Wah—wah—wah—" If that does not mean distress, then no human sound signals truly. They talk of a "helpless" baby; not so helpless if it can make a noise like that. It is I who am helpless—just as uncomfortable, no doubt, as that squaller, but bound by training and tradition to keep still about it. "Nicely, thank you." "Oh, doing splendidly." One has to say that. Even among those who are well—or at least on their feet—the inquiry about health is only an opening form demanding a form answer. I have tried varying it with a pleasant, "Rotten, thank you"; but it did not do. It jolted the conversation off the track. If that child keeps it up much longer I can't bear it. But what do you do when you don't bear it? I have never found out.

Someone goes by whistling. A nice

thing to do when I might have been asleep! I grow angry about it. Whistling in the dead of night down a hospital corridor! The more I think of it the higher my righteous rage mounts. I am angry for all the other patients, who undoubtedly were asleep, for myself to-morrow night when I probably shall be asleep. I tremble bodily with the passion of my protest. And then suddenly I laugh a good deal and cry a little and feel better. But if ever again anyone tries to tell me that illness is good for the character and that suffering ennobles I shall tell him to try it, that's all.

Of course, if I were ill in a home and felt like this someone besides me would have to bear the brunt of it. Perhaps that is the greatest blessing that has befallen the home in our day—the removal of illness into the impersonal machine of the hospital, where the patient can't take it out on anybody. If he feels that he must express himself and tries it on his nurse, he finds that he cannot make a dent in her smooth, professional surface, and so perforce learns to behave himself. A cool, disciplinary age, this, with little tenderness for self-pity. And even from my present angle, I endorse it. The sick have swallowed too many vigorous lives. Park us together and let the well go ahead with the world's business. "Man then must stand erect, not be held erect by others," says Marcus Aurelius. If I am not sorry for myself I will not even dramatize my own courage, to make others sorry. My genuine reaction to pain will be a stout, "Aw, forget it!" Perhaps this is thinking? Anyway, it has taken me into to-morrow.

The door opens cautiously, inch by inch, and I watch it as the cast-away watches a possible sail on the horizon. A lively black eye looks in on me. The head of the maternity wing has had her humorous eye on me ever since I sent for her and asked her as a personal favor to chloroform that baby. She gets a dour welcome. Never in my ardent youth have I worked to make a dashing caller stay as I work to keep the night chief of the maternity wing; and she likes it peppery.

"Why aren't you asleep?" she demands.

"The breathless quiet keeps me awake," I say in deadly sarcasm.

"It's a splendid baby," she returns. "They have to yell—they're human."

"I am human and I don't yell."

"Oh, don't you! Who was raising the roof because her supper hadn't come not long ago?"

"But when they leave my tray on a side table and forget it until it is stone cold—"

"Exactly. That is what the baby is saying, or words to that effect. Remember, I have seen some five hundred new babies in my day."

"You have seen them, but have you seen what was the matter with them?" I say crossly. "If I couldn't manage my five hundred and first better than you are managing that calliope—"

"Just how would you manage him?"

Of course I should walk the floor with him, but I cannot admit that. "I should feel him for pins, pat him for wind, give him a drink of water, and ask him, man to man, to be reasonable."

"You have my leave to try it," she says, and sits down. I relax into amiability.

"I may get so that I don't hear it—in another month or two," I admit. "I don't notice the smell of antiseptics any longer."

"You are growing in grace," she says. "Now what kind of a tale will you have? I can't stay long." She is a Scheherazade for weary nights, packed with human experience, richly gifted in its telling.

"One about mothers and babies," I say cozily, curling down.

The tales are always about mothers and babies. Girl mothers, elderly mothers, frightened, reluctant, or guilty mothers, rapturous mothers, dying moth-

ers. There was a bride of a year who, summoned away from husband and baby, cried out in a loud voice, "I won't die! God is cruel!" and so went fighting across the threshold to face—whatever is there. But I don't see how even the God of the Hebrews could have resented that turbulent entrance. There are unlawful mothers who thought that they were being brave and fine and modern—different!—and then had awakened to find themselves in the same old category of the wayward and the fallen. Burdened mothers who see it all in terms of expense. Oriental mothers who play up their pains and vie with one another in lusty howls, to emphasize the importance of motherhood; Nordic mothers who make no sound even though their nails go half way through their palms. Pain that never stops between these walls, a torch handed on from hand to hand, a lamp always lighted.

She always finishes her tale with, "You write a story about it," having a lamentable ignorance of what the magazines will print. Then her hands clap her knees, a rising gesture. I have a flood of questions; I could talk the psychology of that case till morning. I could talk anything till morning if she would only stay. But it is no use. She is on her feet.

"Now I must go. I've got two babies coming to-night."

"Two first babies?"

"One is first, one seventh!"

That is stirring: two lives beginning to-night; two families whose record is taking on a new date, for good or ill; two women facing their ordeal. I try to express this.

"It's all in the night's work," she says.

"But it is cosmic—it's terrific!"

"Not after five hundred of them." The door is closing.

"Come back and tell me if they are boys or girls," I call after her.

Two new lives. Does the seventh get pink baby blankets, as the first assuredly does? I hope that both families feel able to afford it. Sleep—sleep—if one says the word over and over—

Through the open window comes a scream, short, sharp, dreadful. That is what you do when you can't bear it: you give out a scream that is like the rending of soul from body. Nothing follows. The baby has stopped yelling, and the quiet is like a vast, listening suspense. It is not repeated, and yet any moment may bring it. Quiet will never again feel safe. Oh, this being walled up with pain and death!

My ethical neighbor of the balcony would say, "Now isn't it nice to be surrounded with all this care and kindness, and sick folks getting well every day and being restored to their families—I declare, I'm real thankful that I had this experience!" Is she a person, that preacher, or is she simply a homely embodiment of my own conscience? That I know so exactly what she would say on every occasion suggests that she is but my born self, the ineradicable Puritan in me, eating up discipline, clapping a stiff harness of abnegation on every normal impulse. I have fled this Puritan down all the corridors of the world, and yet the grim presence is never more than a block behind. "How we change!" said Sentimental Tommy. "How we dinna change!" said Abner. The human creature is set in a mold at the beginning, and nothing is ever altered. The thought brings a curious despair. I do not want to die that which I was born! We are as impotent as crippled artists; the vision is in our minds but our hands can only blunder. We worship beauty and yet commit ugliness. And so to bed.

"Not asleep?" says the night nurse.

I did not know that I had pressed the button, but I find my hand clutching the bulb in a dying grip. My voice croaks and creaks:

"If I could have something to eat—"

She brings me three ounces of milk and hurries off to other needs, smiling, competent, normal. Just by passing

through it she has changed the atmosphere of the room. I prolong my three ounces, then settle back and invite serenity. When the little novices are tucked up in their convent dormitory the Mother Superior, standing among them, gives a subject for the night's meditation. How it must keep away the bogies, that writing of a high word across the dark! Even a heretic might take such a theme to bed and so keep thought from wandering into gray wastes of pain.

I will take the word Success. It has been misused and abused until it is mixed up with straight eights and a hundred thousand copies. I will clean off its tarnish, set it up so that it may be respected, let it keep its flavor of the world, and yet—and yet—success—excelsior—up and up—

There is sunlight in the room and a black eye peers at me round the door. The cheek below it is a little marked with weariness but its twinkle is undimmed.

"A boy and a girl—all doing well," says the head of the maternity wing and is gone.

Rubber soles are clipping past, thermometers clink in their glasses, trays clank, the baby starts up with renewed zest.

Morning!

EXPRESS TRAINS

BY MacKNIGHT BLACK

SHAPED long and arrowy
For tearing the gusty side of space,
Locomotives leap trembling across the still land.
Like rivers of certainty
That flow past our eyes and speak to our blood,
Locomotives and trains
Swell out of the dawn and dwindle and vanish in twilight.
At noon they are fierce as lean gushes of lava;
At night they are eager and lonely as stars.
If anyone look to the earth for his hope,
Or stare toward the rim of the world for peace to his heart,
Let him be answered now by the steel flight of trains,
Let him be comforted
Beside the paths of their cleanness.

IS JAPAN GOING DEMOCRATIC?

BY STANLEY HIGH

JAPAN, like France, is said to be a nation of chauvinists. The designation, in either instance, is probably no more accurate than many other indictments of a whole people and, in the case of Japan, no easier to dislodge from the popular mind. The Japanese, doubtless, have been ultra-nationalistic; but their nationalism these days shows the tempering effects of democratic ideas. Americans unfortunately are generally familiar with chauvinist Japan and generally unacquainted with the Japan of democracy. Thus the recent story of a threatened Japanese aggression against the Chinese nationalists in Shantung and Manchuria is readily understood. It fits in with the conventional picture of the nation. But more difficult to comprehend is the account of ten million newly enfranchised Japanese proletarians participating, to the upset of the reactionaries, in the elections of last winter. Such a development is too clearly out of line with the Japan with which we have been familiar.

Anti-Japanese propaganda in the American press is not entirely responsible for this attitude. The propaganda has not been all fabrication. It has been effective, in fact, largely because behind all the careful sorting and distortion there have been certain indisputable facts in Japanese life and recent history to give it basis. These facts in Japan have hindered the progress of liberal ideas. Abroad they have helped to create the prevailing opinions about the nation and their opinions in turn have made it difficult to recognize that a Japanese democracy is actually in the making.

It is a first and most fundamental fact that Japan in Shintoism has a State-invented, State-run, and State-financed religion, the purpose of which is political rather than religious. Religious freedom is guaranteed by Japan's Constitution. The Japanese government, therefore, is at pains to point out that Shinto is not a religion; that it is instead a national cult of patriotism to which the Japanese of all faiths must adhere. But this is a convenient fiction. The government would not be likely to concede that this agency of nationalism is, in fact, a State-sponsored rival of the other religions which have taken root in Japan. Such an admission, moreover, would automatically exclude the adherents of other faiths from the Shinto fellowship and thereby defeat the major purpose for which that fellowship is maintained.

But the fact remains that loyalty to the Emperor, as "Heaven descended, divine, and sacred," and to the nation, as "God's special creation" is the only religion known to vast numbers of the Japanese people. And Shinto, which is the vehicle for these doctrines, is of political importance because at its shrines patriotism finds religious sanction. The divine descent of the Emperor provided the Elder Statesmen of a generation ago with a useful principle around which the new nationalism could be rallied, and it has served as usefully since to combat a variety of disruptive tendencies.

To this principle Japan, even as a modern nation, has steadfastly adhered. Until recently photographs of the Emperor were never exposed for sale save with a sheet of paper lightly fixed across

the face to shield it from public gaze. When a teacher a short time ago sacrificed his life in an attempt to rescue the official school portrait of the Emperor from a fire, a leading Japanese newspaper declared that the incident involved "the very foundation of the national organization. Loyalty and filial piety are the pivot of education at present. Neither water nor fire is to be shirked for the sake of His Majesty."

This fundamentally Shinto conception is at the basis of Japanese education. It is symbolized in more than one hundred and twenty thousand Shinto shrines and perpetuated in the ceremonies that are observed in them. The unification of Japan and whatever chauvinism has developed with it are, to no small degree, products of Shinto.

But ultra-nationalism has had a further stimulus and democracy another handicap in the Japanese ideal of Bushido. If Shinto makes the Emperor the object of highest loyalty, Bushido, "the way of the knight," accepts the warrior as the personification of all that is worthiest in individual conduct. Here again the emphasis is upon the exaltation of the nation and the effacement of the individual. In feudal Japan Bushido was the ideal of the ruling barons, but it has long since found acceptance among the masses of the people and affects the conduct of every loyal Japanese.

When the British and American gunboats opened fire at Nanking in the spring of 1927 Japan, following a newly initiated policy of conciliation, refused to join in the bombardment. The next day the Shanghai papers carried the story of a young Japanese naval lieutenant who, because of Japan's apparent unwillingness to accept the hazards of war, had attempted hari-kari. Japan's tradition—the ideal of Bushido, as the young lieutenant subsequently explained it—had been outraged. He sought, therefore, to sacrifice himself in order to direct attention to that fact.

In the making of modern Japan this warrior ideal, like the Emperor worship of Shintoism, has served the ends of practical politics. Those who created the new state were aware that it could never rank as a power until its military prowess had been proved. Marquis Okuma, while Premier of Japan in 1915, declared that "it is only ten or fifteen years since Japanese diplomacy began to carry any weight with foreign countries and it began from the time that Western powers commenced to recognize Japan's military strength."

The militarization of Japan, in view of the prevailing international standards, was probably necessary. But so long as Shintoism and Bushido provided the principles around which the nation was united it is difficult to see how that militarization could have been avoided.

At any rate, the warrior class—the jingoes of common speech—had a comparatively simple time of it. They dominated the government at home. Their policies, subject to certain international checks, prevailed abroad. They went their way unhampered by the critical scrutiny that appears from time to time among peoples where nation worship is not so generally in vogue and the warrior ideal somewhat discredited.

Thus, there was no need to make a case in Japan for the taking of Formosa and the Pescadores, the expansion into Manchuria, Korea's annexation, and the occupation of Shantung Province. What explanations did appear, stressing the menace of Russia, over-population, and the need for raw materials, were not without foundation; but they were issued for foreign consumption. At home explanations were unnecessary. There was no opposition strong enough to demand them.

II

It is out of that period—which has not wholly passed—that the popular American conception of Japan arises. The ideals which were dominant, and which have not been altogether abandoned, lent themselves to the propaganda of the

group that, for fair ends or foul, regarded Japan as a menace to the security of the United States. Japanese foreign policy, created in part by necessity and in part an inevitable product of this dominant nationalism, seemed to support the propagandists. It was the obvious conclusion that Japan was a nation of chauvinists. Now, when a democratic Japan is appearing—liberal, anti-jingo, anti-imperialistic—it is difficult to win any widespread credence for the fact.

But the fact itself cannot be seriously disputed. Perhaps the Japanese, as their critics insist, have not had a change of heart. But they are certainly changing masters. The old ideals and the old military clique no longer hold such potent sway over the nation. Imperialism no longer goes unchallenged. An opposition has appeared that dares to assert itself. The functions of the Elder Statesmen are being assumed by the people, and the practices of democracy have become the vogue.

Take the conventional Shinto attitude toward the royal family. The Emperor still is widely regarded as a heaven-descended god. But he has come down of late much closer to the people. A decade ago the people prostrated themselves when his curtained carriage passed through the streets. No Japanese at such a time was permitted to enter the second story of a house, since such a position above the Emperor revealed a lack of the proper reverence. Cheering, as an expression of loyalty to the throne, was strictly forbidden.

In 1922, however, the Prince of Wales visited Japan. His democratic practices were something new in the way of royal behavior. But he won the affections of the Japanese, and many ancient conventions suffered in consequence. For one thing, since then it has become the fashion to cheer the members of the royal family when they appear in public.

But this was a mild innovation. A stir which had all the appearances of a national scandal was created at about the same time by the announcement that the Japanese Crown Prince proposed to visit Europe. Such procedure was unheard of. It was popularly believed that the Prince, by visiting other rulers on a basis of equality, would lower his own dignity. There were protest meetings throughout the country. Thousands of Japanese prayed at the shrines of Shintoism that the journey might be abandoned. But their prayers were unavailing. The Prince visited Europe and appeared to enjoy it. Upon his return he revealed how far he had gone in the ways of democracy by riding through the streets of Tokio in an open carriage. More recently, to the further bewilderment of the exponents of the old order, he was reported by a startled press to have shaken hands with the manager of a golf course, who proved to be neither a champion nor an exiled prince.

Obviously, the divinity of the royal house can hardly continue to serve the ends of the chauvinists so long as its head persists in revealing his fundamental humanity in such open fashion.

Meanwhile, public opinion in Japan has begun to change. It is a far cry from Bushido to the present, widespread No-More-War Movement. Anti-militarism has swept through the universities. There have been student revolts against compulsory military training. One student, in a recent letter, expressed an opinion that has become very general.

"We are not fond of war," he wrote. "Militarism and bureaucracy were and are a dirty worm that is decaying the development of true Japan. The young Japanese are going to destroy it and make a true country where peace and happiness reign and righteousness has the deserved might."

No public question wins a readier hearing in present-day Japan than that of world peace. The old slogans of the militarists have lost much of their rallying power. When the present government of Baron Tanaka threatened to embark upon a military adventure in China it met a united attack from the press of the nation. The newspapers, signifi-

cantly enough, were not suppressed for this criticism. On the contrary, Tanaka, himself an old-school militarist, was obliged to find an elaborate apologetic for his "strong hand" policy and, subsequently, to modify it.

Incidents of this sort are merely symptomatic of the fact that Japan, as a nation, is moving toward democracy. The evidence is a part of the history of the last two generations in that land. Fifty-seven years ago feudalism was abolished. Forty years ago, with considerable trepidation, Japan adopted a constitution. Thirty-eight years ago the first general election was held. In that election 460,000 Japanese participated. Their franchise rested upon the most stringent property qualifications. In 1908 the electorate was increased to 1,500,000. With the Reform Bill of 1918 its size, again, was doubled. In March, 1925, the Universal Manhood Suffrage Bill was enacted, and in February, 1928, 9,000,000 Japanese men, their rights unrestricted by property qualifications, voted for the first time. Not before in history has a nation, without a revolutionary overturn, made such rapid strides in the practice of democracy.

But such a movement in Japan was an inescapable result of the forces released for modernizing the nation.

III

First of the agencies out of which Japanese liberalism developed is modern education. The deputations which sailed from Japan in 1871 to inspect the institutions and practices of Western nations included two men commissioned to study education. Their report declared, "We must first educate leaders and the rest will follow." This the government forthwith proceeded to do. The Education Department was established in 1872 and the first educational regulations issued. By 1873 more than twelve thousand elementary schools had been opened and the end of the following year saw that number doubled.

These schools, however carefully cut from a Western pattern, were given a function that was uniquely Japanese. They were designed to serve first and last as instruments for fashioning the new state. They were kept under the ever-watchful eye of the government. Teachers held a semi-official status. The nationalist doctrines of Shintoism were taught with the A B C's of every curriculum. With such vigilance it was not anticipated that education could breed those "disturbing thoughts" which have been more recently the bogey of Japanese reactionaries.

Even the organization of the Imperial University in Tokio gave rise to no such fear. Undergraduate libraries were, and still are, strictly censored. Political discussions were discouraged when not actually prohibited. The most promising students, upon graduation, were given government posts where they quickly learned the official point of view and the advisability of endorsing it.

But with all these precautions education has proved a more effective instrument for democracy than for reaction. It has familiarized the Japanese people with the processes of government and has helped to fit them for its practice. To this fitness there has been added a knowledge of the rights enjoyed by other peoples. There is, for example, a widespread admiration in Japan for the democratic institutions of Great Britain and the United States which finds a constant stimulus in the fact that English is taught in all Japanese schools above the elementary grades.

Education, moreover, has made Japan a reading nation. I know of no country where the book-stalls are so numerous or so popular. Day and night they are thronged with elbowing crowds of all ages and stations. The official reading of the students, as I have said, is under censorship. I saw a recent government compilation sent to school principals which blacklisted the works of Engels, Marx, Spargo, Debs, Kropotkin, Margaret Sanger, and Marie Stopes. But

clandestine reading throws off these limitations. In fact, the subjects most frequently discussed among Japanese students seem to indicate that they are best informed on questions about which they are forbidden to read. Books of "disturbing thoughts" may be barred from the libraries of Japan. But a reading nation has somehow found access to this literature.

Further, by extending literacy, education has greatly increased the power of the press which, in turn, has had its part in the development of democracy. The influence of the newspapers in Japan is as universal as in any Western nation. There are nearly 1200 daily newspapers and 2800 weekly and monthly periodicals. Newspaper circulations are enormous. The Osaka *Mainichi*, for example, has a daily circulation of 1,200,000; the Osaka *Asahi Shimbun*, 1,300,000; the Tokio *Hochi Shimbun*, 1,790,000. I have observed that the morning paper is as indispensable a part of the commuters' equipment in Greater Osaka as in Greater New York. The newspaper bulletin boards of Tokio are as popular as those of Paris.

In the past, the government has exercised a high-handed control over newspaper opinions. Japanese editors who dared, too openly, to state their mind on public issues have suffered the consequences with suppressed editions or padlocked plants. But this official interference has recently been relaxed. The press has grown too potent to be handled in such summary fashion. From newspaper editorials—guarded though they usually are—the Japanese have come to recognize the fallibility of government and the desirability of discriminating criticism. And because the newspapers have printed it, the story of democratic progress around the world has found its way to the people of Japan.

Industrialism is a second major factor that shares, with education, in the responsibility for the growth of Japanese liberalism. When the plan to make Japan a Great Power was adopted, industrialization constituted one of its chief phases. The nation was given modern industries very much as she was given a modern army and navy and a school system. With the other creations of the Elder Statesmen, industry was designed in such a way as to speed the greatness of Japan. There was no place in the scheme of things for labor organizations that might interfere, by too much meddling in matters of wages and conditions of work, with this hurried progress.

But news of the world movement of Labor could not be kept from the workers of Japan. Labor periodicals—despite the efforts of the government to suppress them—persistently appeared. Foreign labor leaders managed to find access to the Japanese. A minority of Japan's students abroad made contact with the labor organizations of Europe and America. Exaggerated accounts of the Workers' and Peasants' Republic in Russia smuggled underground to the industrial centers of Japan stirred the imagination of the working classes. The growth of a labor movement, with these stimulating influences at work, was inevitable.

Some significance attaches to the fact that the first modern labor union in Japan developed from a Bible Class in a Christian Church in Tokio. Japanese democracy has had an important asset in Christianity. "If Christianity had not come to Japan"—according to Danjo Ebina, President of Doshisha University—"this nation would still be where she was in the dead and dreamy past."

That may be an extravagant appraisal. But few Japanese will deny that there is a measure of truth in it. Government schools could be well protected against the infiltration of liberal ideas. Such protection, at best, was only partially effective in Christian schools and churches where the leadership very often was British or American.

Lack of this surveillance, doubtless, made it possible for Dr. Clay MacCauley, who was sent to Tokio twenty years ago by the American Unitarian Association, to convert his Bible Class into an As-

sociation for Investigating Social Problems. Conduct of the organization was given to Bunji Suzuki, a young graduate of Tokio Imperial University. Sunday afternoon discussions in this group brought out a plan for the organization of Japanese labor. Suzuki, to advance this plan, was sent to America. On his return, and with the continued backing of the members of the Association for Investigating Social Problems, he organized the Japan Federation of Labor. The Federation had its start among the iron workers of Tokio.

Strangely enough, this move called forth little opposition. Suzuki's organization seemed to offer some promise for a solution of the issues between capital and labor that had grown acute. And Suzuki, at the outset, held to the most moderate views. With the growth of his organization he has become more liberal, and his conservative backing has fallen away. But the Federation of Labor remains the most moderate and the most powerful working-class organization in Japan, and Suzuki is still its head.

Japanese laborers, at the time Suzuki's organization came to prominence, were without electoral rights. Excluded from the field of politics, they made frequent if sometimes ill-advised use of the strike to advance their interests. In 1917 the number of such industrial disputes was six times as great as for the previous year. This industrial unrest had its political repercussions. In 1918 the increased cost of living brought on the rice riots which spread overnight throughout the country. Shops were looted, conservative newspaper plants attacked, and sullen mobs threatened the government offices. The uprising was finally put down by the military but not until the masses of Japan, for the first time, had given articulate expression to their demands upon the government. And, for the first time, their protests proved so effective that the government was obliged to resign.

It was largely in response to this popular uprising that the succeeding government, in 1918, extended the franchise to 1,500,000 new voters, thus doubling the electorate.

But the laboring classes were not satisfied. The year 1919 saw an increase in the number of strikes. Nearly 800 labor organizations were in the field. There were 500 walk-outs, some of them "sympathetic" strikes carried through with a technic that smacked of the West. The demands of the laborers were not all for higher wages or better working conditions. Universal manhood suffrage was a central plank in the platform of every union and an accepted slogan at every labor meeting. Militarism and bureaucracy were regarded as the twin evils of the working classes and suffrage as the most likely agency for their destruction.

The government, unable to ignore these developments, took the conventional steps to meet them. Labor meetings were put under a stricter surveillance. Labor leaders were spied upon and many of them jailed. Labor parades marched through lines of police. For the May First celebrations in 1921 elaborate rules were issued and enforced. Among other things it was decreed that:

> Each marcher must wear a badge.
> All badges to be of a color other than red.
> Bands, bugles, and drums forbidden.
> Inscriptions on flags to be limited to the names of labor organizations with their mottoes and "May Day Congratulations."
> No speeches to be made en route.
> Flags not to be of unusual size.
> The labor song to be sung on May Day must previously be submitted to the Police.

To put a further curb upon the activities of the labor movement and to discourage the growth of liberalism in general, the government introduced a bill "for the control of Dangerous Thoughts." The opposition aroused by this proposal was unprecedented. The press united to condemn it. Mass meetings of laborers demanded its defeat. In the end, although introduced by the majority party and supported by the Peers, the bill was permanently sidetracked. Liberalism had won another notable victory.

IV

With this victory the movement for universal manhood suffrage gained a new impetus. Reactionary Japan was genuinely alarmed. A Ku Klux Klan, calling itself the "Single Minded Association of the Fatherland," appeared to fight the threatened innovation. The organization flourished with a semi-official backing. It rallied the reactionaries and called upon all loyal Japanese to raise "a great army of attack," asserting that the nation "cannot tolerate a day's existence of Socialists, anti-national and immoral . . . which endangers the national foundations and threatens the people's minds."

When the universal manhood suffrage bill came up in the Diet in 1922 the members of this organization proposed to mobilize a "white guard" to surround the government buildings as a counter-demonstration against the vast pro-suffrage crowds that assembled there each day. But the white guard did not materialize, and reactionary Japan failed to rally. The suffrage bill failed at the 1922 session of the Diet, but the agitation in its favor had grown to such proportions that the succeeding government of Baron Kato secured its enactment.

With universal manhood suffrage the movement toward democracy in Japan enters upon a new period. Now, for the first time, the weapons of politics are available to the masses of the people. They have won a participating relationship to the government and a responsibility for making its policies. How soon that power will be effectively and wisely used remains to be seen. It is probable, however, that the moderate and yet liberal aspirations of the Japanese people which made the law inevitable will, in the end, dominate the exercise of the authority it conveys.

The results of the first elections, held in February, 1928, were in no way startling. Labor polled a total of 400,000 votes, distributed among five contesting labor parties. A vast majority of the new voters, in other words, marched docilely to the polls in the ranks of the old, conservative parties.

But such a result had been anticipated. The labor movement between 1925 and 1928 was obliged to shift from a non-political to a political basis of operation. The change could not be made successfully in such short order. Further, labor suffered under serious financial handicaps. Every candidate for the Diet is obliged at the announcement of his candidacy to deposit two thousand yen with the government. That, in itself, was a sizable problem for the labor representatives. Moreover, a political campaign in Japan is as expensive relatively as in the United States. It is usual for candidates to spend from 50,000 to 100,000 yen to secure a Diet seat. The Tokio street car conductor who announced last spring that he was out for a Diet seat on the labor ticket could command no sums of such size. Other labor leaders were similarly handicapped.

But these, doubtless, are temporary difficulties. Their solution must wait upon a more effective organization of the liberal groups. It is already likely that a basis of union will be found for the Social Democratic, the Farmers', and the Japan-Labor-Farmer parties, since all three represent moderate groups. They have a common bond in their concern for better economic conditions for the working classes in Japan and a more conciliatory policy abroad. With this union achieved, the next General Election will almost certainly bring a strong labor bloc into the Diet.

Meanwhile, with the men enfranchised, a woman's suffrage movement is gaining headway. The need for a more active expression of woman's rights in Japan is very apparent. Nearly 1,250,000 women are employed in the factories of Japan—approximately 60 per cent of all factory workers. Eighty thousand women are engaged in coal-mining, and 80 per cent of the cotton-mill employees are women. Two-thirds of the female workers are under twenty years of age

and one-fifth of them between twelve and fifteen. Working conditions are generally deplorable. Eleven- to sixteen-hour days are usual. Night work has not been eliminated. Machinery is inadequately guarded. Tuberculosis is a widespread scourge, particularly in the cotton mills where, in some cases, from 25 to 30 per cent of the operatives are afflicted with the disease. According to a recent report, only twenty-three of the 23,000 factories in Japan maintain resident physicians.

"Woman suffrage," according to a director of the Women's Suffrage Federation in Japan, "is the shortest cut to rectify the injustices that women are subjected to, and for redressing their grievances. We must have a hand in making the laws."

To that end a suffragette bill was introduced in the Diet by the Suffrage Federation in 1923. It received short shrift. But there is no indication that the women have been stopped. Their cause has already been sponsored by an influential section of the press. Prior to 1921 women were forbidden to attend political meetings. But in that year the Diet repealed the regulation. At the same time the police restrictions which forbade women to organize political clubs or to hold meetings of a political nature were liberally revised. In 1924 a national Woman's Day was established. At present, according to the statistics of the government, there are 65,000 local women's organizations of all kinds in the country. Not all of them have the franchise as their chief objective. But a vast majority are receptive to the propaganda that is continually poured out from the Tokio headquarters of the Suffrage Federation. And the Federation itself already includes some 2,000 local chapters.

It is an interesting commentary on these developments that the wives of many Japanese politicians have already taken an active hand in politics. When the husband goes electioneering the wife goes with him. She plays her part offstage. She distributes modest, scented letters which set forth the ability and patriotism of her husband. She serves tea and manages the social side of the campaign. She proves, in short, that the wife of the candidate, on friendly terms with the wives of the constituents, can produce results at the polls.

Woman suffrage may have to wait for its enactment for another generation. But with a literate Japanese womanhood, with an increasing class-consciousness among the female workers in industry, and with three million trained Japanese girls and women engaged in public service and in commercial and professional activities, the agitation is not likely to subside. Moreover, this movement has grown out of the same forces that led to universal manhood suffrage. It is likely to prove as irresistible as the developing Japanese democracy of which it is an expression.

These, then, are some of the facts of a Japan that is not altogether chauvinist. In them perhaps one can read some sign that the old anti-democratic order is passing. The jingoes have not, by any means, been silenced. But their voices are no longer the voice of Japan. Their ultra-nationalism is being tempered by contact with a new Japan that feels itself a part of a world-wide movement to end war, to remedy economic injustice, to establish for the good of the common man the institutions of democracy. Their chauvinism is less blatant because it does violence to the spirit to which this new Japan is committed.

It may be too soon to call for a wholesale revision of America's attitude toward the Japanese. But the sinister picture of the propagandists may well be withdrawn. And it is not too soon to ask for an understanding of the democratic Japan that has begun to emerge.

HARVEST

A STORY

BY ROSE WILDER LANE

MRS. SMITH was a clever woman. The word she herself used was, practical. "I am a practical woman." She meant that all her life she had seen clearly what she wanted, and that nothing had kept her from getting it. Her brother Tom had said this to her, profanely, twenty years ago; he had not spoken to her since that day. Her sister Jane, dying in poverty, had been more gentle and more obstinate. "Maybe I haven't always been practical, as you say, Harriet. But still—"

"Well, Jane," Mrs. Smith told her, "You've always said you'd rely on the Lord, so I suppose 'the Lord will provide' for five orphan girls you're leaving alone in the world without a penny."

At fifty-six, Mrs. Smith had no regrets. Circumstances had often conspired against her, persons she counted upon had failed her—her husband had died at a particularly unfortunate time, her daughter Marian's stupid marriage had been a blow—but Mrs. Smith had never been defeated. She had made no sentimental mistakes. Practical good sense had dictated her marriage; and if her husband's death had at first seemed a disaster, she had soon learned that she could manage affairs even better than he. Marian was definitely a loss, but Elizabeth remained. Elizabeth had her mother's own practical nature.

Mrs. Smith sat alone at breakfast on her balcony. She was always at the ranch during the cherry season. Below the balcony's stone balustrade now she saw the miles of rich orchard in which the first fruit was ripening. The sun had not yet risen above the hills that enclosed the valley, but work had begun. Mrs. Smith heard the hammers at the packing-sheds; she knew the rhythm of strokes which were making cherry-boxes. Half a mile away her teamsters were driving from the ranch gates, going with empty wagons toward Santa Rita where carloads of shook were even then arriving. Dilapidated little cars and buggies were coming up the road, turning in at the gates to disappear under foliage; in them were families of packers, hurrying to be sure of jobs and to make camp before work began. On the road, too, were men hastening on foot. Blanket rolls across their shoulders identified them as migratories, the homeless men who walk the roads of California; and Mrs. Smith was satisfied by their eagerness. Yesterday she had ordered a hundred of these drifting workers from a San Francisco employment agency; to-day more than a hundred were coming. There was work for only fifty. No scarcity of labor this season.

Mrs. Smith drank fragrant coffee and ate crisp rolls. The Chinese house-boy was swiftly responsive to unspoken wishes. In the depths of the large house a vacuum cleaner faintly hummed. Two gardeners appeared on the lawns; one with stepladder and basket clipped withered blossoms from a geranium hedge, the other directed a motor-mower across the sward which, from this distance, appeared to be velvet. A sub-

foreman was directing first comers in the packers' camp; his voice was firm above the clamor of children spilling from dusty cars. The sun was rising. Mrs. Smith unfolded the *Morning Chronicle* and competently inspected the society columns.

She had everything she wanted but one thing. A less ambitious woman would have been content with a social position unchallenged in Burlingame, recognized in New York and Paris. A less practical woman might have missed an advantage in a London drawing-room while enjoying the contrasted memory of mining camps in which she had been a barefooted child. To Mrs. Smith the past was past, the present a chessboard on which she moved events and persons. All her adult life she had been working toward those San Francisco families whose social position was more securely above the Burlingame set than the Burlingame set was above the mining camps. These simple people, living simply, not very rich, possessed something she did not have. She meant to have it, she meant to be one of them.

Her only hope of reaching her desire lay in Elizabeth; she had so long known this that the knowledge was part of her inmost self. All the value of the future for which she had always lived had been concentrated for years in Elizabeth's marriage.

The *Chronicle's* society page once more assured her that Elizabeth, astute and practical, was like herself in making no mistakes. Elizabeth's name appeared in the right places, with the right people; nowhere else. There was nothing of poor stupid Marian in Elizabeth, who would be Madame la Comtesse de Chatelard.

The title was unimportant; Mrs. Smith might have made Elizabeth a duchess or even a princess of sorts. She was clever enough to avoid these mistakes of the *nouveaux riches*. Fifteen years ago, taking her little girls to school in France, she had known exactly what she wanted—marriage into an old family, shabby rather than brilliant, not to be found in the season at Deauville or Cannes, a family unknown to readers of society columns, but known—oh, most securely known!—to those simple people, living simply and maintaining their own traditions, who were far beyond her reach in any country.

Fifteen years. This thing she wanted had not been easy to get. These marriages are not merely a question of *dot*. Fifteen years of climbing to security in a social position she did not intend to keep, while always subtly disclaiming it, subtly reaching toward the better one she wanted—fifteen years of thinking, scheming, waiting, alert, intent—and now she could see herself triumphant and serene, the mother of Madame la Comtesse de Chatelard. Jean Jacques had been a gracious little boy of ten, Elizabeth a year younger, when Mrs. Smith met his half-American mother. A marriage had then been beyond hoping for. The War had been her opportunity; she had refused a tactfully whispered offer of a decoration for her services to France, and it was during the War that she began to hope. Jean Jacques had fortunately been too young to be a soldier; his father and brothers had been killed, the estate had fallen into disorder, the family fortune vanished in the collapse of the franc. Jean Jacques had liked Elizabeth's way with him, half-shy, wholly frank. The mothers looked at each other past those young heads.

The understanding was made of glances, of implications; nothing definite. Mrs. Smith preferred the blunt, downright talk of her youth. But she compelled herself to patience. Her hope had been made strong enough to dictate Elizabeth's refusal of a brilliant but less valuable marriage, of merely wealthy marriages. There had been sleepless nights, a mental fever almost weakening even Mrs. Smith's strong nerves; time was her enemy, Elizabeth was twenty-four. But Mrs. Smith was playing for a great stake, for the concentrated ambition of all those years. She took the risk.

Her courage was rewarded. She saw success—at last!—between the delicately slanting lines of a letter from Jean Jacques' mother. Jean Jacques, having done his military service and been for a time attaché to the French Legation in Siam, was coming to America. His mother commended him to the care of her good friend Mrs. Smith, to whom he would pay his respects. He would be happy to renew the friendship with Mrs. Smith and with her charming daughter.

Mrs. Smith's reply had been as noncommittal and as definite. She asked Jean Jacques to be her guest at the ranch. On the surface this was no more than American hospitality; it meant to Jean Jacques and his mother that Elizabeth was still free, and that he would be acceptable as a son-in-law. For Mrs. Smith the plan was added assurance; at the ranch Jean Jacques would meet only persons carefully chosen by herself—until his engagement to Elizabeth was announced.

After so many years of unrelaxing effort triumph was in her hand.

She laid down the *Chronicle*, and the servant deftly whisked away her chair as she stood up. No more than a moment had gone in communion with the sense of satisfaction that lay so deep in her. She turned to the day's work—the year's work, for in these few weeks of the cherries' ripening was all the harvest of her land. During these weeks she herself ruled the valley and its hundreds of workers. The foreman was waiting in her office when she entered it, to nod to him, to take up the buzzing telephone, and to hear, unexpectedly, Jean Jacques de Chatelard speaking from San Francisco.

The troubles in China had made shipping uncertain, and Jean Jacques had taken a boat earlier than he had planned. He was young and modern, capable of these quick decisions which before the War were so antagonistic to the French temperament. He knew, too, that Americans habitually act quickly and are accustomed to the unexpected; the rapidity of telephone service startled him, but he was not surprised by Mrs. Smith's cordiality. A guest's arrival at a time not definitely agreed upon for weeks or months would have disconcerted and affronted a Frenchwoman; but Mrs. Smith was American.

Jean Jacques was capable of independent judgment, too; he liked Americans, he even respected them. He did not despise them as rich and stupid; though his own fortune had gone with the value of the franc, he did not hate them for that. To him Americans were an impulsive, kindly people, naïve in politics but otherwise intelligent.

Taking the train to Santa Rita, he was struck by admiration when all his luggage was whisked from his care, with repeated assurances that he need not watch it on the journey, that it would safely reach Mrs. Smith's ranch. Empty-handed in a day coach—for he was unaware that there are two classes on American trains—he gave himself to enjoyment. The Mediterranean sky, the clear, sharp light on flowery hills, the suggestion of the untamed even in tilled fields, delighted him. He found entertainment in his fellow-passengers—sun-browned peasants who hailed one another heartily with strange exclamations, who discussed labor costs, irrigation projects, and their purchase of automobiles worth thousands of dollars. An extraordinarily pretty girl smiled at him. In Europe he would have known what she was; here her well-bred appearance and the candor of her smile left him uncertain. He bowed formally, remembering that he was soon to meet his probable fiancée.

Elizabeth had been charming as a young girl. His mother had seen in her a promise of the character, the ideals, and the poise which his wife must have. Her family, though without distinction, was honorable and rooted, like his own, in the soil. For his children's future it was necessary that his wife bring money to the family. In all these essentials the marriage would be suit-

able, and Jean Jacques earnestly desired to love Elizabeth. He was a modern young man, of the younger generation. Admitting that suitability is necessary in marriage, it is not everything; his heart must also be consulted. He refused to marry without love. But Elizabeth had charmed him as a boy; he hoped for the best now.

A trainman's shout informed him that he had reached Santa Rita. Two men descended before him; he followed them on a cindery track between freight cars and across several lines of rails, and realized that he was in the American wilderness. He saw a few buildings of painted wood, surrounded by wild fields and uninhabited hills. Intense sunlight made every shadow harsh. All along the railway there was noisy activity, bundles of thin boards flying from the box-cars were caught by men in wagons; without a pause in dexterity a man shouted to Jean Jacques, "Ranch car's over that way."

A girl sat at the small automobile's wheel, but he was not too astonished to remove his hat. She was not a servant, perhaps a cousin? Even American custom would not have sent Elizabeth unchaperoned to meet him. He saw a general resemblance to the little girl he remembered. But all American girls have this general resemblance because of their smart dress; he recognized the low-heeled slim shoe, the slenderness of ankle and leg, the sport costume's decisive lines, the air of the hat. Gray eyes looked at him frankly. "Good morning, hop right in! They're expecting you at the ranch. I'm Mary Allen, you've heard of me?"

Yes, evidently one of the family. His inflection complimented her, "Who hasn't?"

Her smile was wide and candid. "Well, everyone who knows Bob has, I guess."

Adding the phrase to his store of American slang, he permitted himself the pleasure of watching her graceful skill with the little car. Her lashes were thick and dark, her profile flawless. To his inquiry she replied that all was well at the ranch. "Picking doesn't begin till to-morrow."

He had thought discreet make-up an essential of feminine allure, but these smooth cheeks were unrouged, the red of her lips was natural. She said, "There's plenty of labor—too much. Look at 'em, still coming." Santa Rita was gone; wooded hills were steep on each side of the road, and the stones in a dry water-course appeared to quiver in white sunshine. Ragged men with burdens on their shoulders stepped into the glare to let the car pass, and were hidden in its dust. "It's a shame, having employment agencies send twice as many as we need!" She was angry. "We've turned away sixty this morning, and after the agencies charge 'em two dollars apiece for the job. No wonder they're ugly." An expression he had never seen on a woman's face—the look of a fighter—was on hers. But it softened, was gone. "Here's where the ranch begins."

The ranges of the hills parted; this was the valley that would one day be Elizabeth's. Jean Jacques knew soil and orchards; he had seen none like these. The rich loam, ridged in precisely repeated patterns by the teeth of harrows that had not left one weed, lay endlessly level beneath the repeated shadows of trees pruned to identical shapes. Like marching soldiers, the orchard rows detached themselves from the mass, stretched to the distance, wheeled, and were taken into the mass left behind. Hundreds of trees made way for hundreds, their green tops flecked with reddening cherries; the end of them was not in sight. And these vast orchards, the fecund and tended earth, the innumerable trees pouring their abundant life into an outburst of ripening, were an oasis amid hills covered with virgin forest, picturesque and wild as though man had never seen them. This was California!

This was happiness. There was no past, no future; Jean Jacques was

happy. There are such moments, inexplicable, incommunicable. Whence they come no one can say. Orchards and hills under a sky as blue as deep water, sunshine and shadow on a road, slim hands on a wheel, and a girl's voice speaking— Many times before these things had not been happiness. Now they all sang together, and in that harmony a young man's spirit was pure as a flame in sunlight.

A large house appeared on a shoulder of the hills, and the flame went out; Jean Jacques was Jean Jacques again. The house drew nearer. Windows like the sockets of a skull stared at gardens returned to the wilderness; the house was in ruin, deserted. "It came around the Horn in '51," the girl said. Later, nodding at another roof above the forest, "That one's our haunted house; when old Colonel Lansing lost his land on the mortgage he hanged himself in the cupola."

"You have legends, too. Is it merely a—a farmer's tale, or is there an authentic ghost?"

"I don't know." She glanced at him. "You speak awfully good English. Where did you learn it?"

"But, I've always spoken English. My mother was half American, you know, and then of course I had English tutors."

The car swerved. "My goodness!" Her face startled him. "You aren't —you can't *be*—" She begged, "Don't tell me you're the Count!" In the interminable instant his heart answered the appeal of her eyes. "And I thought you were the new Italian orchardist!" Deeply as he disliked Italians, he did not know why this should be a catastrophe to her.

She was desperately handling brake and gears, stopping the car, backing it, turning. "I'm the forelady, I'm in charge of the packing sheds." They sped toward Santa Rita. He asked, "But why? Why does this make such a difference?"

"It doesn't, to you." She was scornful. "But it'd surprise you, how fond I am of my job. And what about Henry? He was right there—Henry's the chauffeur—but who'd have thought *you'd* come in a day coach?"

Jean Jacques held firmly to the side of the car and said nothing. She spoke only once, to herself. "If only Henry didn't telephone her!"

The cars met in a light swirl of dust. From the roadside three ragged men watched them with blank eyes. Henry had not telephoned. In faultless livery, he held open the door of a faultless car. Mary Allen's smile expressed relief; Jean Jacques saw himself as a valuable package gladly delivered in safety. He took her hand and her fingers gripped his in hurriedly relinquishing pressure. "You won't say anything about this, will you?"

"But certainly no, Miss Allen, since you wish not." His English had never so betrayed him. He was unreasonably angry, correcting the phrase in his mind, "Certainly not, Miss Allen, since you don't wish it," while he was taken onward as suavely as though in a boat on a stream. Henry's back was impeccably correct. Jean Jacques shared a secret with him and with a—what had she said?—a forelady. This was absurd, absurdly petty; she had not seemed so petty. It was more absurd that he should be ruffled by an experience in reality merely amusing. The car ran on beneath an arcade of walnut boughs; the century-old trees bordered the road for a kilometer or more. He repeated, merely amusing. Wrought-iron gates stood open, and a graveled driveway narrowed far ahead in a tunnel of shade under aged olive trees. The creamy blossoms were falling; men stood aside, their barrows partly full of withered petals. Between gnarled olive-trunks the vistas of orchard were opening and shutting. Forelady—the word itself was amusing.

Then lawns were smooth in sunshine, and flowers sped past in a colored stream. The car stopped, its motor's hum replaced by a splashing of fountains. The

chauffeur stood like an image, gloved hand on the door, and Jean Jacques felt above him the sky's immensity flawed by the bulk of a stone house. Gray stone, green ivy, balconies and flowers against the sky; a terrace, Chinese servants, and Mrs. Smith stepping unchanged from his memory of her. Dignified, simple, kindly, a touch of the imperious in her lips and in waves of gray hair worn like a crown, she came forward. "My dear boy—"

The house was itself a welcome. After his homelessness, his journeys so far from France, he felt that in a sense he had returned to his own place. Details were novel, but essentially this great Californian ranch and his property in Normandy were the same. The ruler's unquestioned dignity was in these spacious rooms shaded from the brilliant alien sunlight; shut out by massive walls was the happy clamor of harvest-time—noises made by toiling men and animals, shouts of peasants' children.

He was not wholly sorry that Elizabeth was not here. He expected the finesse which had not cut short her visit to friends because of his early arrival; to have done so would have shown eagerness, a disregard of nuances. Next week she would come home and there would be a house-party of young people, her guests. (Admirable, he thought; he would meet her in her own atmosphere, among the strangers who were her friends.) Meanwhile he was content to be alone with her mother; he had always enjoyed the company of older women. (Also, one learns much about a girl from observing her mother, who is what the girl will become.)

In Mrs. Smith he saw, simply, the *grande dame*. He perceived that the activities of the whole valley in this harried season rested upon her will and judgment; he admired her quiet, decisive efficiency. She received weather forecasts and market reports by radio; she had a private telephone wire to San Francisco. On the stairs in the mornings he met the foreman coming to report and to receive orders. The weather suddenly grew hotter; in an afternoon the cherries' ripening became a frenzy; telegrams were sent, the working force expanded, work speeded, and that day four train-loads of fruit were shipped. Four express trains, iced, leaving this hidden valley for Chicago and New York. Jean Jacques was staggered. That afternoon Mrs. Smith walked with him under her fig trees, unperturbed.

The fig trees were unique; five trees whose foliage overspread an acre. Their boughs, touching the gray earth to root and rise again, were gray columns in the dusk. The light that penetrated their leaves was green as sea-water. "My husband's father planted these in '42," Mrs. Smith said.

He liked the true pride and simplicity with which she spoke of her family. This was the aristocrat, aware of real values and careless of cheaper ones. Elizabeth's grandfather had come into California with a party of five hundred Mexicans and Indians. "He was the only white man." The Mexican government had tried to stop them, holding them at El Paso until their food was exhausted. He had taken command and they escaped into Utah, reaching the mountains in the depth of winter. They were starving and lost in the snow-filled passes. The Utah Indians prepared to attack them; he parleyed with the chiefs, made them his friends, and they gave his men food and guides. "He brought every man safely into San Diego in the spring." In San Diego there was a plot against the Governor's life; he saved the Governor and was given, in gratitude, a land grant of twenty square miles—this valley. "He swam a hundred cattle across Carquinez Straits to get them here; herded them into the sea and across, himself, on horseback. There were no boats then, of course, nor roads." The Indians built his house, its walls still a part of this one. The Mexicans hated this solitary American who invaded their country; there were battles, wars—a

lost epic of adventures. Once he was driven to the hills, his house burned. "The walls, of course, stood." He rode to the capital in Monterey and forced the Governor of Mexican California to pay his losses. "Then—he must have had a grim humor—he made the Governor himself ride up here and help herd the scattered cattle back into his valley."

Jean Jacques thought of old tales of the founding of his own family. Thus they might have been told by his ancestress who defended her husband's besieged castle while he was gone to the Crusades. The aged fig trees had a meaning for him, rooted in such memories; they made a pool of thoughtfulness. The fierce sunlight of this foreign country beat unavailing against the barrier of their leaves; the noise of wagons, of thudding boxes, the shouts of men in the orchards came faintly here. "Elizabeth loves these old trees." Mrs. Smith's face was serene; he felt in her a tenseness of nerves, controlled—a great lady.

While they walked beneath magnolias that spilled perfume from gigantic blossoms, he mentioned his desire to see the cherry-packing. "I am myself a farmer, you know, madame." She smiled at him.

The fruit trees laid their shadows on the powdered earth, each shadow cut out precisely by the sun's sharp light. The air was a quiver of heat. Down the orchard rows in diminishing perspective ladders leaned, men climbed, tin pails shot gleams like daggers. The cherries' scent was sweet and warm. "Did Miss Elizabeth's grandfather plant orchards, too?"

"Oh, no. My mother imported the first cherry trees into California, brought them around the Horn."

He knew the story of Mrs. Smith's mother, had met some of her relatives in England—a good family. Widowed, with three small children, she had come to California with her brother in '49 and had taken a fortune from the gold-fields. "She was unusual in many ways, your mother, madame."

Their glances met, but the sun-dazzle was in his eyes. Had his remark been indiscreet? But why should he have such a thought? Mrs. Smith said with simplicity, "She was, I think." The hammers' staccato was loud now. "These are the packing sheds."

Heat smoldered under the low long roof. Hundreds of shoulders were bent in rows, hundreds of girls' hands flying over cherries and boxes on inclined tables. In a corner the Japanese carpenters, like automatons, handled and nailed thin boards that became cherry boxes as though by a conjuror's trick. But the hammers' noise was insignificant; it was silence that struck the attention—the silence of hundreds in a frenzy of work, concentrated, hurrying, in the dusk, the heat, the heavy smell of cherries. Here and there a cry, "Cherries! Cherries here!" was like the cry of a common hypnosis. "Cherries!" The bare earth was silent under the bare feet of running boys. Red cherries went to the tables, full boxes came back. "Cherries!"

In France, he thought, there is talk and laughter and singing; we arrange the fruit in baskets with its own green leaves. We are not efficient—

A girl walked alert behind the packers. Short skirt, straight white blouse, dark hair on a proud head. He had not remembered that she was here. His interest was entirely in the cherry-packing, he repeated, while she came toward him.

"Miss Allen is in charge here."

The gray glance came from Mrs. Smith's face to his. She was pale, a damp tendril of hair clung to her forehead. "Would you like me to show you the work?" He felt her gay vitality; she was the dynamo driving these hundreds of girls. Olive Spanish faces, heavy-browed Italian, nondescript American, changed when she passed, touching them with her good-nature, renewing their energy with hers. Her voice to him was bright, impersonal.

"A cherry has two sides, did you know that? Each cherry's packed with the round side down, because the box is turned over after it's packed—the bottom becomes the top. Ten cherries in every row, ten rows in each half-box—the rows must be perfectly straight across, perfectly straight diagonally. So the girls must pick out cherries exactly the same size for each row. And, of course, exactly the same color for every layer. They get two cents and a half for every ten-pound box—"

She had revived his unreasonable anger. Unreasonable, because he had come to see the packing, and she was explaining it. Absurd, he told himself, feeling a tension here which could only be his own causeless annoyance. Mrs. Smith was bored. He had been tactless, he should have come here with the foreman. "The boxes then go to be examined and checked; of course if there's been a mistake in packing there's a deduction from the girl's wages. (Careful, my dear; that cherry's too red)," she said over a bent shoulder. "The work's fun, really, and the pay's good; two dollars a day, or more. I made two seventy-five myself, once." Mrs. Smith was pale; it was this heat. He must express his interest, his thanks, and go.

The fresh air was good. Strolling to the house, he and Mrs. Smith talked of shipping and of labor—American problems were interesting. It had been an experience. He was still disturbed. So susceptible? he mocked himself. No; this was not the inevitable light response to a girl's attraction. Her face remained in his mind. He felt her independence yet, and it exasperated him. There was not a trace of coquetry in her, but—incredibly—she was all feminine. He would not think of her any more.

That evening he leaned on the coping of his balcony and thought of her. Orchards and dark hills were quiet in moonlight, the air was cool. A bell rang twice; curfew in the packers' camp where she was. The merriment of banjos and voices subsided; there were scattering last calls, and canvas walls became translucent as lamps were lighted. Within an open window of the house Mrs. Smith was telephoning, her words indistinct, urgent. He heard, "Elizabeth, ask—"

He had no intention of insulting this house by a light affair with one of the—A forelady, he realized, was not precisely a servant. No matter; he was firm. And a serious attachment was unthinkable; he intended to be a devoted husband. A modern young man, refusing to make a *mariage de convenance*, he must abandon its implied liberty. Love in marriage involves a man's honor. His every serious thought would be faithful to his wife.

Why did this girl arouse in him an emotion he had felt only for Elizabeth, so much less strongly, when they were children?

His lungs contracted. A shadow on a tent wall had for an instant resembled hers. *Sacré bleu!*

A man's voice spoke in the orchard's shadows. "I'll carry that, give it here!" it said roughly. Then more gently, "Why wouldn't you tell me good-night, you little bum! Sore?" A girl's voice murmured—a voice like hers! "Oh, say, *girl!*" The protest was alarmed. "Why, say—why—you darn little idiot—" There was a wail and a tremulous wooing in this strange roughness. "You know darn well I—"

The unheard words filled the night. "I love you—love you—" The light that shimmered on hills and whispering orchards, the vast sky, the silent night, meant only a longing for the beauty of one girl's face.

"Am I an imbecile?" Jean Jacques asked fiercely, in the sanity of electric light.

Next day he would have heard with pleasure that Elizabeth had sent him a message when telephoning to her mother. Mrs. Smith said nothing. The heat was continuing, and with it the accelerated speed of harvest. She bore the strain superbly, revealing it only in a nervous

tension he could feel rather than see. Her executive skill arranged that most of her day was given placidly to him, but he felt the tension. His own nerves tightened in sympathy with the effort that, day by day, victoriously met the rush of the cherries' ripening. Each night more lights shone on the hill where the migratory pickers slept in their blankets; the road from Santa Rita was black in the mornings with more men coming. The gates were closed now; wagons were checked out and in. The packers worked through every hour of daylight. He was glad to be seeing this spectacle, pleased that he was learning to understand Elizabeth's admirable mother so well.

"Yes, Elizabeth is very like me." They sat on the terrace after dinner, and he had spoken of the portrait in the room behind them. The one light illuminated it, and smiling from the shadows it evoked the almost tangible presence of the girl he had come so far to meet again —broad brow, chiseled nose, imperious lips and chin, the young face of her mother. "I am glad she resembles me in mind and character," Mrs. Smith said simply, "because I have no son."

Her vast responsibilities would one day be left, confidently, to Elizabeth. Jean Jacques inherited no such domain.

The coffee service disappeared in the hands of a servant quiet as a shadow. Cigarettes appeared at the elbow, flame touched the English one he chose. This was the household in which Elizabeth had learned the duties of a household's mistress; food and service perfection in simplicity, coffee a memory to be prolonged. He liked the deference to one's country's laws expressed by the absence of wines and liqueurs.

This was the moment to ask permission to speak to Elizabeth of marriage. Two days more, and she would come home—with other guests. When he had spoken he would have an ally; Mrs. Smith's eyes upon him were maternal. And with a gust of irritation he wished to finish this, get it settled, done. He had leaned forward to speak, and now he covered his pause by dropping the cigarette's ash. He was asking himself, Why? and the tap of the cigarette was heard in the silence. Why this irritation, this haste? No; this was not good enough; he would not commit himself to marriage because he could not otherwise quite forget another girl's face.

The pause had been imperceptible; he said, "I quite understand your feeling, madame," and the opportune moment was rejected. A little later he saw that Mrs. Smith was tired.

The hour was too early for sleep. In his rooms he glanced through the few excellently chosen books, noticed that the copy of Racine was Elizabeth's, smiled at a witty comment on a margin. He could not read, and while he smoked on the balcony he did not enjoy his thoughts.

Midnight, said the watch on his wrist. This moonlight was as strong as moonlight in Algiers. The valley lay asleep in it, the last campfire ashes, the last lamp extinguished. No, there was a flicker in the orchards by the packing sheds. So much was strange, here. Suddenly an arc of light appeared in a shadow; he heard voices—a command, a dangerous response. The first voice was a woman's; now it uttered a low cry. The lawn was not four meters below his balcony.

As his feet struck turf he thought, I have no weapon, what can I do? Running, he said, I make a fool of myself. Soft earth clutched at his feet, he seemed lost in repetitions of tree-trunk and shadow. He believed that, incredibly, he had mistaken the direction, when the packing shed abruptly rose before him. A flashlight blinded him. Mary Allen said, "Oh, *you!*" and blinding darkness struck his eyeballs.

The flashlight bored into the shed's shadow; two men stood arrested in it. "Go right on!" she said, "I've still got you covered." The men sullenly trampled underfoot some dwindling spirals of smoke. The flashlight followed them

along the shed's wall. Low-browed, dirty, unshaven, they resembled gorillas. The shed's wall was scorched. One of the men whined that his coat was ruined, his hands burned. Mary Allen said, "You're damn lucky the shed isn't."

The last quiver of smoke was stamped out. The men stood limp. The whining one begged, "Lady, I'm starving, the agency took my last cent for a job here, an' you slammed the gates in my face. Lady, so help me, I got a sick wife, and my babies—"

"Try and tell that to a jury. You had money for kerosene." Silence. The other man spoke, defiant. "A man's got a right to a job, ain't he? That's all we asked, honest day's pay for honest—"

"Shut up. Now I *mean* what *I* say. I'll have the sheriff here at sunrise. If you're in the valley then, that's the end of you. Get that? I can identify you. Now go. Quick."

There was something obscene in their cringing haste. Human baseness is sickening; to know that Mary Allen saw it was revolting to Jean Jacques, he wished to cover her eyes. He saw the revolver in her drooping hand. "Well," she said, "That's that."

They were walking in the driveway, toward the packers' tents. "So it was nothing to do, really—they're cowards. What were you doing there?"

He said, "I heard you, and came."

"I hope nobody else heard." She spoke steadily, but he had taken her arm, he felt her trembling. "It wasn't the watchmen's fault. Things like that will happen, when—I mean, on a ranch like this." She was feminine, soft and feminine, after all. Her dark head was no higher than his eyes. Life was sweet, sweet and precarious; she was sweet, unutterably. They talked as though nothing were happening. He felt her trembling, as he was trembling. Their steps faltered.

He held all grace, all harmony, in his arms. Her lips met his with tenderness and candor; their kiss was like burying the face in flowers. Their happiness was beauty.

Faintly his forgotten self was shouting; he would not listen, and the shout was suddenly loud. *What are you doing?* His arms relaxed. Against his will they would have held her more fiercely then, but she too had remembered. They looked at each other; there were no words. After she had turned and left him he thought in words.

For an instant he was saved by a sense of unreality, could have believed that he was dreaming. His gaze was drawn upward slowly; he saw Mrs. Smith's white face looking down at him from her balcony. She, too, had not slept.

At dawn he knew what to do. Elizabeth's mother was *femme du monde*, and his friend. A confession of his bewildering emotion, an expression of his sincere hope that all would be well when Elizabeth came, a statement of his views on marriage—these would clear the situation. In reality, what had happened? Nothing. He repeated, nothing.

He was prepared to meet Mrs. Smith. He had not been prepared to see on her face the marks of a strain so exhausting. Her skin seemed dried by fever and the rouge was fading on her cheeks. He felt remorse; his fault had made this necessity of laying his troubles upon her burdened mind. She gave him a smile of friendliness and comprehension, and poured his coffee. The breakfast table was set in a little court between the house and hills, a peaceful place where ivy was green and water played in a wall-fountain. He deferred serious talk until cigarettes were lighted.

"I think, madame, you will know with what sincerity I beg you to forgive, to—"

Her comprehension came to reassure him. "My dear boy, of course—" Her smile forgave more than he would have wished to be forgiven. "It is only young girls who expect the impossible."

This quality of her smile made him pause. The truth would be more difficult to tell her than he had expected.

She said, "But—as an older woman, your friend—I must speak frankly. You have been . . . misled, I fear, by a girl who is not quite . . . scrupulous. You know how painful it is to say this of my sister's daughter. But for your sake—"

Self-protection was trained to an art in him; nothing but deferential attention appeared on his face. His gaze was on his lean hand, busy with the cigarette.

"I must tell you that, whatever she has said to you, her motive can only have been most—most unkind, even malicious. The estrangement with my sister Jane was a very great sorrow to me. When she was dying I assured her that her daughters would be as dear to me as my own. That comforted her, I think, and I have tried—have made *every* effort. But—" Her hands expressed hopeless defeat.

An automatic courtesy supported him. "My dear Mrs. Smith—"

"Every family has these tragedies, of misunderstanding, of ingratitude, of—really, of hate."

He murmured, "Most unfortunate . . . regrettable . . ."

"The truth is that there was never the slightest question of my dear mother's sanity."

His mind awoke to that. His whole life had trained him to maintain a polished surface himself and to disregard it in others—to be constantly alert to hidden meanings, to suspect in every denial a concealed truth. Insanity in this family? He met Mrs. Smith's eyes with a look of trouble candidly confided to her. "I did not wish to hurt you by speaking of it," he said. "But—"

"But of course, I am glad to tell you the truth," she said simply. "Nothing but the malice of Jane's daughters makes it painful to me." (He saw in her the confidence he himself had felt earlier; she relied upon his point of view to support her. He thought, she has prepared this speech, in the night, fearful, having seen us together.) "My mother was remarkable for her sagacity, her intelligence, her force of character. You know that she and her brother took nearly two million dollars in gold from the mines? My uncle died in the mountains, and she drove to Santa Rita, alone, with that gold in the wagon. Santa Rita was a stage-post then, all this was wild country. She bought half this valley from my husband's father and set out cherries. She was the only American in California then who saw the future, had the intelligence and courage to plant orchards. Until the day she died she managed them herself—a remarkable woman, a remarkable mind. But unfortunately she had the English idea of inheritance. Her will left her entire property to my brother Tom, left Jane and me utterly dependent on him."

She saw, he knew, nothing but sympathy in his eyes. She moistened her lips. "Jane—you couldn't understand this, you don't know Protestants—Jane would do nothing. The commandment in the Bible, 'Honor thy father and thy mother,' she completely misunderstood it. She said the Lord would provide for us. But I—I have always been practical in worldly affairs."

He smiled. "In worldly affairs it is stupid to be otherwise."

"Exactly. Jane was what is called an impractical Christian. She would not help me. You see, one had to consider the American law. You cannot imagine its stupidities! The attorneys—But you must understand that in this country these legal matters are the emptiest formalities, they do not pretend to be fact. No one, *no one*, for an instant doubted the fact of my mother's sanity. But she was unusual. Purely from a legal standpoint, there was evidence that could have been used to set aside the will. It was not used; the whole affair was settled out of court, quite satisfactorily. My only grief was Jane's attitude. She abandoned me absolutely. I told her then that she would be sorry. And in time she came here, begging me to let her work in my

orchards. How could I? Impossible—one's own sister."

"But, naturally impossible, madame!"

"I would have done anything else, would have taken her into my own home. But poverty is so embittering. Her girls have always been bitter toward me, in spite of every effort. You cannot imagine how deeply it grieves Elizabeth and me to know that they will not let us help them, that they even hate us, wish to do us harm."

"Indeed, I understand." His tone was still one of complete sympathy with her, the color was returning to her cheeks. "I quite understand, madame."

Alone in his rooms, he struck his forehead in amazement. An abyss at his feet, and what had saved him? The mistake of a woman so clever that her cleverness became stupid. The mistake of a woman so sordidly unscrupulous that, fundamentally, she believed in, relied upon, unscrupulousness in others! What irony. In the writing desk he found cablegram blanks and, sitting down, he wrote a few unimportant words to his mother, in English. His use of English by cable was an old signal that his mother knew.

There was an hour between tea-time and dinner when he was free. As he strolled from the terrace across the lawns he maintained his composure by repeating the remark of a brother officer in Algiers: The only value of a woman is *le cadre*, the frame, the atmosphere with which she surrounds herself.

Le cadre! This place in which Mary Allen lived was an untidy camp—shelters of patched and dingy canvas, rusty cookstoves, bed-covers airing. It was deserted now save for a group of infants and a woman giving the breast to her baby. The packers were working overtime. She was in the hot shed, walking up and down all day, pale, gay, encouraging the driven workers, watching an endless stream of cherries—"Careful, my dear, that one's too red." *Le cadre!* My friend was wrong, utterly wrong, he said to himself. But it is impossible that I marry her. Impossible.

"Hello, it's you!" she said. She had come out of a tent, stood there looking at him. Her face was worn by fatigue, and he saw with a pang how the hair lay damp on her forehead. Was he going pale, like a boy? "Good evening, mademoiselle. I did not expect to see you here."

"No." They walked on between the tents. "One of the girls fainted. I stayed with her a few minutes. She's resting now."

They stood in an open space in the midst of the camp. Staggering infants, fingers in mouths, watched them from a little distance. What could he say to her? Her gaze was as honest as the daylight that showed her weariness. "I'm glad I saw you, Mr.—" She laughed gaily at herself. "I really don't know what one calls a count, I never met one before. But anyway, I'm glad, because I want to explain about last night. You mustn't get a wrong impression of American girls because I kissed you, that way, when I hardly knew you. I was excited—those migratories, and the moonlight, or something. You *are* awfully good-looking. So it just happened. I don't mean I'm sorry. Only I wanted you to know it isn't—that I don't usually—And I told Bob all about it."

His mind stammered; he had no equipment with which to meet this. "Bob?"

"Bob Anderson. The ranch foreman. We're going to get married as soon as the season's over." Her eyes did not falter nor her color change.

He heard himself saying, "My felicitations, mademoiselle." Irony is always a refuge. "And what did Mr. Anderson say?"

"Oh, he didn't like it much. But of course he knows me. I wouldn't be marrying him if he didn't. He understood how it was."

There was nothing to say.

"I hope you understand, too."

"My dear Miss Allen—you gave me happiness. I shall always remember it."

There was wisdom in her smile and humor quite innocent of irony. "It was beautiful," she admitted. But her smile was unjust to him; he would not forget her beauty. It was no trick of eye and brow, no line of chin, for in these she did not at all resemble her cousin. There was in her the intangible beauty he had crossed an ocean to find; it called to him now across the greater space between her life and his. He kissed her hand. "Believe me, mademoiselle, I wish you from my heart every happiness."

His mother's cablegram was imperative. He must return to France at once. To Mrs. Smith he said, "But I am desolate, madame!" Her words and manner were as suitable as his own. He regretted most deeply that he must end this happy visit before seeing Elizabeth. "Elizabeth will be sorry, too," Elizabeth's mother said. Her lips were gray for a moment, but her composure did not fail. What a woman! What a pity that so many qualities did not include a feeling for essential values. A woman who would not hesitate to destroy her own family, to slander her mother, to stain with false reports her own clean birth and that of her children, for money— No, he did not wish to marry the woman she must have formed in her daughter.

Hospitality surrounded him to the last. By telephone, his place was reserved on an overland train; an automobile would take him to Sacramento. On the terrace he stooped to Mrs. Smith's hand—a firm, relentless hand, though old. She looked, this morning, much older than the woman who had met him on this terrace a week ago. "Thank you a thousand times, madame, and au revoir!"

She also said, "Au revoir," but she knew that it was finished. The car moved down the driveway and disappeared beneath the foliage of her century-old olive trees. He was gone, and she did not know why. Had he not believed her? Had Mary Allen been the cleverer? Though no one else could handle the packing so well, the girl would not be given work another season. But the thought was no balm for this deep wound, this deadly gash at the root of her life. She would never quite recover from it, nor ever understand it, for she was not like Jane, an impractical Christian. She had never believed the promises of a Book which says, "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord; I will repay."

MY COUNTRYSIDE, THEN AND NOW

A STUDY IN AMERICAN EVOLUTION

BY MALCOLM COWLEY

IT is not an abstraction for politicians, a capitalized immensity like the Middle West, the South, New England, the Prairie States. My country is tangible, small, immediate: a Pennsylvania valley, or rather a high tableland cut by ravines, lying between Chestnut Ridge on the west and Laurel Hill on the east and south. By climbing to the highest branches of a pine tree on the knob behind our barn, one can survey the whole of my country, from the one steeple of Bethel to the stone house at Nolo, and from the high ground in the north, around Nicktown, to where, in the south, the coke-ovens of Vintondale cut the horizon with a wall of smoke.

Last summer, after twelve years of absence broken by a few hasty visits, I returned to my country to find it the same and not the same. It had changed physically and socially; it had changed in fashions peculiar to itself and in other fashions that were typical of a whole cycle in American rural life.

When I went away, in 1916, it had the look of something ravished and deserted. The Vinton Lumber Company had cut the second-growth pine, the first-growth hemlock, the sugar-maple and, leaving birch and beech as unworthy of attention, had torn up its twenty miles of railroad track and moved into Kentucky. Fires had followed the lumbermen, turning thousands of acres into black meadows where ashes stirred in the breeze like the pollen of infernal flowers. Mine-tipples and culm-banks were toadstools on the bare hills. The poisoned creeks ran orange with sulphur water. It was as if my country had been occupied by an invading army which had wasted the resources of the hills, ravaged the forests with fire and steel, fouled the waters, and now was slowly retiring, without booty.

For one by one, the settlers were drifting away. Young men, the flower of their generation, tramped off to Pittsburgh or Johnstown to look for work in the mills. Some of them went farther west. They helped to open the new mines of West Virginia; they followed the harvest northward, week by week, from Oklahoma into Saskatchewan; they toiled in Oregon sawmills or Michigan factories, and grew into landless men, trees without roots—the homeless peasants of the machine.

My country was becoming a region of old people and children. The minority of young men who stayed behind had yielded to the yoke of women and the past; or rather, their future had been decided in a fashion somewhat more casual. There were, during the summer, barn dances, hay rides, church festivals (pronounced "festibbles") and picnics. In winter there were husking bees and sociables. Chaperons were unknown. Boys and girls drove home together, wrapped in lap robes, pressed body to body in narrow sleighs. Early in these essentially puritan lives there had come one or two years of candid paganism. Soon they ended; Vida or Irma was "in trouble"; there was generally a marriage; and a boy of nineteen, kept from migra-

tion, settled down to his father's life of plowing for rye in September, for buckwheat in June; of cutting mine-props in winter and, as time went on, of driving his family to church, with his six or eight children crowded in a surrey, on the circuit-rider's alternate Sundays. What magnificent families they raised in my country! And how sallow and toothless the women were at thirty!

Life there was hard and in its essentials tragic. Youth was a hurried episode. The few distractions of manhood were taken seriously: a keg of beer, a few raucous songs, a fight; soon a man went down; the victor knelt over him, swinging his great arms rhythmically, like a reaper; somewhere in the crowd a woman was screaming. In the morning all the drinkers except one would return to their battle against starvation.

It was a battle in which there were many casualties. Men died in accidents; men died in the mines, under a hundred tons of rock, or in the woods under a fallen tree; there were women who had outlived four husbands. There were men who had killed three wives with milking, child-bearing, housework. And each of these tragedies was purely a family affair. Social feeling was almost lacking; each man worked alone, for his own salvation; and the lack of responsibility to the community was shown in bad roads, in primitive schools, in trout streams poisoned by sawmills, in churches that were never painted or reshingled, in forest fires that no one bothered to fight.

My country blossomed a little in its old men. Those who survived the hardships and accidents of middle age acquired a sort of exhausted calm, a faded whiteness like that of rain-washed lilacs. They sat in the sun, whittling and chewing tobacco with an air of unalterable dignity. They talked, choosing their words slowly, in the drawling singsong of the Pennsylvania mountains. My country has no dialect of its own, but it has a verbal melody which is unmistakable; and the speech of these old men was a sort of chant that rose and fell like the slow Allegheny ridges. They spoke of the days when the hills were covered with first-growth pine, when water grist mills hummed in all the valleys, when panthers slunk after white-tailed deer, when every creek and run (there are no brooks in western Pennsylvania) was full of shadowy trout.

My country, for all its unsocial harshness, for all its emigrants, had then, and still preserves, a fund of local patriotism which is symbolized by trout, white pine, and deer. The old men used to say, "Them days we alluz come home with a string of trout as heavy as a ham. . . . I c'n mind when every pine we cut would saw two thousand foot of boards. . . . It was nice, I tell ye, to go huntin' atter deer." They tried to hide their enthusiasm under these practical judgments, but it was obvious that these fish, these trees, these beasts had more than a practical value: they were the totems of a tribe. To catch a trout, to cut a virgin pine, or to shoot a twelve-tined buck was almost a ritual act: it was like sacrificing a white bull to the god Mithra.

There were no longer any deer in my country. The white pines which once had covered it were reduced to a few weevily saplings. The trout had been poisoned by sawmills or sulphur from the mines. The young men were dispersing, the farms were neglected, and soon my country would be a fire-blackened wilderness with a few old houses crumbling in the midst of overgrown fields. So at least it seemed to me in the summer of 1916.

II

I was to see many deserted countrysides during the next twelve years. In Vermont, on the wooded slopes of the Green Mountains, I would find stone fences precisely marking the boundaries of non-existent fields, and clumps of lilacs to show where villages had stood. In tidewater Virginia I would see whole

townships abandoned to scrub pine and sassafras. There, thinking of General Sheridan's boast that after he left the Shenandoah Valley a crow flying through it would have to carry his own provisions, I reflected that peace was often no less destructive than war. That year an old Pennsylvania farmer had told me of driving for twenty miles in Armstrong County, through what had been a prosperous farming district, and of finding not so much as a forkful of hay to feed his horses.

When I returned to my country last summer I half expected to encounter the same condition. Instead, the population had increased. The nearest village was crowded with new houses. The farms, though few of them seemed prosperous, at least were occupied. The roads were admirable. It was obvious that the women had improved their own position; they looked somehow less weary, less indifferent, and even the boys who played by the roadside were rather less unkempt. A new brick high school was rising near the site of the little building where sixty of us children, a turbulent roomful divided into five classes, had recited turn by turn to the same discouraged teacher.

However, the change in my country was not confined to its physical appearance: the social attitude of our neighbors had developed like their roads and schools. I soon discovered that the old individualism of life on lonely farms had almost disappeared. People there, as elsewhere in the country, had come to regard themselves as members of a collectivity: a village, a township, a lodge, a church. They judged actions by their social effects, and spoke of a successful man as being "a credit to the town." Formerly they would have said, with the same note of admiration, "Milt knows how to take care of hisself."

It was this new collectivism which smoothed the way for the organizers of the Ku Klux Klan when they appeared in my country five years ago last summer. They were aided also by a sort of particularism, a regional pride; for there was hardly a man of twenty-one in the upland villages—as distinguished from the mining towns of the valley—who was not white, Protestant, and for three generations a native. There was hardly a man who did not take the Klan oath; and the local sentiment was so unanimous that there was practically no attempt at concealment. Everybody knew that Squire Adam Diffenbaugh had been the first to join, and that Preacher Cameron, who was almost the last, had become the most fanatical member. In the Hemphill family there were seven Klansmen. If wash day happened to follow a Klan meeting, all seven robes would hang on the Hemphill line, in full view of every automobile that passed along the state highway.

The robes hang there no longer. By the summer of 1928 the Klan was practically dead in my country. It had died in a series of quarrels over money, in the defalcation of a treasurer, in a feud between the Diffenbaughs and Preacher Cameron, and also to some extent in the growth of rival orders. The forces which produced the Klan were perhaps as strong as ever, but fortunately the group instinct and the spirit of regionalism were being directed toward less questionable ends.

They were directed toward the building of new schools, the resurfacing of the roads, the better enforcement of the forest and game laws. Local pride, as expressed in these improvements, has raised the taxes nearly two hundred per cent. Government and law are beginning to play a vaster part in the life of the community. In my day they were represented almost solely by a constable and a squire; now, in addition, I found game wardens, fire wardens, state troopers, prohibition agents, inspectors of various sorts, forest rangers. . . . And the effects of all this supervision were beginning to be seen.

There have been no forest fires in my country this year or last, for the first

time in three decades. Deer have become so plentiful that in some places they have stripped the underbrush of bark and leaves to the height of a man's head. Stray dogs and cats, the most dangerous enemies of game, are exterminated systematically. Sawmills are almost violently encouraged not to pollute the waters. A fishing club of farmers and miners, formed three years ago, has stocked several streams, and in these one can catch nearly as many trout as in my grandfather's day. Even the white pines are coming back, though more slowly: they are creeping into the deserted fields; the edge of the forest shows a line of deeper green.

And my country, now that its local symbols have been restored, no longer lives in the past. It has found salvation of a sort, even though its economic problems remain unsolved. Migration to the cities has almost ceased; perhaps, in this era of collectivism, it has come to be regarded as desertion, as a guilty form of disloyalty. At any rate, the young men are staying at home.

III

I do not mean to suggest that all these changes are typical of the whole United States. Our nation is much less standardized than its critics like to believe; they generally overlook the importance of our regionalistic forces, not all of which are losing their power. Each county, each township, has an individuality of its own; it grows or decays; it loses or retains its inhabitants. Emigration to manufacturing centers is still a feature of our national life, but it is by no means universal; and there are thousands of scattered districts which, like my birthplace, are holding the loyalty of their own people.

I am thinking particularly of the wide regions in which general farming has ceased to be profitable. Some of these, but not many, have been given back to the forest; vast as is the number of abandoned farms, it is not so vast as we might expect. One district after another has found means of sustaining its separate life. In central New York hundreds of communities that might otherwise cease to exist are supported by dairy farming; others, in the Hudson Valley, have turned to growing fruits; the lumber industry has become stabilized, permanent, in many parts of Maine; Aroostook County depends on its potato crop; Cape Cod derives more revenue from tourists than it ever had from whaling. . . . All these are cases in which the solution was economic. There is a striking example, however, of a town that refused to die—of a district that found salvation almost in spite of economic laws.

In the autumn of 1918, while our troops were hammering at the Kriemhilde Line, ten thousand square miles in northeastern Minnesota were laid waste by forest fires. The property damage was nearly a hundred millions—I am quoting the newspapers of the day—and over a thousand lives were lost. Cellars and wells in the devastated area were choked with the bodies of those who had tried to find refuge from the flames.

Cloquet, a town almost in the center of this region, suffered even more than its neighbors. When the inhabitants straggled back from Duluth a few days later they found that their houses were so many heaps of ashes. The lumber mills on which their livelihood depended had disappeared. The forests that fed the mills were forests no longer. There was talk among the lumbermen of abandoning the site and moving to the Pacific Coast. Economically, it seemed that Cloquet had no further reason for existence.

However, the inhabitants showed a stubborn loyalty that can only be admired: they refused to desert the town. The lumber companies, with the same sort of loyalty, began seeking for new resources; they rebuilt the mills; they embarked on the manufacture of new products. With not a tree standing in the neighborhood, as I am told is the

case at present, Cloquet must be a very curious lumber town; but it has tapped new forests at a distance; its industries are thriving. Evidently, if the will exists, the economic problems of a rural community can very often be solved.

In my own country this solution is still to be found. "Times is hard," our neighbors say: the few mines that are working pay a non-union scale of wages; potatoes this autumn brought less than they have for two decades; buckwheat and rye scarcely repay the cost of raising them; there is no market for hay; timber has been cut so rapidly since the chestnut blight that the local market is glutted, and "a man c'n har'ly earn wages in his own woods"; but, nevertheless, the young men are no longer drifting to the cities or the West; they are doing their pioneering at home.

For most of them the problem of finding work has proved none too easy. They are compensated, however, by the privilege of living in their own country, among friends; and a few have even made opportunities for themselves which might have been closed to them in a city. Elmer Moody, at thirty-five, has just retired with a comfortable fortune after fifteen years of selling automobiles. Merton Ward, whom I remember as the bad boy of the second-reader class, is one of the few rural storekeepers who have adjusted themselves to new conditions; his business is growing. Milt Peters has become a lumberman. Starting after the War with no capital except his government bonus, he has acquired a sawmill, two motor trucks, a reputation for thoroughness, and several valuable tracts of timber. He leaves no waste behind him; he is bent on making a fortune out of tops and branches which the Vinton Lumber Company would have left to rot. And he is employing nearly a dozen men of his own age and his own locality.

To-day, as in other country districts, it is the aged who are leaving their homes. Old J. L. Edwards, the only man of wealth in the township, has bought a farm in Georgia where the winters are less severe. Bill George, formerly a sergeant in the Army of the West, wounded at Chickamauga, prisoner at Andersonville, has gone to live with his eldest son, a clerk in the War Department. He returned last summer for a brief visit, but it may be his last; I hear that in his eighty-seventh year he is looking "purty dauncy."

With the young men working at home and the old men moving away, my country has become what America is always supposed to be, and very seldom is—a land of youth.

IV

On the second day of my visit I went to the swimming hole in Blacklick Creek, a hundred yards below the White Mill Dam.

I remembered it as a pool in the deep woods, black and still, with a school of minnows floating at the surface of the water, in the sunlight, and hummingbirds moving from flower to flower along the bank. Usually it was the haunt of silence. At infrequent intervals it was invaded by half a dozen boys who stood shivering and naked in the water, one or two of them able to venture a few strokes and all of them splashing and shouting as if the stillness were an enemy to be conjured away.

This time the swimming hole was crowded with young men, children, girls in their teens, and middle-aged women who had never worn a bathing suit before. All of the boys could swim and a few were really skilful. However, it was the presence of women that astonished me. No one familiar with the position of farm wives in my country could fail to gasp at finding them here in the water, under the trees, at a time when there were socks to mend and dewberries to preserve.

Their right to the swimming hole—a right significant of all the little revolutions by which the life of American country women is being transformed—had not been won without a struggle. I

heard that Preacher Cameron had declaimed against it on three successive Sundays.

Reverend Elisha Cameron, as he signed his letters, was a powerful figure, the father, by two wives, of fifteen children, twelve of whom were living. He was known throughout the township for his deer-stalking and his skill in catching trout. To the improvement of roads and schools, to the rights of women, and the comforts of life he was hostile or indifferent: he was an individualist, drawing a personal inspiration from the Bible; hunting, fishing, damning, and exhorting with the same vehemence, the same lonely fire. In some ways he typified the older standards of the country.

He was envied for his bags of game. He was respected for his fecundity no less than for his picturesque faith. There had always been many to follow him even when, as in the dispute over the swimming hole, he was opposing popular new customs. But his prestige was threatened by a series of minor disagreements; it was seriously compromised by his failure to repay a loan; and it finally disappeared in a curious affair which brought two instincts of my country into opposition.

Milt Diffenbaugh, killed in a mine accident, had married the preacher's second daughter. He was buried with some pomp in the graveyard overlooking the valley of the Blacklick. There was a quarrel, however, between the Diffenbaugh clan and Milt's young widow, in which Preacher Cameron took his daughter's side. Milt's body was exhumed from the Diffenbaugh plot, with the preacher helping the undertaker, and carried to a lonely burying ground in Centre County. From that day the preacher's influence disappeared. He, the official representative of Protestantism in my country, the local head of what was almost an Established Church, had outraged our instinctive reverence for the dead, had committed a sacrilege. And, in Preacher Cameron's defeat, the causes he supported were compromised: the Klan lost other members; card parties and dances were held for high school students; part of the past was swept away. The swimming hole was opened to country wives.

Standing knee-deep in the muddy water that afternoon was Millie Armstrong, the preacher's eldest daughter, the mother of six children at twenty-nine, and a rebel against his patriarchal standards.

V

The new pastor arrived a few days later. He was a young man: brisk, tolerant, rather sententious, and eager to work for what he called "the spiritual and moral welfare of the community." Obviously he would lead no crusade against the swimming hole. After a short conversation he invited me to a picnic and conference at which plans for community service would be discussed.

I liked the young pastor for his easy enthusiasms, but strangely I regretted old Cameron's lean shoulders, his bitter faith, his blue eyes quick to spy out a deer or a sinner. I was glad to see the village improved; I admired the new spirit of collectivism less for itself than for its effects; but still I could not help looking backwards. My country had once possessed a tragic power, a sort of cold majesty that was melting in this more genial age. I felt like seeking the past. And so on the morning of the picnic, which fell on the day before my visit ended, I did not drive to town; instead, I went rambling through the pasture-lot. After a time I reached the top of the knob and climbed the old pine tree from which all my country is visible.

It stands some distance behind the farmhouse, alone in a bare field, with its branches twisted northward in the direction of the prevailing winds. Branch after branch they spread like Egyptian fans of ostrich feathers or separate terraces of moss, hiding the ground from the watcher who has climbed to the top.

There, a perpetual breeze creeps through the needles, exhaling the odor of dried herbs and a rustle of heavy silk.

Perched on the highest branch, I looked southward to the road, once known as the Clay Pike and now transformed into the Benjamin Franklin Highway. It rippled with an unbroken stream of motor cars, bound east to the mines of Nant-y-glo, bound for the picnic, bound west beyond the ridges, bound nowhere in particular. South of the highway was the deep ravine where the Blacklick flowed, its orange water sometimes visible between the trees. The horizon west of the valley was closed by Duncan's Knob, the limit of the lands that my great-great-uncle had claimed. South and southeast was a file of parallel mountains, ridge on ridge, growing bluer and fainter as they marched into the sky. Bands of lightning were playing over the last ridge.

In the nearer distance I began to distinguish familiar sites. A crumbling chimney in a pasture lot was all that remained of the cabin which James Duncan, the deerslayer and pine-butcher, had hewn from the forest log by log. He lay buried near-by, under a blasted tree. It was his son Thomas who built the White Mill, first of the water grist mills along our streams, now standing idle as a memorial to the days of more prosperous farming. Empty also was the clearing where the Vinton sawmills had devoured the hardwood and hemlock of twenty thousand acres. A rash on a distant hillside, lividly gleaming in an island of sunlight among the clouds, was the culm-bank and abandoned tipple of what had been Mine No. 6.

The history of my country, like that of so many American districts, and perhaps like that of the nation as a whole, had been a slow exhausting of resources. The men in coonskin caps, the fierce Scotch-Irish of the frontier, had driven away the larger game. Their sons, who cleared the fields, had cut almost the last of the virgin forest, and the next two generations had worn out the arable soil. My country to-day was fed with minerals, but the coal in time would be exhausted, and then?. . . I had no fear for what would come. The hills had shown a power of recuperation; the trees were creeping back into the desolate choppings where fire had raged; the fields were resting for other tasks under a blanket of white-top and goldenrod. The people, too, were preparing for the future; they felt a common aim; they would find other resources inevitably.

Out of the village, borne by the low winds that precede a storm, came the ring of hammers from the carpenters at work on the new school.

BURNT OFFERING

ANONYMOUS

This narrative, committed to writing by Hallie Flanagan, director of the Experimental Theater at Vassar College, was told to her in Leningrad by the man whose experience it relates. He prefers to withhold his name because, to use his own words, "It is Isadora's story."—*The Editors.*

IN THE early days of my life as a young man I saw Isadora Duncan dance in Moscow. I had followed a great crowd into the theater, but because I was raw from the country I did not know what it was that I should see. The music sank into me, and when Isadora Duncan danced the tears fell down my face and upon my hands which were clutched together in a sort of pain.

All the great of Russia were there—the Tzar, the Tzarina, Mamontov, Stanislavsky, many actors, painters, musicians, writers. All, all were in raptures. After each dance they would run down the aisles applauding and shouting "Brav! Brav!" I was too shy to run down the aisle so I sat huddled in my seat, my hands and feet as cold as snow, my heart a great flame. Whenever, in answer to the shouting and stamping crowd, she would appear all my pulses would stop. When she danced my soul floated out to her in ecstasy.

I had come to the town to spend several days, but after I saw Isadora Duncan dance I wanted to see no more. I took my bundle over my shoulder and walked back through the night and the dawn over the frozen roads to my country village.

From then on Isadora Duncan became my angel. I thought only of her. When I was working in the field, stamping seeds into the brown earth, suddenly I would see her floating before me as on the Moscow stage, and my eyes would fill with tears.

Several years passed and then my parents died and I went to Petersburg as a student. I worked very hard night and day because I had no money, and at night I must work so that I could study in the day. I never could go to the theater and, as a truth, I did not care to, because ever since I saw Isadora Duncan I did not want to see others upon the stage. Doubtless this was bad of me and stupid, but that is as it was.

One day a fat fellow in my class, a great one to hang about theaters and brag of people he knew, said to me, "Do you know who is coming to Petersburg? But of course you do not because you know nothing of that sort. It is a dancer, Isadora Duncan. She has married a Russian poet and she will dance here next fortnight."

When he said this to me I was looking through a microscope at a slide filled with purple dots. The dots flew up like rockets and burst in my brain. . . . She was coming here. I should see her again. I had never thought that such a thing could be. I could not believe it. My throat became dry and hard. I could not speak.

The fat fellow was still talking. "I know the man she has married very well indeed. I shall probably be with them after the performance."

Still I did not speak. I hated the fat fellow because he dared to think that with all his loud voice and bulging flesh he could approach her.

Then he said, "I might take you along

if you want to meet someone important for once in a way."

I became quiet. My mind was still. "Do so," I said haughtily.

Then I began to wait. I could not eat nor sleep. I could not work. I could not study. I did not seem to be thinking about the meeting or what would happen, or even about Isadora Duncan. I did not think at all. I lived in waiting.

At last the fat fellow came to me and said, "It is all arranged. We are to come after the performance to her dressing room. But, my dear fellow, you cannot go as you are now."

He stared at my clothes and I looked down stupidly. "No, of course not."

"You might wear a coat over your suit."

He went away, and I sat there for a long time. You will see how strange it was. Up to now I had thought only that I should see Isadora Duncan. I had never thought that she would see me. But now I understood quite clearly that I could not go into her presence in a shabby suit full of patches, with sleeves that came above my bony wrists. I tried to think if I knew anyone with money. But I knew only poor fellows like myself, working at night so they could study by day, or peasants who had only a few roubles a month.

I looked through my stock of things. There were odds and ends from my family, among them one thing of value, an old ikon enameled on gold, very precious. My mother had given it to me before she died, saying, "If you are ever in need, my son . . ." I looked at the ikon for a long time. Then I tied it up in a handkerchief and set out for the markets.

All day I walked from shop to shop but I could not sell the ikon for enough to buy me a coat. At nightfall I came along the river to one of those shops where are odds and ends of all things that people who have come down in the world have sold. There on the back of a dresser hung a coat. It was not new, it was worn in places, but it was of handsome stuff, and it had a collar of black astrakhan. I began to tremble. I knew it must be mine, so I pretended to look at everything in the shop first. Then I said carelessly, "And the old coat?"

The shopkeeper flew in a rage. "Old coat indeed! It is a handsome coat, it has a fur collar, it is worth a hundred roubles."

I pulled out the ikon. "I will give you this for the coat. Only let there be no bargaining, for I am not here to bargain but to buy."

The shopkeeper took the ikon; he rubbed his fingers over the enamel and flicked his nails against it to see that it would not chip and held it up to be certain it let light stream through in spite of the gold. Then he said, "It's a bad bargain for me but I like to do a kindness now and then. Take the coat."

Do not ask me how the days passed or how I came to the place. Enough that at last we were there. My heart that had hurt for so long with a sort of pounding was still. We entered a small room and from the doorway beyond we heard voices and laughter and someone singing a song. In the anteroom an old woman took our hats. She reached out for my coat, but I shook my head. At this she made a great clatter, speaking very fast in French. Madame did not wish it that anyone should enter with a coat—the room was small and coats made confusion. I looked at my friend in despair but he had already removed his coat and was standing in the doorway rubbing his hands impatiently.

"Take it off, take it off!" he said crossly. "She will not see you with all the important people about!"

There was nothing to be done. I took off the coat and came into her presence clad in rags.

There were many people in the room, all crowded around a low divan where Isadora Duncan reclined with flowers all about her. From a dark corner by the door I saw her as she sat, so gentle and

so tender . . . I thought that her perfect face was sad, even though she smiled. I feared that she was tired, and I felt that we should all go away that she might rest. Everyone crowded around her, laughing and kissing her hand, and my fat friend, who had taken too many *apéritifs*, got down upon his hands and knees and pretended to be her little dog, which made them all laugh a great deal, but which made me ashamed.

The young Russian husband, with his dark handsome face, stood beside her with folded arms. I felt that he despised us and that he was right to despise us, that we were not content to see her beauty on the stage, but that we came like greedy children asking more and more. The old woman kept bringing in tall baskets of flowers and placing them about until the room was like a garden—and each time Isadora Duncan's voice, pure and floating, would say, "This is very kind of you, my friends." When I heard her thanking others, she who had brought to all so great a gift, I felt that my heart would break with pride.

Now many men had come in and all were so thick about her that I could not see her face, only her long, fair hand over the edge of the divan. She held a cigarette between her fingers, and the ash fell upon the fur rug on the floor beside her. As I saw the ash fall I was conscious that for a long time I had smelled a curious odor of burning. A terrible whirling started in my brain. There would be a fire—flames—people rushing about —shouting—I would save her—I . . . But I must be calm. She was four flights from the ground, surrounded by fools who would be in the way when they found out the danger. I must be rid of them in some manner.

"It is very late," I said—and stopped; for my voice sounded flat and silly, like a pebble falling into a well. Everyone dropped back and looked at me in astonishment, for up to now I had not spoken, and none of them knew that I was there. But at that moment the door into the anteroom opened and the old woman came running, closing the door after her to keep out a thick smoke that crowded in.

"Pardon, Madame, pardon! *Le manteau de Monsieur est brulé! . . .*" she cried excitedly, holding out a charred black thing. Then she went on in rapid French that it was not her fault, that when other gentlemen had come in they had taken the coat and thrown it by mistake not on the tabouret but on the charcoal stove.

Isadora Duncan cried out in distress, "But whose coat is it? Who is it that in my house has met so great a loss?"

At this the fat one began to laugh very hard. He laughed until he had to lean against a table, he laughed until someone threw water in his face. "It is his coat," he cried, pointing to me, between squeaks of laughter, "and the rich thing is that he got it only on purpose."

"The coat is of no value," I said coldly. "I am very glad that it burned because I have no need of a coat."

No one said anything for a moment, and then Isadora Duncan rose from the divan and came toward me. "My friend," she said, "if you will permit me, I should like to dance for you!" Then she whirled around on the others and snapped her fingers. "This is not for *you*. You may leave or you may flatten yourselves against the wall, but you may not interrupt me with senseless chatter or clapping. Do not speak a word to me, now or afterwards, for this is between the two of us!"

She slipped the sandals from her feet, she loosened the silver scarf from her shoulders, and it fell in a shining pool at her feet. With a long breath, like a sigh, she drew to her full height and began to dance.

The fat one caught up with me as I strode through the dark. He was panting and very cross. "You certainly made a spectacle of yourself," he kept saying. "Shouting out 'It is very late,'

and then shouting out, 'I have no need of a coat,' and then after a great actress —a really great actress if you had the brains to know it—had the decency to dance for us, not even so much as thanking her, not even kissing her hand! Just staring at her in a stony sort of way and then running out of the house."

I walked on trying to lose him in the darkness, but he kept trotting along beside me. "And I was so ashamed that we didn't send her flowers. Of course we should have sent her flowers."

"Why? She had already more than enough," I said, and this indeed angered the fat one.

"Why? She had *enough!* Oh, God! What a fool you are! Please have the goodness to understand that never again will I . . ."

His voice trailed on, but I had slipped down a back street and had to hear no more. Outside a church I stopped and rubbed the frost from the ikon on the wall. . . . But I no longer felt any pain that I had exchanged my mother's ikon for the coat. For after all, it had been burned, a sort of sacrifice.

HAY WAGON

BY WITTER BYNNER

ON THE road from Enfield, the other side of Lemster,
Or the other side of Newport, I can't remember which,
We saw ahead a hay wagon topped by a teamster
And a fellow with a hay fork walking near the ditch.

Even in the distance they bore an air about them
Brighter than New Hampshire air. Fire had begun
To tingle in their golden hair—just as if without them
It would have been a dark day without any sun.

And this was their difference from ordinary people—
They had left their shirts behind them, they were brown and living men
Who came with something in their eyes that doomed the village steeple.
New Hampshire, glory be to God, was Indian again.

The Lion's Mouth

WE ATTEND A PARENTS' MEETING

BY NEWMAN LEVY

WE ATTENDED a parents' meeting at the Thoreau School where Vergil, our six-year-old son, is supposedly being educated. The Thoreau School is one of those experimental institutions of learning that are turning out free, untrammeled, and uninhibited citizens of the future. It was with some surprise, therefore, that we had received an announcement that the topic to be discussed at the parents' meeting was "Manners." We had assumed all along that Manners was one subject from which the Thoreau School held earnestly aloof; Vergil's development as an untrammeled and uninhibited citizen of the future had confirmed us in this belief.

The meeting was called to order by a Mrs. Leonard. About the room sat a miscellaneous collection of mothers, a sprinkling of fathers, and two or three teachers.

"This meeting is to discuss Manners," Mrs. Leonard began in a rich Chicago brogue. "Perhaps one of the teachers might tell us how the school feels—"

"If you mean by manners courtesy toward others—" said Miss Jones who was addressed by everyone as Mabel.

"That's exactly what I always say," interrupted Mrs. Bergenholtzer who up to this time had taken no part in the discussion. "Take my Milton, for example. Milton always was one of the best children in the world. I remember three years ago when we took him down to Atlantic City to the Traymore when he was getting over an attack of the measles. At first Dr. Salmon—you know, the well-known child specialist—didn't think it was the measles, but Milton ran a temperature for three nights—"

"Just like my Beryl," interjected Mrs. Hatch, and before Mrs. Bergenholtzer could get her second wind, Mrs. Hatch had the floor and was going strong. "Beryl always was such a shy child. Mr. Hatch used to say, 'I wish she would assert herself more; she lets everyone walk over her,' but I always told him, 'You don't realize the child is just sensitive.' I'm like that myself. I remember when I was a little girl—"

"I think," Mrs. Leonard interrupted amiably, "that we had better get down to the subject of the meeting. Perhaps Mabel can tell us something regarding the school's attitude toward manners."

"There are two ways of regarding the question of manners," Mabel began. "We may either consider them as arbitrary rules of social behavior superimposed by—"

"That reminds me," said Mrs. Bergenholtzer, "there's a question I want to ask. Does the school use fresh or canned peas?"

"I'm afraid you're out of order," said Mrs. Leonard.

"I may be out of order," said Mrs. Bergenholtzer indignantly, "but my Milton's stomach has been out of order all term. It's those canned peas they give him for lunch. At home he's accustomed to everything the best, and since the day school started his stomach's been upset."

"Canned peas are considered very

healthy," said Mrs. Leonard. "I always give them to my children."

"So do I," said Mrs. Peebles who promptly subsided, having made her contribution to the evening's discussion.

"That may be," said Mrs. Bergenholtzer, "but my Milton's been brought up very delicate. Now about this question of canned peas—"

"Perhaps we ought to get back to the subject of manners," said Mrs. Leonard feebly. "Now Mabel was telling us—"

"I want to explain the school's attitude regarding manners," said Mabel. "If you mean by manners courtesy toward others—"

"My Beryl came home last week and called me a dumb-bell," said Mrs. Hatch. "Has the school got an attitude about that? I'm sure she never heard me use such language, or her father for that matter. Our home life has always been very beautiful."

"Perhaps," suggested Mrs. Bergenholtzer sweetly, "she might have thought you *were* a dumb-bell. Now my Milton—"

"I'm sure that Beryl never had any such idea," said Mrs. Hatch. "If I had been an old-fashioned mother I might have scolded her, but, thank heaven, I have the modern point of view. If there's one thing I pride myself on it's that I can look at these things in an intelligent, modern way. I took Beryl on my knee and said to her, 'How would you like it, dearest, if mother called *you* by that horrid name?'"

"My Milton—" began Mrs. Bergenholtzer.

"Beryl didn't reply," Mrs. Hatch continued serenely, "but I could see a tear glistening in her eye. I remembered what Professor Overstreet said in one of those delightful lectures of his at the New School last year—"

Mrs. Leonard made another faint effort to get the discussion out of the rough and back again onto the course.

"I've always thought that one could have too many manners," she said. "Now take my husband here—" indicating a portly gentleman who sat near-by.

"That's all very true," said Mrs. Bergenholtzer, "but one can have too few manners, too. I think my point of view is as modern as anyone's in this room"—glaring at Mrs. Hatch—"but take for example the way the children congregate on the front stoop of the school. When I call for my Milton in the afternoon I literally have to fight my way into the building. Now if the school gave a little more attention to the question of stoop crowding—and to the matter of canned peas—"

"Do you remember what Bertrand Russell says in his *Education and the Good Life?*" said Mrs. Hatch. "He says—"

"I'd like to know the school's attitude toward stoop crowding," Mrs. Bergenholtzer insisted.

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Leonard, "Mabel can tell us something about that."

We softly tiptoed out of the room. As we reached the hall we heard the voice of Miss Jones, the teacher, saying, "There are two ways of considering the question of manners. We may either consider them—"

"I NEVER ANSWER LETTERS"

BY FRANCIS HACKETT

THE large and illegitimate "complex" family seems to be growing, so I add to it without shame. We all know people who are afflicted with the toe complex: you stand on their toes, and they get hurt. We know others, equally morbid, who have the pay complex: if you buy something from them they expect to get paid for it. I am a victim of the letter "complex." I, poor devil, actually expect people to answer letters.

I apologize for this unreasonable expectation. I fear I may seem like those "blue-noses" who think it is wrong to cheat the Customs. The Customs do not trouble me. If it is a small and not very alert or brutal-looking Customs, I take a chance with it myself. But, though wanting to be "modern," wanting to be a libertarian, wanting to enjoy every advantage of escaping every taboo, I find myself looking on the person who does not answer a letter as I should look on a tennis-player who, having invited the game, feels it is too much effort to return the ball. I do not, mind you, expect people to answer letters promptly. Not even to answer them in detail. Not, perhaps, even to *answer* them. I simply like to imagine that the other fellow conceives of the possibility of response. What I dislike is the idea of speaking into a telephone that has nobody on the other end. I dislike the feeling that my letter is being pushed into a letter-box that has no back to it, or is being dropped into a chute which some malicious engineer has continued down to dark waters that silently close on my letters and carry them away. I object, and ferociously, to those creatures who take communication dumbly and do not understand the actual solemn, elemental, human duty of response.

A young thing writes to me, "I did get the book. Thanks so much. I didn't write before because I am not one of those who easily takes pen in hand. In fact, I never do write letters."

What is this? Is it the New Freedom? But how can it be distinguished from the Old Bad Manners? I send this youngster a book, wrapped up in the anguish of amateur wrapping. I write, stamp, lick, seal, and do all the other laborious and menial things connected with a letter. I send them off. She, slim enough to swell if she eats an extra bean for lunch, engulfs the book and the letter without a sign of having absorbed them. I stand waiting, opening my ears wide, straining for a response. That charming exponent of the New Manners says nothing, and only when I bombard her with a second notice does she assure me that letters are old stuff and that this correspondence is now closed.

If this were one of those cases where to not-answer were really to answer, it would be beside the point. But the friend I indicate is the sort who dismisses the—I won't say duty—the pleasure, the experience, the reality of response, and yet supposes that the person who is not responded to in the course of ordinary friendship can continue to subsist on wafers of silence buttered with imagination.

Friendships are not rare, and when the litter of them is too big, the blind ones ought to be drowned. Very quietly but firmly drowned, and not allowed to grow up and be neglected. There must be birth control. But the letters I speak of that ought to be written and are not written are, in very truth, letters of acknowledgment. That is, the return salute. When A nods and grins, B *must* nod and grin back. It is written in the Book of Judges. And when A inscribes a note that says something, B must, under pain of violent disapproval, inscribe another note asserting that something has been said.

This is too elementary? Not for the generation that is treading on my generation's heels. Not for the young. I have met them, college-bred as they say, and they set down to their irresistible charms, whether they are male or female, every verbal salute or every salute in the way of service that has been rendered to them as one human pilgrim to the other. Half-baked? Raw, sir. They are raw-hearted and do not yet understand why they are alive.

When you read William Hickling Prescott and the other gentlemen of the black-walnut period, you understand that the salute of twenty-one guns which had to precede all human communication was destined to daunt the young. But between twenty-one guns and mere grumpy silence there is a difference. I vote for at least a toy pistol. I inculcate the habit of imaginative response.

I must be fair. Under unhygienic conditions, with dirty public pens or pencils, my young friends do write. But only telegrams. They never mind—they rather love—to write telegrams. That satisfies their craving for speed, their mania for action. A letter, I suppose, is inaction to them. And yet they, who detest the still-life of a letter, spend hours in motor cars, distracted by motion, but themselves certainly inert and immobile. Is it logical? Could I, without disturbing these slim figures, bulge their brains with this minuscule idea? Could I induce them to distinguish between the really active, and the merely distractive, life?

WHY I TOOK UP BOXING

BY PARKE CUMMINGS

WHEN I was a youngster I was never much of a fellow for scraps. It is true that my boon companion and I used to engage in a perpetual feud with a rival gang known as the Newmans, but the feud, as I remember it, consisted entirely of imaginary skirmishes—which was probably just as well for us. In fact, in my entire boyhood I recall only one genuine fist fight, precipitated purely and solely by my opponent's declaration that he could lick me. The curious part about this episode is that it turned out he couldn't. However, this victory failed to develop pugnacious instincts in me, and I grew up and went through preparatory school and college as pacific a pacifist as ever you saw.

It was only a little over a year ago that I took up the manly art of self-defense. Jed was the cause of it. Jed believes in sticking up for his own rights at all times and, being a two-hundred-pounder, he does so with almost invariable success. One day he suggested that I put on the gloves with him for a friendly little spar.

"I box with you?" I asked incredulously. "Why, I don't know a thing about boxing! You'd kill me in no time at all."

Jed stared at me in amazement, and finally exclaimed, "Do you mean to stand there and tell me you don't know how to defend yourself? Do you mean to say that if some tough came up to you on the street and insulted you, or your sister, or your fiancée, you'd just have to stand there meekly and take it without lifting your finger?"

"I haven't got a fiancée," I retorted quickly.

"Humph!" snorted Jed. "Don't try to dodge the issue! Anyhow, you've got a sister and, goodness knows, you go out with young girls often enough."

"But," I insisted, "nobody ever insults me or my friends on the street, and I don't see any prospect that they ever will. Why cross bridges before you come to them?"

"The old pacifist argument!" exclaimed Jed in disgust. "And I'm sick of it, dead sick of it! Man, you've got to have foresight, vision. You've got to be ready for emergencies! Why, you might be insulted to-morrow night. Now then, you claim to be a peace-lover?"

"Yes," I answered meekly.

"Very well. And you mean to tell me that history hasn't convinced you that it's always the defenseless men and the defenseless nations who are being picked on? If you *really* are peace-loving, as you claim, it is your duty to be able to defend yourself. You've got to make youself the kind of a man that people don't *want* to fight with. Wait a minute. Suppose somebody pulled a shady deal on you. What would you do?"

"I'd take it to court, I suppose."

"Ye gods! Take it to court—and trust in a stupid jury and a judge who might be crooked?"

"Not necessarily."

"Don't interrupt me! I've seen too many cases that turn out the wrong way.

None of this going to court for me. If anybody tried to put anything over on *me* I'd just give him a good punch in the eye. *That's* the way to teach him."

"But wouldn't winning the suit teach him?" I volunteered.

"*If* you won it—but suppose you lost it? But I think I see *your* point. You're mercenary. You're thinking in terms of damages. With me it's the principle of the thing. I've got my self-respect to think of." And with a gesture of contempt he left me.

During the week that followed I turned the problem over in my mind. Being essentially reasonable I began to see the light. Instead of laying the foundations of a peaceful life, I was in reality doing just the opposite. I began to perceive that a continuance of my policy would surely lead me to untold imbroglios in the future. Like a flash the reason for my success to date burst upon me. One little word: Luck. Sheer luck! Imagine banking on that forever! Not being by nature a gambler, I hunted up Jed.

"Jed," I told him, "I've been a fool. I didn't have vision. But now I see it all. Why, as I look back, I can see dozens of fights I escaped by the sheerest twist of fortune. Let's go to the gym; there isn't any time to lose."

During the next few months I indulged in daily workouts until I became a better-than-average one-hundred-and-fifty-pounder. And just in the nick of time! On the very evening when I had finally succeeded in lasting three rounds against Jed I chanced to see a burly looking individual on the other side of the street. Immediately I sensed what was up, crossed over to his side, and addressed him thus:

"Big boy, I don't believe in fighting. But—get this, buddy—*but* if you *should* decide to insult me you'd find that for my weight I've got one of the neatest left jabs you ever saw outside of professional circles."

"Yeah?" he said.

Three days later when my abrasions had nearly returned to normal I told Jed what had happened. "And so your theories don't seem to be working any too well," I concluded.

"Tut tut!" he rejoined. "There's nothing wrong with my theories; it's simply your application that's wrong."

"In what way?" I asked.

"I told you a dozen times," answered Jed, "not to let your guard down after a right hook."

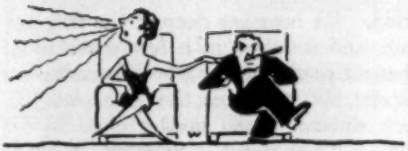
I practiced for another month, and then one day it became necessary for me to borrow my neighbor's lawn mower. The fellow requested me to return it the next day, and of course I scented something amiss.

"Certainly I will," said I, "although of course you wouldn't be able to do anything about it if I didn't, would you now?"

He looked perplexed. "I hardly see—" he began.

I let him have it with both fists, knowing full well that the only way to avoid a long-drawn-out battle is to get the jump on the other fellow. My improvement during the last thirty days had been phenomenal, and I am happy to state that my neighbor was soon put in his proper place, the horizontal. It cost me a tidy bit to buy a lawn mower of my own, but wasn't learning to keep out of trouble worth it?

Well, to make a long story short, I have held my own in the battle of life ever since. A tussle here, a fracas there, but there are days at a time when I live in perfect peace and serenity. No haphazard trusting in luck any more! Ah, my friends, if all of you could only know the beauty, the sweetness, the eternal calmness of life one finds when he knows that on the slightest provocation he can sink two or three lefts to the solar plexus and follow them up with a smashing right to the chin! I am indeed the happiest, the most reposeful of men. And now you must excuse me; the iceman is here and I have to go down stairs and jolly well teach that bounder not to put in sixty pounds of ice when I specifically ask for fifty.



LIVING WITH A NOSE

BY MACGREGOR JENKINS

OF ALL the organs of the senses, the nose, perhaps, has received the most marked and voluminous attention in literature. Sterne devotes a chapter to noses in *Tristram Shandy*. There is a sixteenth-century dissertation on "The Dignity, Gravity, and Authority of Noses," and, in the realm of ecclesiastical discussion, we find, "The Noses of Adam and Eve," and "Pious Meditations on the Nose of the Virgin Mary."

Deeply read as I am, however, in nasal literature, I have yet to find adequate discussion of this physical attribute in its relation to a phase of human experience, at once the most common and the most delicate.

I refer to The Nose and The Sense of Smell in Their Reactions upon Domestic Relations. Nowhere in literature have I been able to find this alluring subject treated with anything like satisfactory fullness. I have read many a time that the contour of the nose itself may betray the presence or absence of those patrician qualities desired in this relation, or may indicate certain peculiarities of disposition often discovered there. This, however, only touches on the remotest edge of the question.

What, I ask the prophets and seers of the past and present, is the relation of the sense of smell, the power to detect odors, and to distinguish subtle differences between them, to the all-important question of felicity in the domestic circle? Their answer is an abysmal silence. It could not be anything else. There is no data, no literature on the subject.

Yet it remains a fact that the slightest abnormality in the acuteness of this sense may bring down in ruin the proudest domestic structure.

Abnormality in the sense of smell is usually a feminine characteristic. Why, I do not know. I will leave that to the biologist. It may be given to the female of the species for purposes of self-protection, or she may be endowed with it for purposes of detection. The result is the same. It is a menace to society.

Let me paint a picture. The day has drawn to a reluctant close. It has been a day of stress. Masculine muscles are tired, and nerves are worn. The last bit of home-work has been done. The canary, muted in a shrouded cage, has been borne to a dark recess. The victrola has ceased to jangle, and the radio is mercifully quiet. Darby and Joan are alone, before the fire. Peace, perfect peace, has descended upon the household. Darby is sunk in a delicious lethargy, induced by tobacco and newsprint. Joan, a picture of charming womanhood, beneath the lamp.

Darby hears dimly, through his revery, premonitory sniffs. He sits in tense silence. Will they be repeated? They are. He glances over the northwest corner of his newspaper. Joan is sitting erect, vibrant, eager, with dilated and quivering nostrils. She speaks.

"I smell coal gas," she says. "James must be more careful with the heater."

Darby adopts an age-old ruse. He glares at his paper, in utter absorption. He knows it will not work. It never does. He waits. There are more sniffs.

"Yes, it is gas," Joan says with conviction. "I think you had better go down and look at the furnace."

Darby descends to the cellar. He trips over the cat on the stairs and scrapes a knuckle on the wall. He was told to look at the furnace; he does so, critically. It looks just as it did, the night before, when he came down on the same errand. He now takes a private sniff or two himself. He smells apples. He returns to the library. It is less serene than it was. His knuckle smarts, and he suggests retirement, postponing a confidential talk about Junior to a happier moment.

He sinks into a troubled sleep. At last comes sweet oblivion to all earthly cares. There is a whisper at his chamber door. He slowly wakes, to come back to a world of odors.

"I am sorry to wake you, dear," the whisper says, "but I smell smoke." Darby stumbles to his feet. He staggers to a light, and turns it on. It is the grim hour of three A.M. He makes his way downstairs to the library. A coal, the size of a robin's egg, has fallen an inch in front of the irons, inside the fender. A tiny wisp of smoke escapes into the room. He brushes it back and seeks the seclusion of his chamber. But the capricious Goddess of Sleep forsakes him, and he lies awake till dawn.

Another. The separation has been unusually long, several days, and solitude has begun to irk Darby. He paces the floor and glances at the clock. A motor comes up the avenue and stops at the door. He throws it open and sees Joan, radiant and lovely. He takes her in his arms. She returns his caresses demurely, disengages herself from his embrace, and pats him lovingly on the shoulder.

"It is nice to see you, dear," she says. "Did Maggie take good care of you?" Before Darby can reply he sees that Joan has come to a stiff point. She sniffs.

"What a funny smell, I wonder what it is," she adds, as her graceful figure emerges from her furs. Darby, for some reason, does not notice the figure. He detects a subtle change in his mood. He lights a cigarette and goes to the garage to give the orders.

Again. The garden is flooded with moonlight on a languorous August night. Two figures stroll along the grassy paths. Darby feels a sudden youthful exaltation. He breathes deep of the fragrant air, and indulges in a few sentimental banalities of middle-age. His exaltation is real, his utterances, though hackneyed, are sincere. Joan nestles close to his arm. They stand, a moment, in silent happiness. Suddenly Darby detects a queer tightening of Joan's slender body. She moves, imperceptibly, from him. There is a moment of silence, then she sniffs.

"Oh, dear," she says, "another skunk. I am afraid he will dig up the lawn."

Darby becomes conscious that it is getting damp and suggests going in. . . .

But why paint more pictures? We have seen enough to justify my contention that this sense abnormality is a menace to the home and to society. Darby recognizes that, but he is hampered in his efforts to correct it by the fact that, on two occasions, this feminine attribute has saved the household, when in dire peril from fire and gas.

How to use it for such purposes, and yet avoid its devastating effect on all else, is the pressing problem of society to-day.

But there is a gleam of hope for the Darbies of the future. Darby attributes his freedom from alarming sensory experiences to the benign effects of the fragrant weed, which he consumes in all known forms, save one. The Joans of the future are in a fair way to enjoy a like immunity to odor from the beneficent effects of the same agency.

If this should happen, despite the cavilling of the biologist and the physician, the world will be a happier and richer place. For at that happy time there will be no longer any Problem of the Sense of Smell in its Reactions upon Domestic Relations.

MAN'S INCREASING POWERS

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

AT THIS writing two things quite out of common have engaged the minds of men and given topics to newspapers, radios, and movies. A big zeppelin has paid us a visit and returned to Germany. Those who saw it were lucky, for it was a great sight, a great spectacle in the sky. It was injured on the way over and lost use of a fin; but still it got here. It went back with favoring gales and made good time.

That was a great show and significant of the increasing powers of men, a matter on which new testimony records itself month by month, week by week, day by day. Anyone who thinks that men are not remarkable creatures is not only mistaken, but can have new proofs of their being so while he waits.

While the zeppelin was here there came along a piece of news that funds had been provided (by the General Education Board) for a telescope at least four times as powerful as the big one on Mt. Wilson, California, which is the greatest now at work. It will take two or three years to make this telescope and set it up in California on a suitable mountain where the air is clear; but the necessary dollars have been provided, and no one seems to doubt that the instrument will be forthcoming. Then, it seems, we shall see a lot of new worlds; at least they will be seen, and those of us who are still here will get reports of them.

The papers that talk about the prospective achievements of this prospective telescope talk about stars billions of light-years away which will come to notice through its agency; and this is interesting as one reads it even though the need of more worlds than we at present know of has not yet become acute. Earth will still do for us if motor cars don't crowd us off of it; but this fetching into ken another section of the universe is all right as a detail of expansion, and everybody approves of expansion. Whether a billion light-years is a thought digestible by our minds as at present constituted is proper for consideration. In Arkansas there was lately a row over a professing atheist, who had been put in jail for campaigning for his belief; but the Illinois Christian Fundamentals Association, in session at the time in Chicago, strongly disapproved of it, one of the ministers, Doctor McCarroll, insisting that it is impossible to legislate religion. Just as one may conceive that anyone should have any views he likes about a billion light-years, so it may come to be felt that anyone may have any views he likes about God, on the ground that the Almighty is too large a subject for our minds to measure anyhow, just as a billion light-years is.

Agreeably to this idea, a theory has found expression that the Almighty, like everything else, is evolving, changing in His characteristics and amplifying His powers. That may be or not, but for us undoubtedly God is what we think about Him, and in our minds the revolutionary processes are certainly doing their work. Hereabouts, ideas of God are based

largely on writings in the Old Testament. They have undergone great modification, and that process still goes on. No less than formerly, however, does the belief in a Creator and Director of the universe obtain and persist. It seems an indispensable part of us, and probably that so-called atheist who was put in jail in Little Rock has it in some form or another though he may not recognize it. Men have always needed something to pray to. We need it just as much as our predecessors. Possibly we are more intelligent about it than they were. Let us hope we are. But let us always remember that in dealing with a subject which seems to be beyond us we should sympathize with our fellows who are in the same predicament, and leave them as they should leave us to picture to themselves what they may.

HERE it is the beginning of another year and one that holds out extraordinary prospects of human advancement. What is the best thing that can be said about it? Shall we go to the statisticians and learn how many motor cars are in operation and how many more the makers of them expect to sell? Shall we figure on the crops? Shall we contemplate the building fund and find out what it is going to do? Mr. Brisbane the other day set forth that the income of the country—that is, the value of its products—was one hundred billions a year, and that, economically, the most encouraging item therewith connected was that fifteen billions of it were not spent, but stayed on as productive capital. That is interesting, to be sure; but the most promising detail in the bases of our expectations is that the human mind is comparatively free—not free, of course, but comparatively free. In spite of all the fanatics, all the consecrated ignorance, all the timid who insist that we should all stay in the trenches of past conviction, our minds are still fairly free to work if they can, to probe everything, to discover if they are able, and to apply discovery.

Diamonds are mixed up with other stones in blue clay, gold lies hid in quartz, most of the precious metals have to be lifted out of mineral containers of one sort or another. So it is with truth. We get what we get of it mixed with much baser stuff, with error, with superstition, with prejudice, with whatever we have in our heads and in our habits. All religions we know anything about are a mixture of what is true and what isn't. That is better realized than it was. We all know that the wheat and the tares grow up together, but what we may need to have impressed upon us is that that is the way truth comes. We have to pick it out of its containers and sort out what seems to us valuable and eternal from what is merely temporary, and so, presently, misleading or obstructive. And what we get seems not to last eternally but presently re-enters the crucible to be presented with differences by another generation. Accordingly, every religion seems to be a working hypothesis whereby one practices to live a good life. It is by that practice that we test the hypothesis; which accords with that Scripture which says, "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God."

Popular interest in the performance of the big zeppelin centered finally in a stowaway who suddenly became a public character, whose story was in urgent request by the newspapers, and who was wanted for appearance in the movies. That is worth notice. Public interest is a monster whose habits are diligently studied by the various dispensers of publicity and discourse. Readers by the million, that is, in the mass, apparently prefer to put their minds on something they can understand. They like a story. They could understand about this stowaway on the zeppelin, and probably the newspapers and the movie operators were right in thinking that they wanted his story. At any rate, that boy was the best seller of the moment.

That was curious, but it was interesting. The boy's exploit was unimpor-

tant, but the public mind grabbed at it. So in religion that mind takes in the stories and thinks they are the important part. Some of them *are* valuable as statements of fact, but others are only important for the teaching they carry. The zeppelin made the stowaway interesting to the public, but in himself he was of no consequence. So it may be with stories which religions carry. As facts they may be fallible without impairing the integrity of the teachings they go with.

IN THE late presidential campaign there was discussion, and that was a great thing. It was chiefly due to Governor Smith, who found a good deal to say and forced the pace, thereby doing a useful service. It is a good while, eight years at least, since the affairs of the people of the United States have been talked about with any real vigor in a presidential campaign. There is still something left to say, and it is to be hoped that the velocities of the campaign are not yet entirely exhausted and that there will be those who will say it. The huge majority that elected Mr. Hoover gave him also a good working majority in the next Congress, and Congress will have a job and will need to be exposed to exhortation and discussion.

In the campaign many things, of course, were said to serve the purpose of the moment and interest the immediate listeners. Governor Ritchie, for example, in a speech late in October argued that with Mr. Hoover the people as people did not count, and that he had no faith in democracy. In support of these remarks he quoted a passage from Mr. Hoover's little book called *American Individualism*, to wit: "Facts and ideas that lead to progress are born out of the womb of the individual mind, not out of the mind of the crowd. The crowd only feels; it has no mind of its own which can plan. The crowd is credulous, it destroys, it hates and it dreams, but never builds." That was well enough to quote as an incentive to vote for Governor Smith, but was the passage true or otherwise?

Perhaps it was misleading in the separation that it implied between the individual and the crowd. The individual is a part of the crowd, the crowd is a company of individuals, and in democratic government unless you can get the crowd with you, you cannot ordinarily do much. The great leaders in democracies are those that can draw men unto them. Nevertheless, if there are to be results from that gift, the leader must have a constructive mind. He must want to do something and know how to do it.

It is true, as Mr. Hoover said, that the crowd has no mind of its own with which to plan; but can feel. It can support a leader and enable him to make good. More than that it can produce leaders, and of that Mr. Hoover and Governor Smith are both conspicuous illustrations. If as the result of the election both of the great political parties in the United States find themselves equipped with strong and positive leaders each with a vigorous, popular backing, the prospect of getting things done that ought to be done will be much improved, for discussion will go on, and interest in it will continue. The great aim of a presidential campaign is to arouse and instruct the voters, and in so far as that end was accomplished in the campaign of 1928, the results of it may be accepted as assets of 1929.

IT WAS a relief to have Election Day come and go, recording a verdict so indisputable, and leaving everyone free again to think his political thoughts without reference to votes or voters. Towards the end of a campaign nearly all speakers become advocates and put forward the best remarks they can for their clients. The suggestions that come out in that way are not as a rule very valuable. But election being over, everybody can think again, not about what is best for a candidate, but what is best for the country. The Prohibition

question must wait a little. That will come back for discussion. What must be discussed when the time is ripe for it is how the present liquor laws can be changed to the public advantage. The country is not likely ever to vote wet in the sense of going back to what we had before the Eighteenth Amendment; but it is quite likely in time to agree to such a modification of our present laws as may improve our habits.

That, however, will wait. The topic that followed immediately on the election was world peace. Five days after the votes were cast came Armistice Day, observed all over the world. That brought out peace talk in important volume and quality. The Pact of Paris embodies the latest effort to unite the nations against war. It was signed by the representatives of fifteen governments including our own on August 27, 1928. The signers declared for their countries, so far as they could, that they renounced war as an instrument of national policy. That great generalization is the pith of this Pact which started in France in a proposal of M. Briand for an agreement between the United States and France, and was enlarged by Mr. Kellogg and Mr. Coolidge to include all the nations who were ready to come in. That enlargement to make the Pact virtually world-wide is held to have been a momentous exploit. The Pact is called familiarly the Kellogg Pact, but Mr. Kellogg has been very modest in assuming credit for it, showing himself solicitous not for his own fame, but altogether for the acceptance and usefulness of the agreement.

The nation whose opinion of this treaty is most interesting and important to us is Great Britain. Premier Baldwin put out the feelings of the British government about it at the Lord Mayor's banquet on November 9 when he said: "The alternative before us in Europe is very simple and the choice ought to be easy. We must either keep faith with the spirit of the Pact that we have signed or in time we must go down the steep place altogether, like the Gadarene swine, and perish eternally." That was putting it strong; but Mr. Baldwin evidently meant all he said, for he went on to express further his belief that the time might come when in the histories of this period there would be no greater act credited to the United States than that in this year she had the high honor of voicing the aspirations and desires of mankind in presenting that Pact to the nations for signature. "When the nations," he continued, "realize how tremendous a thing they have signed, and accept its implications, then, for the first time, will they be able to talk disarmament in a way that will lead us into that path."

That is all impressive and very interesting, and it is curious that there should have followed immediately on our election widespread consideration and discussion of this matter which seems so much more important than any issue of our late campaign. Our adventure with the League of Nations got into party politics and perished. Pains may well have been taken to keep this new peace effort from experiencing that fate. World peace is a matter with which all political parties are alike concerned. It is a scandal when partisan ends intrude on it; and Heaven grant there may be no such scandal over this Pact of Paris.

This issue of this magazine will reach its readers just before a Christmas that may come to be remembered as one that witnessed the greatest step taken in historic times to realize the Christmas message of Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men. Of all of men's increasing powers, not one is so important as the power to dwell in peace with one another, and that power, which seems to be gaining strength in so hopeful a fashion, is in a way a product of the others. It comes as the result of increased domination of the material world and increased communication and co-operation between the inhabitants of earth, which between them are bringing mankind to realize that if life and progress are to continue, wars must cease.

Personal and Otherwise

CONTINUING his series of articles on present-day Europe, ***Charles A. Beard,*** former professor of politics at Columbia, co-author of *The Rise of American Civilization*, editor of the new book *Whither Mankind?* and author of other books on American and European history, discusses this month the factors in the world to-day—and particularly in Europe—which make for war. Next month he will carry forward the discussion with a paper on the factors which make for peace. Dr. Beard's previous articles were "Is Western Civilization in Peril?" (August, 1928) and "Democracy Holds Its Ground" (November, 1928). No one can read Dr. Beard's contributions without realizing that to an exhaustive knowledge of the past and present of Europe (fortified by his observations during a recent trip which took him to Berlin, Prague, Vienna, Budapest, Belgrade, Serajevo, Athens, and other places in that part of the world) he adds a cool and unhysterical judgment of the complicated forces which will decide the issue of peace or war.

Two months ago we published a poem by ***John Frazier Vance*** of the staff of the publishing house of E. P. Dutton & Company. This month appears the first of a group of his stories, which reveal a new and unusual talent in American fiction.

Henry F. Pringle discusses a type which may prove familiar to many observers of the life at our leading colleges and universities. Mr. Pringle, a Cornell graduate and former reporter for the New York *World*, has written a biography of Alfred E. Smith and a volume of short portraits entitled *Big Frogs* (including his HARPER studies of Mayor Walker and Judge Landis), and is now working on a life of Theodore Roosevelt to be published next fall. To our November issue he contributed an article on "Vice and the Volstead Act."

A professional man who succeeds in getting the full flavor of life for himself and his family on an income averaging hardly above four thousand dollars a year—although he lives in New York, where prices are high, as James Truslow Adams reminded us last month—***Raymond Essen*** has wisdom to share with those of us who struggle constantly on the ragged edge. Like the author of that much discussed paper, "The Penny and the Gingerbread," Mr. Essen has succeeded in putting money in its place; but the philosophy which actuates him is quite different.

Elmer Davis's article on the approach of American Progress to Key West grew out of a vacation trip which he made last winter. Mr. Davis had already published several novels and written "Portrait of a Cleric," "Portrait of an Elected Person," and other memorable HARPER articles; he has subsequently brought out a new novel, *Giant Killer*, and has analyzed in this Magazine the specific proposals for prohibition reform (in an article entitled "What Can We Do About It?" which appeared last month). As most of our readers already know, Mr. Davis is a native of Indiana, a former Rhodes Scholar, a graduate of the New York *Times* reportorial staff, and a present resident of New York.

Evelyn Gill Klahr makes this month a welcome return to our pages after an absence of over five years. Meanwhile she has contributed considerable fiction to other magazines.

In the November issue ***H. M. Johnson,*** the psychologist in charge of the Simmons Investigation of Sleep conducted by the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research of the University of Pittsburgh, discussed the question, "Is Sleep a Vicious Habit?" In this issue he finds that fatigue is certainly vicious.

The ***Anonymous*** author of "A Case of Two Careers" tells a story true in its essentials, though altered in details to prevent recognition.

After writing full-length biographical portraits of Charles Darwin and Dwight L. Moody, and an "autobiography of humanity" entitled *Life and I*, ***Gamaliel Bradford*** returns to the sort of writing which he has made peculiarly his own. His brief portraits have been termed "psychographs"; the nature of them will be recalled at once by those who remember his *Damaged Souls*, *Bare Souls*, and *Wives*, and his earlier series of varied American portraits. The study of George Sand which we publish this month is the first of a new group which will have the collective title, "Daughters of Eve"; we expect to publish in the coming months other portraits in this new series.

With many novels and innumerable short stories to her credit, ***Juliet Wilbor Tompkins*** has learned how to convey the sense of actuality, even in a narrative of sheer fact. Those who know hospital life at first-hand will smell ether and disinfectant again as they read.

Stanley High has been a correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor* in Russia and other parts of Europe, and an associate secretary of the Methodist Board of Foreign Missions; he has written *Europe Turns the Corner*, *The Revolt of Youth*, etc., and is now associate editor of the *Christian Herald*. His understanding of the Far East has made him one of the most influential of present-day American writers on Oriental problems.

The author of our final story of the month is ***Rose Wilder Lane***, Missourian by birth, who has lived much in Albania, has written *The Peaks of Shala* and several novels (including *He Was a Man*, *Hill-Billy*, and *Cindy*), and has contributed a number of HARPER stories, the most recent of which was "Yarb Woman" (July, 1927).

Malcolm Cowley describes in authentic detail the Pennsylvania countryside in which he was brought up; he now lives in Dutchess County, New York. A frequent contributor to the *Dial*, the *New Republic*, and other magazines, Mr. Cowley is a newcomer to HARPER'S.

As the headnote to "Burnt Offering" explains, we owe the transcription of the ***Anonymous*** Russian's memory of Isadora Duncan to Mrs. Hallie Flanagan, director of the Experimental Theatre at Vassar College. Mrs. Flanagan is the author of a recently-published book, *Shifting Scenes of the Modern European Theatre*.

The poets are ***MacKnight Black*** of Philadelphia, whose volume of verse, *Machinery*, will appear this winter; and ***Witter Bynner***, author of many a book of poetry, who lives in New Mexico but writes this time of New Hampshire.

The Lion is fed by ***Newman Levy***, New York lawyer and author of *The Opera Guyed* and many a Lion's Mouth skit; ***Francis Hackett***, novelist and former member of the *New Republic* staff, who is now living in Ireland; ***Parke Cummings***, who sends us now and then a humorous contribution from Westport, Connecticut; and ***MacGregor Jenkins***, who until his recent retirement was the publisher of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

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Through the courtesy of Frederick Keppel & Co. and of Mr. George E. Gage of Cleveland, we reproduce as the frontispiece of this issue one of the more recent etchings of ducks in flight by ***Frank W. Benson***, the well-known artist of Salem, Massachusetts, whose versatility is shown by his high achievement in oils and water-colors over a long period as well as in his etchings.

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In his annual survey of the best short stories of 1928, published in the Boston *Evening Transcript*, Mr. Edward J. O'Brien submits several ranking lists for the year. We quote verbatim from his *Transcript* article, adding only the explanation that a "two-asterisk" story, according to Mr. O'Brien, is one of special distinction, and that a "three-asterisk" story is one of such high distinction that it "may fairly claim a position in American literature."

The following tables indicate the rank, by number and percentage, of distinctive short stories published, of thirteen periodicals coming within the scope of my examination which have published an average of 50 per cent or more of distinctive stories. The lists exclude reprints, but not translations:

By Percentage	%
1. Harper's Magazine	100
2. Dial	100
3. Bookman (N. Y.)	100
4. Prairie Schooner	100
5. Midland	95
6. Forum	92
7. Atlantic Monthly	90
8. Century Magazine	83
9. American Mercury	78
10. Scribner's Magazine	72
11. Transition	54
12. Vanity Fair	54
13. Menorah Journal	54

By Number	
1. Harper's Magazine	33
2. Scribner's Magazine	31
3. Transition	31
4. Century Magazine	29
5. Dial	25
6. Midland	19
7. Atlantic Monthly	19
8. Vanity Fair	18
9. American Mercury	14
10. Bookman (N. Y.)	13
11. Prairie Schooner	13
12. Forum	12
13. Menorah Journal	7

The following periodicals have published during the same period ten or more "two-asterisk stories." The list excludes reprints, but not translations:

1. Harper's Magazine	29
2. Cosmopolitan	27
3. Transition	26
4. Scribner's Magazine	21
5. Dial	18
6. Saturday Evening Post	17
7. Midland	15
8. Century Magazine	13
9. Pictorial Review	13
10. Bookman (N. Y.)	12
11. Atlantic Monthly	12
12. American Mercury	10

The following periodicals have published during the same period five or more "three-asterisk stories." The list excludes reprints, but not translations:

1. Harper's Magazine	21
2. Transition	16
3. Dial	14
4. Scribner's Magazine	13
5. Cosmopolitan	13
6. Bookman (N. Y.)	11
7. Midland	9
8. Atlantic Monthly	9
9. Century Magazine	9
10. Pictorial Review	9
11. Saturday Evening Post	8
12. American Mercury	7
13. Ladies' Home Journal	6
14. Forum	5
15. Catholic World	5

Ties in the above lists have been decided by taking relative rank in other lists into account.

In "The Gread God Football" in our November issue, John R. Tunis quoted Dean Willard L. Sperry of the Harvard Theological School as having said, "The only true religious spirit to be discerned among large bodies of undergraduates to-day is in the football stadium. One of the deepest spiritual experiences I ever had was one Saturday afternoon a few years ago in the Harvard Stadium. It is just that spirit which transforms football from a form of athletics to a religion, which our universities must diffuse through wider channels."

Dean Sperry informs us that he never said this or anything like it; that he was grossly misquoted in the newspaper item and the item in the *Commonweal* which Mr. Tunis accurately copied. We join Mr. Tunis in regretting this unintentional injustice to Dean Sperry, adding only that the mistake was natural in view of the fact that no repudiation of the statement, as previously attributed to Dean Sperry in usually reliable journals, had come either to Mr. Tunis's attention or to ours.

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The following letter of inquiry about "The Penny and the Gingerbread" in our October issue, containing many questions which must have arisen in the minds of readers of the article, was forwarded to the anonymous author:

Dear Harper's:

I have not in a long time read a thing so thought-compelling as "The Penny and the Gingerbread." It is true in its essentials, I feel sure. Although I, doubtless in common with many other readers, burn to know the name and the career of the man who wrote it, it is of a quality that impresses its truth as a personal experience.

But immediately points of possible departure suggest themselves and I wish we might have some other word from him as to their bearing. In the first place, although he insists that he is in no way remarkable, he is to this extent—that he knew what he wanted to do even before he left school, and what he could succeed in doing. How many people could know it? When we find out certainly what we could be most happy and most successful in doing it is, for many, next to impossible to change to it, if we are not already in it.

Then he says nothing of marriage. How pos-

sible it would be to change a life like his through the sort of marriage he might have made! He must either have had a wife in complete sympathy with his views and mode of life, or had complete independence, or not been married at all.

Once again, he was able to keep on at his chosen purpose until he had accumulated enough to keep him comfortably for the rest of his life, before his health broke down. What of those who break down earlier, or have disabling accidents? Had the writer been incapacitated at thirty instead of at fifty his story would have been far different in its ending. Perhaps he regards such cases as mere abnormalities, which have not to be taken into account in the large working of his law.

That in the large it does work, more than that, that it is the only thing that works vitally, there cannot be much doubt, it seems to me. But can we step off safely into it *now*? Perhaps for readers of HARPER'S it would work now. But as a generally-preached doctrine . . . ?

Won't Anonymous tell us a little more?

CORA BABBITT JOHNSON.

The author of "The Penny and the Gingerbread" replies:

The Editor has kindly shown me the above letter, and has suggested that I add a paragraph by way of reply. I do so most willingly both because the points raised in the letter seem to me well taken and because the permitted paragraph gives me an opportunity to re-affirm my belief that the program recommended in "The Penny and the Gingerbread" can be carried out by any young person—boy or girl—who has average intelligence, average health, and the requisite high spirit. But I again call attention to the fact that the conditions are not imposed by the outer world but by the inner life. It is a spiritual adventure, and is not open, of course, to Mr. and Mrs. Lump.

I must be brief, but I will consider each point in order.

I did not know, in specific terms, what I wanted to do when I was a schoolboy. Like most of my fellow-students, I had to find myself in the maze of new interests and possible professions. As a matter of fact, I shifted a number of times and only found anchorage after much heartburning. What stood by me throughout the adventure from fifteen on, and constituted any possible distinction I may have had, was the stubborn decision to be my own master, to disregard money, to study, to travel, to waste no time in meaningless occupations, to lead a gloriously interesting life, and to decline, always and everywhere, to allow myself to be bored. These are all general ambitions and open to all young people, provided they are neither lazy nor spiritually inert.

It is always difficult for a bachelor to speak suitably of matrimony. One cannot estimate the value of a discipline which one has never experienced. If marriage is the permanent and irremediable disaster which to the onlooker it so often seems to be, then it is somewhat futile to urge smaller idealities. But if marriage is the holy sacrament which we punctilious bachelors hold it to be, the merging of two smaller lives into one larger life, then the married adventurer ought to have the advantage. It all depends.

Disability may come at any age, but we heighten the essential tragedy of life if we permit it to act before it must. To live adventurously is to live dangerously—nothing venture, nothing have. Personally, I would choose the adventure and risk the poorhouse, rather than miss the adventure to make sure of the competence. Men do not ordinarily break down at thirty, and ought not to at fifty—I was handicapped by being frightfully delicate all my life. My own optimism is still unimpaired—possibly because I have since regained my health and am once more at work. But in any case I should hold that a life program, like an educational program, is ideal only if whenever interrupted it represents the best possible use of the time up to that moment. This is really my whole thesis, the wise spending of to-day. It is the faith of the mystic, and may be summed up in one word: Immediacy.

PROMOTING THE SOUTH

A Significant Movement Launched in the Formation of a Sectional Community and Industrial Advertising Program

AN important event in the history of community and industrial advertising in this country is marked by the preparations that have been made for the launching of a large-scale sectional advertising campaign in the formation of a tentative organization known as "The South, Incorporated."

When several hundred representative business men, drawn from all sections of the South, met at Biloxi, Mississippi, and initiated a plan for encouraging industrial growth in the Southern States, they took a significant step forward in a movement that promises to make history in community advertising.

This corporation is expected by its founders to become a driving force to stimulate the southward movement of industry and to increase the flow of foreign commerce through Southern ports.

Two years ago, Colonel Luke Lea proposed to the convention of the Southern Newspaper Publishers Association a campaign to advertise the South. The plan which has been recently discussed is in line with the plan proposed by the publishers and further emphasized at their own meeting in Biloxi last June.

P. E. O'Dell, general manager of the Gulf, Mobile & Northern Railway, in unfolding his plan, declared that there was no need of going into the plan on a small scale. The plan, he asserted, provides for an organization to operate at least ten years with capital of $5,000,000, of which $500,000 would be spent annually in placing representatives in the trade centers of the world, advertising, and generally promoting Southern industry.

"The South, Incorporated," he said, "will have six departments: industrial, legislative, advertising and trade extension, general development, statistical, and transportation, all designed to increase business. We do not want a machine empire. We do not wish to sacrifice our culture, creeds and happiness, but we do want the prosperity that is rightfully ours. A close union of the South can accomplish this."

Activities of the organization will probably include the states east of the Mississippi River and south of Virginia and the Ohio River.

The value of such an organization, properly and adequately financed, intelligently conducted after preliminary surveys have been made, is inestimable. The examples of many Southern cities and states have proved conclusively that such organizations pay large dividends in the form of new businesses, new industries, new residents. But the benefits have not stopped there, as these cities will tell you. Such organizations create among the citizens a new confidence, a new community pride, a new understanding and respect for their section. This movement will increase the South's confidence in itself and cause many communities to supplement this sectional campaign with special programs designed to fit in with it, but emphasizing the special assets which certain specific locations enjoy, whether they be for shipping, industry, or tourists.

Atlanta, the first city of the South to initiate a large advertising campaign, has attracted wide attention by the systematic way in which its program of advertising has been conducted. As a result her industrial payroll has increased over $22,000,000 in 34 months and 479 new concerns have located in Atlanta.

New Orleans, Louisiana, is about to launch its program of advertising, involving an expenditure of something like $450,000 over a three-year period. New Orleans, "America's most interesting city," where the last vestige of the old French in the United States is found, is inspired with new ambitions for a world port, and these thoughts of her industrial future have taken deep root in the minds of her people. Hence it was not difficult to raise an advertising fund commensurate with the spirit of New Orleans.

(Continued on next page)

PROMOTING THE SOUTH

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Louisville, Kentucky, is now in the first year of a three-year program to advertise "everything for industry—and a wonderful place to live." The fund of $300,000 is designed to strengthen the work which is being done by the Louisville Industrial Foundation. The combination of the so-called technical and human appeals in this national campaign makes it possible to personalize the copy and present an appeal in a strikingly different way.

For two years there has been under consideration in Tennessee a state-wide advertising program. The late Governor Peay appointed a commission two years ago for the purpose of preparing a bill to be passed by the legislature. The Governor was squarely behind the measure but unfortunately, while the measure was being considered, he was confined to his home. The present Governor favors an advertising fund, and it is likely that something will be done during the 1929 legislative session with reference to an appropriation.

In Birmingham and in Mobile the question of community advertising is an active subject of discussion. At the last session of the legislature in Alabama a law was passed authorizing the appointment of a committee to advertise the State. The preliminary work is being done, with the co-operation of the University of Alabama, by the Alabama Development Board.

Chattanooga, Tennessee, is the first city in that state to set out upon a definite advertising campaign to emphasize the industrial, power, and scenic advantages of this "Dynamo of Dixie." Three years of a five-year program have been successfully carried through under the direction of Walter C. Johnson.

Dallas, working under the caption, Industrial Dallas, Inc., has raised a fund of $501,000 for advertising purposes, to be used over a three-year period. Other cities in Texas, after the first of the year, are preparing to initiate similar advertising campaigns. A campaign in Oklahoma is being discussed. There is a possibility of a campaign in Arkansas. Macon, Georgia, Asheville, North Carolina, Norfolk-Portsmouth and Richmond in Virginia have been active in the field for a number of years. Many Florida communities, where the mill-tax plan is working to advantage, including Jacksonville, St. Petersburg, Tampa, Miami, Coral Gables, Orlando, and others, have demonstrated the power of advertising.

In this new movement to promote the South it is planned to have all interests participate. It is believed that the utilities, financiers, bankers, capitalists, railroads, newspapers, shipping interests, and others, should be called upon in this campaign to advertise the whole South.

The Duke Power Company and the Georgia Power Company have already played an important part in advertising and in developing Southern business and industrial interests. The Alabama Power Company is keenly alert to the possibilities.

The South is on the eve of an important economic step that is bound to result in a more effective unity for practical purposes. It is realized that if the South is to get her share of business she must be a united South. The activities of the cities that have been mentioned here are but an indication of what is going to be done throughout the South when The South, Incorporated, gets under way with a program that has been built from the ground up.

It is an accepted fact that without the understanding and respect and confidence of its citizens no city can make the most of itself. The people must be convinced from the inside of the advantages which are to be set before the outside world. By the same token, no group of states can secure permanent results unless the people of these states are imbued with the spirit and the will to do. The pride which is going to be engendered through the launching of this significant movement may make it necessary to increase the proposed fund and include other Southern states west of the Mississippi River. The possibilities for the future appear to be almost unlimited. Much good should result throughout the South. Because of its size, this campaign will arrest attention throughout the country.

It must not be overlooked that the New England Council, of Boston, has a program launched for the promotion of industry, agriculture and recreation; and that movement has resulted in a very definite advertising program. The object in view is to develop and maintain the importance of New England as an economic area and to further develop and promote its economic progress.

IN THE FINANCIAL WORLD

Business and Investment Changes

By PAUL TOMLINSON

IT does not seem as if people complain as much about lack of opportunity for business and financial success as they did a few years ago. Why should they? In the whole history of our country there has never been a time when the rewards of success could compare with those which the past few years have had to offer. Nor, in the opinion of most thinking persons, are present and future opportunities likely to prove less attractive than those which have passed.

THE man who is going to benefit by these opportunities, and reap the financial rewards, is he who keeps his eyes open—and his mind; the man who appreciates what is going on in the world, and is not afraid to act. Times have changed; business methods have changed; businesses themselves have changed; those that have not are falling by the wayside. Change is the order of the day. Some call it progress, and they may be right, but the fact remains that only those who adapt themselves to our changed and changing conditions of life and business are going to be listed with the successes. And, of course, this all applies with especial force to the business of investing.

LOOK over the list of financial quotations as they appear in ever increasing volume in the daily press, and consider the securities which have the most value to-day; look back of these quotations and consider the business practices of the issuing corporations. The progressive companies, those which have kept abreast or ahead of the changing requirements of industry, are the ones which show the largest items of earnings. Change has brought about a demand for products which a few years ago had never been heard of; new companies have been formed to meet these demands, and older companies have in many instances been forced to reorganize to such an extent that it is doubtful whether their original incorporators would be able to recognize them in their present roles.

SCIENCE is largely responsible for this change we are talking about. Science has revolutionized our methods of living, our methods of transportation,

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our amusements, our labors, even our diet. Who, two decades ago, would have had the temerity to predict the present gigantic size of the automobile industry? Who, at the beginning of this century, could foresee radio as one of our largest industries? Did anyone at that time think for a moment that in a short time there would be prosperous companies engaged in the manufacture and sale of flying machines? What about moving pictures that talked? Who would have dared to predict the number of telephones that are in use to-day? Who expected that in a short time we would be making ice by electricity in our own homes? How many vacuum cleaners were in existence in the year 1900? How many people imagined that our rivers would be making electricity to furnish power for thousands of factories, to light hundreds of thousands of homes, to propel trains along our railways, to heat us, cool us, and cook for us?

THESE are only a few of the things that science has done. Volumes would be required merely for a listing of its innumerable achievements; but no man who stops to think can fail to be impressed—shaken almost—by its stupendous influence upon human life and human activity. Nowhere is this influence more apparent than in the case of investments, or more quickly represented than in the price and value of stocks and bonds.

A PROMINENT financial service states in one of its recent bulletins that in choosing securities, "the most promising are those which represent companies in a position to take advantage of our national progress and the new developments in science." Almost every day we hear of some new scientific miracle. In industry new machines are constantly being invented and perfected,

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However, the preliminary work of the underwriter is the most important of the entire transaction—the public offering merely the culmination of the search for safety.

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machines which do the work previously done by many men, which increase production, and reduce prices to the consumer. This is the age of the machine, and whatever its effect may be upon us socially there can be no doubt that it has added billions of dollars to our national wealth. Of course our economic progress may not continue at the breakneck pace of the past few years, but there is every reason to believe that we shall keep on going forward; and this can only mean that well-chosen securities will increase in value and advance in price. Further changes, in other words, will make additional opportunities available.

THE president of one of our largest and most successful corporations says, "The first law of economics is to be ready for a change. The second is to change at the going rate, and each country and each group of people has its own rate of change. First should be decided what to do; second, how to do it." Some people resent change, and fight against it. When things happen which have not happened before they are certain something must be wrong; sometimes they back their beliefs with money, and lose. A case in point is a man who for the past year has been convinced that stock prices were too high. He has been convinced that not only were they too high but that they would soon go tumbling down, and he has been selling stocks short consistently. Except for a few inevitable reactions he has been consistently wrong, and his wrongness—and stubbornness—are said to have cost him the larger part of a large portion. This man decided what to do, and how to do it; the only trouble was that his decision happened to be wrong. Others have been right. Deci-

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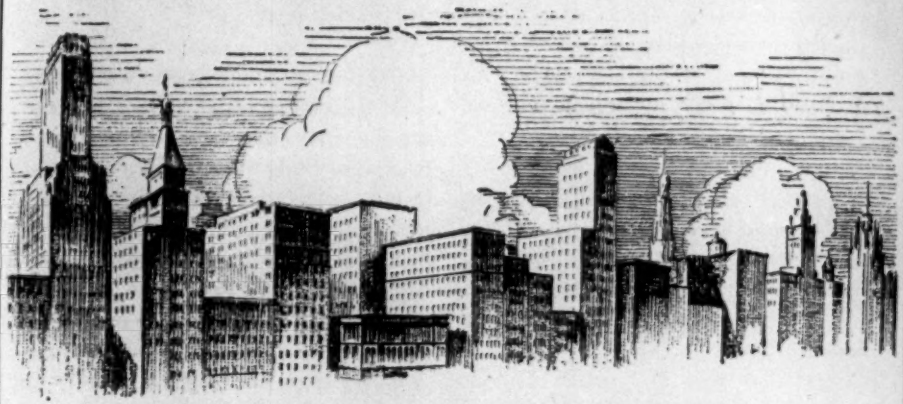

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During the past 25 years we have originated and marketed many millions of dollars of securities on properties located in the Chicago district and their uniformly successful record confirms the soundness of our choice of such investments.

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sions are rather important factors in business success and a management capable of making sound ones is a great asset to a corporation's security holders. And the investor capable of making wise decisions is going to increase his own assets.

WHAT about changes in investments? These occur along with industrial changes, and the successful investor must watch his investments just the way a business executive must watch his business. To cite an extreme case: thirty years ago the stock of a well-managed carriage company would have been an excellent investment. What would it be worth to-day? What would be the situation of the stockholder who held on to his stock? On the other hand, if he had realized that gasoline motors were going to supplant horses, and had shifted his investment, he might easily have benefited himself to an unprecedented degree.

NOT all automobile companies have been uniformly successful, and someone may object that while in theory it is a fine thing to buy into a new and promising industry, how is one to tell which corporations in that industry are going to be the successful ones? One can't tell with certainty. It is, however, possible for a man to watch his investments; and changes may prove desirable not only from one field of industry to another but from one individual company to another. You might choose the right one the first time, or you might not, but eternal vigilance will reward you with the necessary information, and then you can decide "what to do and how to do it."

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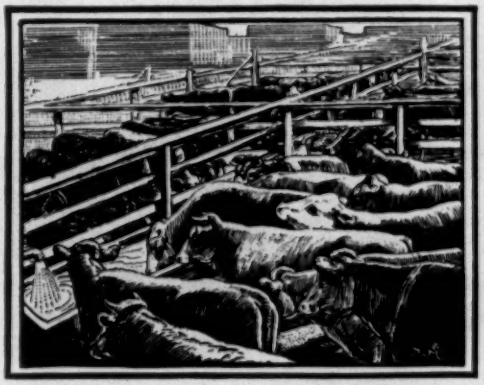

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THERE is luck in investing, of course. At the same time every effect has its cause, and the man who is conversant with what is taking place is the man who is in a position to make a prediction as to what the results will be. You may own a stock which is entirely sound, which has paid you a regular income, and which has treated you well in every respect. It may be to your best interests to hold it, or it may be possible to exchange it advantageously for something else. Such switches are not speculation. They are merely capitalizing opportunities, and unquestionably there are many such opportunities to be seized, perhaps they have never been more numerous than at the present time. Not that a switch, in itself, is a good thing, or that the ordinary lay investor is competent to recognize an opportunity when he sees it. Investing done blindly and without knowledge of the facts is a dangerous undertaking, and it is a fortunate thing that there are investment bankers whose business it is to give advice of this sort, and who are equipped by training, experience, and their knowledge of conditions to do so.

HOW much information, for example, does the average investor have about the industries listed below, which one of our largest banks calls "the more commonly known measures of business volume which appear to be headed for new high records"?

Checks cashed at banks
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Cement production
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BUILDING financial independence is not unlike building a home.

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Electrical appliance output
Aeroplane production
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What does he know about the companies engaged in these various fields of business activity—how their securities rate, and promise to rate? If they offer opportunities for profitable investment, does he know about it?

THE same bank in a table giving the earnings of one hundred and twenty-three manufacturing and trading corporations for the first nine months of the years 1926, 1927, and 1928 shows that 1928 is an average of 16 per cent ahead of 1926, and 18.3 per cent ahead of 1927. Business, in other words, is going forward; changes which have taken place have benefited industry. This does not mean that all industries have benefited; one has a deficit of 39 per cent over 1926, another 6, and another 34. One cannot shut his eyes and dash blindly ahead, for no matter how great our general prosperity there are always many individual exceptions. The stock market for the past year proves the truth of this assertion; the average price of stocks has gone pretty steadily up, but it is not difficult to find people whose holdings have behaved quite differently.

ALL of this, however, would seem to establish the soundness of the doctrine of change. Some securities go up, some stand still, and some go down. If you own those which are going up there is not much point in changing unless you believe they have reached

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Investment Information

A LIST of informative booklets issued by reputable investment houses is given below and may be obtained upon request from them or from Harper's Magazine.

CHOOSING YOUR INVESTMENT BANKER: A worthwhile booklet for investors. Offered by Halsey, Stuart & Co., 209 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

FOREIGN DOLLAR BONDS: A booklet containing valuable suggestions for bond buyers and presenting the record of foreign loans in American markets. Offered by National City Company, 55 Wall Street, New York City.

HOW MUCH SHOULD I SAVE?: This much-asked question is answered and a solution given in a booklet which bears that title. Offered by the Old Colony Trust Co., Boston, Mass.

GUARANTY SERVICE: A booklet that describes briefly the work of the various departments of the Company and, at the same time, outlines the facilities available to customers through these departments. Guaranty Trust Company of New York, 140 Broadway, New York City.

WHY A NATIONAL UNION FOR SAFETY: A booklet describing National Union Mortgage Bonds and showing how securities are safeguarded through insurance of principal and interest by outside surety companies. Offered by the National Union Mortgage Company, 111 E. Redwood Street, Baltimore, Md.

A SOUND POLICY FOR INVESTORS: A booklet describing a well varied program of security buying is offered by Peabody, Houghteling & Company, 10 So. La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

A VALUABLE AID TO BANKS AND INVESTORS: A booklet describing how the Department of Economics and Survey serves investors by furnishing investment counsel, free, to individuals and institutions. Offered by A. C. Allyn & Company, 67 W. Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.

WATER, THE INDISPENSABLE UTILITY: An interesting booklet, giving a detailed description of a water company's plant and operations, with special reference to the investment qualities of securities of water companies. Offered by G. L. Ohrstrom & Co., 44 Wall St., New York City.

UTILITY SECURITIES COMPANY, 72 West Adams Street, Chicago, Ill., apply the slogan "Investments that Endure" to the various securities offered by the great public utility interests which the Utility Securities Company serves. Detailed circulars regarding various issues will be mailed upon request.

300,000 PEOPLE OWN SECURITIES IN THIS $660,000,000 ORGANIZATION: An illustrated booklet telling about the Cities Service organization, and its fiscal agents. Offered by Henry L. Doherty & Company, 60 Wall Street, New York City.

UNITED BONDS: A name given to the real estate bonds secured by high-grade properties in Detroit, and issued by the United States Mortgage Bond Company, Detroit, Mich. Interesting booklets on request.

(Continued on second page following)

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their approximate limit; if you own those which are standing still it is possible that you can change to something which will move in the right direction; if your investments are going down it may be to your advantage to take a loss and change to something else, although it is always more difficult to know what to do when faced with a loss. There is never any harm in keeping one's eyes open, and to be aware of opportunities or advised of dangers.

HOW, practically, can all this be done? How is the lay investor to know what to sell, when to sell, what to buy, and when to buy it? The answer is that this is the work of a specialist, and the prudent investor seeks a specialist's advice, and relies upon knowledge, not upon "hunches" and tips. Many people submit their list of investments to an investment banker at regular intervals, and secure his recommendations as to what they should do. Some people have their list of holdings on file with an investment banker at all times and ask him to take the initiative in suggestions for advantageous changes. More and more people are appreciating the wisdom of some such course of procedure, for it not only provides opportunities for gain, but helps to protect them against loss. Never was there a time when economic and business changes made close association with expert investment counsel more important than at present. The world is changing right before our eyes. Are we in a position to profit by these changes, or protect ourselves against them? We cannot ignore them.